Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

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STABLE TALK

AND

TABLE TALK.

VOL. II.

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STABLE TALK

AND

TABLE TALK,

OR

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

BY

HARRY HIEOVER.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1846.

INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER a regular Preface is of any advantage to a book, I am not versed enough in literary matters to be able to decide. Still, I consider that a proper feeling of respect for the Public calls for something in the shape of an Introduction to the Second Volume of STABLE TALK AND TABLE TALK; the more so as it affords me the opportunity of expressing my gratitude for the success of the First.

I am aware that, had I availed myself of the assistance of others in revising what I have written, I should have produced a work that, in point of correctness of expression and style of language, would have ranked much higher in public estimation; but as I in no shape arrogate to myself the character of a literary man, I trust that both Volumes will be received as they truly are, — merely hints, observations, and opinions of a practical man, committed to paper as the ideas suggested themselves.

Such as the First Volume was, I venture a hope that the Second will not be found its inferior. If the two, taken together, are thought in some parts useful, in others occasionally amusing, they will have realised all I could anticipate, or venture to hope would be awarded to them.

HARRY HIEOVER.

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STABLE-TALK AND TABLE-TALK,

&c. &c.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A SPORTING ROUÉ.

"Pray, Pettatt," said a man, whose dress at once showed him to be the head of an aristocratic stable establishment, to one who, from his appearance, might be a doctor, attorney, tradesman, or, what he really was, a valet, "has our governor got into any more property than he had?"

"Can't say," replied the other; "but I know he has got out of a good deal that he had."

"Why, how is it, then," said the knight of the currycomb; "I have seven more horses under my care than I have ever had here. Master has taken this house, that is twice as big as the last, furnished it in slap-up style, and, according to your account, the champagne goes down as fast as you can get it up: this looks like going the pace, at all events."

"I tell you what it is, Dawson," said Pettatt; "I believe you are first rate as a stud groom, and, when horses are for sale, don't want any dealer to give you a lesson; but as to the ways of life, you know no more of them than the child unborn; you are not fit to go alone, and if I went with you about the

world, I would not go out without a string to you; but as you are a good fellow in your way, I'll just give you a wrinkle or two. You would get them in time without this; but if I give you a few beforehand, they will teach you to know the glass that sets you off to the best advantage, and to keep the blinds down, as the ladies do, if they think *their* wrinkles shew a little too strong in the light."

"Well, you do know a thing or two, that's certain, Master Pettatt," says Dawson.

"Why, yes," replied Pettatt; "we London valets flatter ourselves that we don't walk about the hamlet with our eyes shut; and wines, women, and wisdom, is our common toast. But now I will just tell you something of what is going on in our mannage."

"Mannage," cried Dawson, interrupting him; "what do you mean by that?"

"Oh! ah, I forgot; but *we* speak so much French among ourselves, that such words slip out without our knowing it. Well, then, mannage is French, for how things are carried on at home. Now don't interrupt one again; its never done in polite society. Now, then, our governor is doing much the same as tradesmen do, now-a-days. When they are bankrupts, before they tell the town of it, they fit up their shops ten times as expensively as they did at first,—plate glass windows, and so forth; making this a rule,—the larger their debts, the larger the panes of plate glass: this brings a greater number of customers; they then say they can afford to sell cheap, on account of their large capital, sell at any price that is offered, pocket the cash, and leave the plate glass for their creditors."

"Then, I suppose, you mean to say the governor will leave his plate for his creditors some fine day."

"No, no, too 'wide awake' for that, Dawson; master is not one to 'say die,' and at all events there is no danger of *that yet;* but when the game is really up, there's nothing like electro, best electro plated; that's the ticket for creditors, old fellow; he has too much respect for his family to let the old plate go any where but into his own pocket."

"You'll excuse me," said Dawson, "but for a man of honour, which you often say you are, I suspect the school you went to had a particular kind of honour they served out as lessons to young gentlemen."

"Come, come, Master Dawson, there are little secrets we only tell to particular friends, and they are at all events better than your stable tricks, that you favour your friends with occasionally."

"Why, I'll tell you what it is, my worthy; you have given me a wrinkle or two, as you call them in your way, and have been pleased to say I want a string to me, if I go out; now, I rather think, if you and I went out in my 'line of country,' I might want a coupling rein to keep you safe; but we have the advantage of you in any thing like your allectro-plated practices: we acts upon principle;—always act upon principle, whatever you do."

"Capital," cried Pettatt; "so, I suppose, principle means lame, blind, and broken-winded, horses palmed by one gentleman on another, *upon his honour*, as sound ones; if that is the case, I say, for principle, read, horse chaunting."

"Now, Pettatt, you are getting vulgar; as I once read in a story book, 'be familiar, but by no means vulgar.' Now, I am quite willing to say that when

we accommodate friends with horses, we do cook 'em a bit before we serve 'em up."

"Yes, Master Dawson; and in serving them *up*, you serve *your friends out.*"

"Just so, and 'serve them right;' if a man will buy a horse, and knows nothing of what he is about, it is a charity to teach him better; and if we sell one to a man who does know something about it, and he buys a lame one, we have a right to suppose he likes him; so if he gets what he likes, *he* has no fault to find at any rate."

"Saying nothing," said Pettatt, "of feet in hot water for a few hours, eh, master?"

"Why, now, that just brings me to the wrinkle I promised you; the world, do ye see Master Pettatt, is a kind of handicap race, that we all run; now a handicap is a race where horses ought to be (for they seldom are) weighted according to their qualifications; so, in the world, we get weighted according to our knowledge of its ways; and if we are found to be fools (like me, who wants the string), if we don't get our whack of weight it's no matter; so most brains, least weight, that's the time of day, old friend."

"Now, Master has brains," continued Dawson, "and principle too, and I will prove it: he sells a friend a half blind horse, he runs his nose into an omnibus; what of that, if he had not, the same man would have bought another blind un; but finding this out, I'll answer for it he always pays particular attention to eyes in future: this is doing him a real service; is not this *principle?* Well, we sell another a horse with a spavin, he gets lame; lord, how this man will grope about the hocks, when he looks at another; this is *principle* again. So if the same man would only buy

horses enough of us, we would make him acquainted with every disease a horse is liable to; this I call true and *high principle*. Depend on it, old fellow, in worldly affairs we should do as a man must do, if he means to do any good in racing affairs,—get the best of other people if we can, for I'll be d—— if they won't try to get the best of us; there now, that's worth a bottle of sherry at all events, so just give me a glass; and as it is five o'clock, I'll go to stable."

"Really, Fred.," said Edward Hartland to his friend Manderville, "if I was not as well acquainted as I am with the general attributes of your heart and disposition, the sentiments you profess, and the conduct you defend, would lead me to suppose you both unprincipled and depraved."

"That, my dear fellow," replied Fred., "proceeds wholly from your want of knowledge of the world; you are so accustomed to hear only the sentiments of those really fine, but straight-laced, girls, your sisters, and those of your saint-like mamma, that any thing like the general ways of the world appears to you as something devoutly to be avoided."

"If by straight-laced you mean a dislike to such companions as I am sorry to see you associate with, and such pursuits as I regret to see you follow, I am happy to say my sisters and worthy mother are all as you represent them," replied Hartland.

"Come, come, my good fellow," said Fred., "you are getting grave and angry; have a little mercy on your tailor by not burning the tails of your coat before that fire, and bury your immaculate person in that chair."

I applaud your philanthropic feelings in favour of my tailor," said Hartland; "but they are not called for

in his case, for my immaculate person had not worn this coat three months before it was paid for."

"Ah, I forgot," said Fred., "who I was speaking to; but, do you know, you treat the man of threads and patches shamefully, while I am making the fortune of him who has the honour of supplying my wardrobe, now the fact, I will answer for it, is this: you get your three or four coats a year, by which he gets his ten pounds profit; so far, so good; this probably supplies the fellow with cigars, and is better than the custom of *some* of my friends, who never pay at all; but mark how I patronize; my yearly bill is about three hundred. This, upon my honour, I mean to pay him some time or other *if I* can; in the meantime, he has the credit of being furnisher to a man who, without vanity, I may say is considered as having some pretensions to taste; this, I also flatter myself, very considerably increases the number of his customers, and fully warrants him in increasing the amount of his charges to them."

"How infinitely obliged your friends ought to be to you," said Hartland.

"Most indescribably so, my dear fellow," replied Fred.; "for as my patronage introduces customers to my tailor, so being served by him helps to introduce some of them to the fashionable world; but I do more for my man of cloth than this (for I am most peculiarly tenacious of every thing that regards honourably returning obligations): I never permit a certain class of my friends to approach me without convincing them that they have ordered at least two out of three of every article they may happen to have on in bad taste, giving them gratuitously hints as to what should supply their place, so as this on an average causes an additional fifteen or twenty articles to each friend.

and averaging those friends at fifty,—let me see, for I like to be particular; say seventeen articles by fifty comes to eight hundred and fifty articles; now supposing I use one third of that number myself, and any thing *was* to happen that I should *never* pay for them as he gets half profit on all he makes, even these *additional* little items would produce him a considerable profit; but when we consider his usual account independent of this, you must perceive that I am making the rascal's fortune. You see I am a man of business."

"Pray how is it, Fred.," said Hartland, "that you have never even tried to seduce me into dealing with this nonpareil of a tailor of yours."

"Because," replied Fred., "I must pay you the compliment of saying you are a man of sense; consequently the least beneficial customer a tailor could have, as men and tailors now go ——

"Well, Fred.," said Hartland, rising, "your habits have become incorrigible; but, as one who has ever felt deeply interested in you,—excuse,—but mark my words, which in after years I fear you will have but too much cause to remember,—you will go on till you have not a guinea left, and then I fear you will find yourself also without a friend."

"Adieu, thou bird of ill-omen!" said Manderville, shaking him by the hand;—"by the by, Hartland," added he, "joking apart; that paletot of yours is in cursed bad taste; do let my ——

"Ridiculous!" said Hartland, and ran down stairs.

"Heigho!" said Frank, throwing himself back in the many cushioned library chair; "thy words, Ned., may be prophetic; but no! it shall never come to that, though 'Burnham wood should come to Dunsinnane.'"

"Pettatt!" cried he, on his valet answering his bell,

"bring me the brandy,"—the heavy salver, on which was engraved the arms of the family with its crystal companions,—and the stimulating liquor made its appearance; he swallowed half a tumbler full at a draught; "so," cried he, "being gone, I am a man again!"

"Shall I take away the brandy, sir," said the valet.

"No, Pettatt, leave it," said Fred.; "and if Dawson is below, send him up."

The stud groom made his appearance; the well-tied white cravat, black Newmarket coat, symmetrically cut light-drab breeches and gaiters, bespoke the superior order of servant, as with a respectful salutation to his master, he awaited his commands.

"Well, Dawson, how are the screws?"

This may appear a somewhat slang address from a man of fashion to his servant; but where a master places confidence in his servant in matters that if brought to light would not redound much to the master's credit, the proper distance between them is soon lost: so it was in this case.

Fred. Manderville was not much out in denominating his stud screws; they were mostly such. He had began life as a man of fortune, a man of honour, and a sportsman; but the wary and the depraved had soon, by precept and example, taught him to feel that the sports of the field, and the ordinary amusements of the gentleman, were dull and vapid when compared with others that a life of reckless London expenditure affords for a few fleeting years to those who blindly follow its heedless course. Fred., with an establishment three times as expensive as his property in his best days could have warranted him in keeping, was at the age of thirty all but a ruined man; constant ap-

plication to Jew money-lenders still kept him going; but he was drawing largely on the time that would eventually see him shunned by those who now felt flattered by his notice and acquaintance.

The screws, as he termed them, were no longer kept solely as a part of the establishment of the sportsman and the gentleman, but were now often had recourse to, and sold either at a loss to meet some coming exigency, or were oftener disposed of to his friends at a price that the common dealer would never have even thought of asking; and, strange and anomalous as it may appear, the same man whose mind on some points was still alive to the highest sense of honour, was in others so warped from its natural bias that he could, and often did, stoop to use the grossest falsehood and deception where money was wanting to prolong a career that could only end in ruin and despair.

To the inquiry respecting the screws, the man civilly, but with rather a familiar smile, said, "they are all, as the nurses say, Sir, 'as well as can be expected.' But, Sir," added he, "Colonel Sufferwell's servant has been here; he says the Colonel's in a towering rage, and talks of prosecuting and exposing you about the Phaeton and horses he bought last month; and, to own the truth, Sir, four hundred was coming it pretty strong for the turn out, such as it was."

"What, I suppose," says Fred., "the two old d——ls are both lame again, and the Drag has got a little musical, eh! Dawson."

"Just so, Sir; but worse than that; Patchem has turned away the man who did the Drag up; and he told the Colonel's coachman that you bought it three months ago at Tattersall's for ten pounds; and that

he put as much putty in it as a horse could draw, before he painted it up."

"Confound the fellow," says Fred., "I wish the putty had been in his throat to have stopped his blabbing; we must give the rascal five guineas, and make him go and swear he had mistaken the carriage for another that he did up for me before; and if the Colonel should go to Tattersall's to make any inquiry, it has been too much altered to be known there. As to the horses, we are pretty sure the men in our own stable won't squeak; if it can't be proved they were lame with us, we are all right; and if I offer to take them back at the same price, and draw a hundred in changing them for my other pair, we shall do."

"I think we shall, Sir," said the man, with a kind of equivocal smile, on hearing the word *do*.

A well-known knock at the street door for once called the blood into Fred.'s cheek.

"You may go, Dawson," said he, rising to meet the expected visitor.

A plain-dressed gentlemanly man now made his appearance, who, from the likeness to the son, it was easy to recognise as the elder Mr. Manderville.

"Delighted to see you, father," said Fred., assuming an air of perfect ease and nonchalance.

"If such *is* the case, Frederic, and my presence is welcome from the hope that I shall farther contribute to your extravagance, you will find I have now learned how to appreciate your repeated promises of amendment; and you will not in future find in me the infatuated parent I have been for many years,—indeed, always."

"What infatuation, my dear Sir, have you to accuse yourself of."

"Infatuation, Frederic," said his father, "beyond all prudence or common sense; and for which I consider something like thirty thousand pounds, foolishly given or paid for you, has been a tolerably heavy penalty, independent of a thousand a year as an allowance, when your own income ought to have been quite sufficient for you."

"Now really, my dear Sir," cried Fred., "I am thankful for all your kindness; but as to the thousand a year, you must know that to a man moving in the circle I do, a thousand a year would little more than pay for cigars, Pate de Guimauve, and *bonbons;* will you try a few, father," said Fred., pushing towards him a splendid enamelled Bonbonnière.

"If any thing was wanting, Sir," said his father, "to complete my disgust, this one last act has been quite sufficient to effect that purpose. I came prepared to tell you that, finding a thousand a year in addition to your income fell short of meeting your expenditure, I felt that my duty to the rest of my family would compel me to diminish it one half; your conduct to-day has fixed a farther determination: from this hour your allowance wholly ceases, and we are *strangers;* if a total alteration of your conduct shows me I have a son, I shall be but too happy to acknowledge myself a father."

The quivering lip of the parent as he spoke, and the hurried step as he left the room, would have told the most casual observer what was passing in his bosom. Fred. knew his father too well to attempt to delay his departure; he silently followed him, till, fearing the observation of the servants in the hall, he stopped, merely saying, in a softened tone, "God bless you, Sir." The heart of the father was too full to allow him to utter the reciprocal wish; and, with a

simple indication of the head to the respectful bow of the servant, he hurried past him.

Fred. slowly ascended the stairs, and when again seated and alone, an oppression weighed on his heart, that he felt it impossible to shake off. He looked round the luxuriously-furnished apartment: all was the same. Still a fancied air of desolation reigned there. A glance convinced him of the truth, that came upon him with stunning effect. The desolation was that of the *heart*. A foreboding of coming evil oppressed him that all the usual buoyancy of his spirits and recklessness of thought was unequal to dispel.

"What!" cried Fred., starting from his reverie, "is it possible it has come already; are the prophetic warnings of Hartland so soon to end in their realisation. Impossible, it cannot, by heavens! it shall not be. A large draught of his favourite brandy roused his flagging spirits, and reassured his desponding thoughts. As ringing for his valet, he exclaimed, "all will still be right, old Leviticus will come down again with a thousand or two, and a turn of luck in some way will set all square."

"I shall dress," said Fred., on his man making his appearance, "and order the cab in an hour."

Fred. stepped into the critically well-appointed carriage, and his magnificently high stepper soon took him to the door of a large and handsome house, near —— square. The well-disciplined minute representative of humanity descended from behind, and the rain coming down at the moment, he called in the aid of a passer-by, to apply the knocker, that no stretch of his person could enable the former to reach. The equipage was too well known for the master of this temple of Mammon to be denied to its welcome

visitor. Fred. got out, and giving the reins to the tiger, the latter climbed into the vehicle. He was too well instructed in his business not to immediately drive from such a door, and at a proper distance await the reappearance of his master.

At a library table, in a room at the very back of the house, sat a man, whose peculiar and sinister cast of countenance evidently bespoke the race of his ancestors. The walls of the apartment exhibiting some pictures of the ancient masters, which were mostly of the highest class, told a tale that, to the initiated, required little explanation as to how they had come into the Jew's possession. He rose on Fred.'s entrance, and energetically, but with well-feigned humility, shook him by the hand.

"Welcome, my dear sir!" cried Levi; "I am happy to congratulate you on your success at Ascot: I am sure I need not tell you how truly delighted I was to hear it."

"Why, you old sinner," cried Fred., who was too quick not to lay hold of any circumstance he saw he could turn to his advantage, "you learn every thing: but who told you of this?"

"Lord H—— was here this morning and got some money of me, saying that he among others had lost considerably to you."

Bravo H——, thought Fred. to himself, you have unwittingly given me a lift, serving your own turn at the same time. Capital.

"You shall be immortalised, Levi," said Fred. "and if you go first I'll have you embalmed at my own particular expense. Why, thou Prince of Egypt, I'll have you made into a mummy, and then daily worship you as my deity of liberality. So you have

been advancing his lordship money to put in my pocket, throwing 'mamma in the way of starved people,' eh, Levi?"

"Why, you know, my dear sir, I have always been happy to see my money take the same direction," replied Levi, with one of his blandest smiles.

"You are a capital fellow, Levi, and always was. Now I tell you what it is, you have been stumping up for H—— because he has lost money; you must now come down for me because I have won money."

"Why, my dear sir, you know I always advise you as a friend: do not raise more money if you can do without it—you can't want it just now—my money is really all vested at this moment, and I do not like taking up money for you at ——

"Come, come!" said Fred. interrupting him, "I know what you are going to say about additional interest, and so forth. *I want the money:* I know you will get it as reasonably as you can, and *I must have it:* I want to make a purchase: I am really going to live in the country: the Ascot money and what you must get me will just do it. You smile," said Fred., seeing an incredulous expression on the wily Israelite's countenance. "I am positively in earnest. I am, upon my honour."

"Well," said Levi, "if you *will* have the money, I suppose you must: will the end of the month do? I can then get it on far better terms for you," cried Levi, well knowing, as well as hoping, Fred. would not wait.

"No," cried Fred. "nor the end of the week either. I must have it in three days, or, by George! I'll go some where else."

"Well, then, on one condition, my dear Sir, you

shall," cried Levi. "Lords H—— and B—— dine with me to-day, by their own invitation; you must do me the honour of meeting them."

"Agreed!" cried Fred., "seven's the main, I suppose.—Adieu." I wonder, said Fred. to himself, as he descended the stairs, whether the old rascal believes any thing of the Ascot business.

On Fred's. return, passing through the hall, he took up several cards, and among them a small elegant perfumed note to this effect:—

"Cher Amie,

"Two days' absence has appeared an age to your affectionate

"Kate."

A few minutes found Fred. in a small but elegantly furnished house in Mayfair. Here every article of furniture and ornament evinced the refined and expensive taste of him who had fitted up this fairy temple of love and beauty, for one who, in point of loveliness of person, showed in true keeping with the elegance that surrounded her. The eye of Fred. Manderville had been as correct and classic on the beauty of his mistress, as in every thing of which he chose to possess himself. The chosen few who had the *entrée* to this abode of beauty, were witness to the correctness of Fred.'s appellation of his fair mistress, when he described her as his "splendid Kate." His devoted, affectionate, and faithful Kate, were terms of more doubtful reality. Springing from a couch, and throwing on the ground a splendidly bound annual she had been reading, Kate fondly reproached Manderville for his truantship, and with

well-feigned uneasiness of mind, and causing the brightness of her truly brilliant eyes to be dimmed by a standing tear, she breathed her fears lest other attractions has caused his unusual absence.

Fred., though a man of naturally good sense, and of very superior cultivated talents, was like many, nay, most men, no match for the artifices of a really clever and designing woman, of whom he was passionately fond. Kate saw the advantage her pretended doubts of his fidelity had given her, and was too good a tactician not to avail herself of it at once.

Extravagant as she had always been, her last half-year's expenditure had far exceeded any sum she had ever ventured to ask for; nor as yet had her own boundless ideas of prodigality, or Manderville's often tried liberality, inspired her with courage enough to ask a sum from her lover that even she blushed to name. She now, however, saw the proper moment to do so had arrived, and with well-dissembled contrition for her thoughtlessness, and with, for the first time, something like real fear as to its effects on the feelings of Fred. towards her, she placed in his hand bills for dress and jewellery to the amount of thirteen hundred pounds.

Fred. Manderville was too much a man of the world and too hackneyed in its ways to be easily surprised at *any thing*; but when, added to this, the recollection of his father's visit flashed on his mind, he fairly leaped from his chair. Kate now felt really alarmed at the wildness of his look; something perhaps like a feeling of remorse shot across her heart; she felt that on the present moment might hang the crisis of her future fate; she knew she had no excuses to offer;

but she knew that, to save her a moment's pain, Manderville would think no sacrifice too great; she threw herself on the sofa and sobbed convulsively. "Kate," (almost frantically) cried Fred., "my own Kate," and, raising her in his arms, his look showed at once she had triumphed, and was forgiven.

In the small parlour of a house, in a yard surrounded with stables, loose boxes, and the usual accompaniments of a racing establishment, sat two men, the one a stout man, of perhaps fifty, the healthful hue of his countenance, and his hale and robust form, showing the effects of the bracing morning air, constant exercise, and a country life; beside him stood a tankard of ale, and a liberal supply of tobacco in a huge case from which he had filled a common pipe; in short, he looked like a man in easy circumstances, with his mind also at ease, and therefore determined to be comfortable.

The other was some fifteen years his junior; but his face told of days and nights of anxious thought; and might have led to the idea that he was scarcely younger than his hale companion. A handsome, but flash shawl comforter, and a drab Taglioni doubly seamed, with large-sized buttons, hung beside him; he sported a large gold chain watch-guard, cut velvet waistcoat, and fashionable black surtout; it was easy to perceive he was not a gentleman in appearance, and there was a suspicious and sinister cast about him, that plainly told he was far from a gentleman in his habits and pursuits. He had arrived from London the same day, in a kind of half break, half match-cart-like buggy, and in it a well-bred horse, in that kind of condition that showed he was always kept "fit to go" for something or other whenever a chance occurred

that any thing worth while could be "got on:" in short, both horse and man looked like "dangerous customers" to deal with. On the table, by the side of this visitor, stood a bottle of brandy, and a jug of cold water: to a large tumbler of the latter, he had added a couple of tea spoonfuls only of the brandy, with which he merely wetted his lips; and though his face bore evident traces of often drinking deeply, the methodical mode in which he now partook of his beverage, showed that he was constantly placed in situations, where he felt it indispensably necessary to keep a cool head, and an observing eye on others of less cautious habits.

The first of these two, was Manderville's private trainer. When Fred. first kept a couple of race-horses, this man trained for him as well as others: he was in short a public trainer, and up to the night when the London visiter arrived, had been deservedly respected for his integrity to his employers. Fred., like most men, soon found racing rather an expensive amusement, and that acting on the principle of a man of honour, namely, always "running to win," was sometimes in the end "running to lose;" at least it was so in his case. Annoyed and disgusted at this, he now determined, if possible, to turn the tables on those who had hitherto profited by his inexperience: he bought more horses, took Stevens as his private trainer, made a book, worked by it, and in short, where he got a chance, "turned up" his friends and the public as well as the best of them; having, as his groom Dawson said, found out, that if he did not get the best of others, they would (and had done) of him. He had latterly been more fortunate, and his horses had in fact helped him to keep up an appearance, that the inroads he had made on his property

would have otherwise rendered it impossible for him to have done.

The other man was known in a certain set as "Elbow Jaques." To describe his precise vocation would be impossible: his sobriquet at once bespoke his most ostensible pursuit. His history, perhaps, no one but himself correctly knew; with the principles and rules of every game, used in high play, he was as well acquainted as with his alphabet; dice and cards were under his absolute control; he was au-fait of all the duties of marker at billiards, croupier at rouge et noir, and had every chance of the hazard table at his finger ends. To sum up all, as tout, he had once been soundly thrashed for watching a trial. Still he was noticed, betted with, and dined with, by many little suspected of ever entering his door: no man gave better dinners, he would "do a bit of stiff," (alias cash a bill,) he was *reported* to have money, and was *known* to have a handsome wife. This solves the mystery, and *this is London.*

"Capital brandy this of yours, Mister Stevens," said Jaques, again sipping his liquor.

"Glad you find it agreeable, sir," said Stevens. "I aint much of a judge of it, cause I never takes none: it don't do for my head next morning; but I always keep some for Mr. Manderville: 'tis his favourite drink at all times, you know, sir."

"Ay," replied Jaques, with a knowing wink; "it's a tailor that many people go to, when they get a little out at the elbows."

"I don't quite understand what you mean, Mr. Jaques," said Stevens.

"Perhaps not," replied the other. "I suppose you know what sore shins means, eh, Master Stevens?"

"Most certainly," said the other; "but I ha'nt much to complain of that among my young 'uns."

"Dare say not," said Jaques, "you're a careful man, Stevens. I believe sore shins come from going too often, too long, and too fast, sometimes, don't they?"

"Just so, sir," said Stevens, "and patickler if they beant well prepared to stand it."

"Guessed as much," said Jaques; "now that's just the dodge with your governor."

"I'm laying out of my ground agin," said Stevens; "you make too strong running for me; what on earth has sore shins to do wi' Mr. Manderville, I should like to know."

"Only this much," said Jaques; "his are so sore, he has not a leg to stand on that can be trusted to, that's all."

"You don't mean as to fortune, I hope," said Stevens; "indeed you can't, for we've had some pretty good stakes come to the stable all last year, and are beginning agin this; we've only been out once, and you know we won the Trial Stakes with our Slane filly, handsome."

"I do; and it is about that same filly I am now come to talk with you," said Jaques.

"Well, there can't be much said about her; you know what she's in for next: she carries five pound less for that than she did last week; there's no horse in the race as good as she by seven pounds except one, and she beat him you know last week; so if she's 'right on the day,' which I have no doubt she will be, why we *must* win in a canter."

"No, you must not," said Jaques, quite coolly.

"Must not," said Stevens; "why we can't lose it if we try."

"Oh yes, you can," replied the other, "the filly must

be pulled somehow. I leave that to you—but it must be, Stevens, so you need not stare so."

"Do you see anything in my face to lead you to think me a rascal," said Stevens, jumping from his chair with a look and action that would have intimidated one less accustomed to such scenes than his present visiter, who did not alter a muscle of his countenance.

"No, master Stevens, nor a fool either," said Jaques, with the most perfect coolness; "so just sit down quietly, and hear what I have got to say; you'll find it for your good."

"Well, then, I will," said Stevens; "but don't propose any hocussing to me again, or perhaps—"

"You'll do it," interrupting him, said Jaques, smiling. "Now the thing is just this: all the world are hocussing each other, that is, all the world that have sense to do it; and those that have not, try at it. Your governor is a pretty good hand at it in some ways; but the world, in others, has been too many for him; he began the game a little too late, that's all."

"More's the pity, then," said Stevens; "I wish he had made money a little sooner, and beat them at their own game."

"Quite right," said Jaques; "but you and I must look at things as they stand at present: now I dare say you have a great regard for Mr. Manderville, have you not."

"Why, yes, I have," said Stevens, "and ought to."

"And I suppose," said Jaques, "you have just as much regard, or perhaps, a little bit more, for yourself,—eh, master?"

"Why, I suppose I have, — that's nat'ral," said the other.

"Well, then," replied Jaques," if I can show you how you can serve yourself and do your master no real harm, you would not object to it, would you? I think you would be hocussing yourself and family, if you did."

"I don't like that word hocussing, Mr. Jaques," said Stevens, "it sounds professional."

"Well, then," replied Jaques, "to spare your sensitive feelings, I will say you would be doing them injustice."

"Right," said Stevens; "now 'go in and win.'"

"The true case, then, is this," said Jaques: "your governor is all but stumped up; his allowance has been taken off; his property is in old Levi's hands; and I think I should look rather genteel in the waist if I had to live on the produce of what your master gets out of them, for, mind ye, I was in Levi's office once as a running clerk; a man sees something there, master Stevens, that surprises him a bit, till he gets used to it; so I know what I am talking about. When things get into Levi's hands, they learn what sweating means, as well as your horses. Levi is rather severe in his sweats, yet his tits never, or very seldom can run out; they sometimes do try to shut up, but then he shuts *them* up, so they get no good by that. Well, now, to go on, your jockey was told I believe to win as far as he could."

"True enough, so he was," interrupted Stevens; "and I guessed master would not have exposed the filly so, unless some dodge was going on, though he never said any thing to me about it."

"Right," said Jaques; "and I'll tell you more; she is meant to win again. This brings her to the

great stake she is engaged in. Now you know it is safer to put the pot on to lose, than to win; we can't make the last certain, but we do sometimes the first —eh?"

"Well, make your running, I'm waiting on you."

"Now then for it," said Jaques; "Mr. Manderville means to turn up the public. On this race he might and would win something handsome, but I know he can't keep up the game till then; he won't back the filly to any amount for the second race, so he won't lose any thing to hurt him by losing that. You will very shortly lose your berth; so if you don't put something handsome in your pocket in the mean time, where will you be?"

"Why, true enough," said Stevens, "I shan't even get placed."

"You made a pun there without meaning it, Stevens," said Jaques; "but you be guided by me, and you shall be well placed, with something handsome in your pocket into the bargain."

The ale and the reasoning combined were too much for the integrity of Stevens. The filly ran and was "no where." True, as Jaques said, Manderville lost but little on the race, but it stopped his chance of bringing off the great event as he intended, and by which he hoped to realise what would for a time at least have relieved him from his embarrassments. Failing in this, he saw his hour was come.

Manderville was not one to allow the water to close over him while a reed floated on its surface to grasp at. Trusting to his favourite but generally deceptive hope, that *something would turn up*, he hastened to the old resource, Levi.

On being ushered into the little man's presence, his

altered looks struck Manderville at once. No pressing forwards to greet him with the usual extended hand and bowing over it, but there he sat as though one of his clerks had entered the room.

"Well, Mr. Manderville," said the man of money, "if you want to say any thing, you must be quick, my time is much occupied just now."

"Well then," said Fred., affecting not to observe the difference of his reception, "if quick's the word, I have lost some money, and must have a couple of thousands."

"Not from me, sir," said Levi; "and I must further tell you, that the securities I hold on your property, I find it necessary to immediately make available to paying me back what I have advanced. Perhaps you are prepared to redeem them; if so, I shall be happy to listen to you; if not, you will perhaps permit me to attend to other business of more importance."

"Why," cries Fred., "you infernal old ——"

"No abuse, if you please, sir," said Levi, with perfect composure, "or violence either; as, in the latter case, you will find that I am prepared with those quite capable of resisting it." A touch of the bell brought a man instantly to the door.

"Any communications before the end of the week, Mr. Manderville," said Levi, "will prevent unpleasant measures, to which I shall otherwise be compelled to resort;" and, bowing stiffly, the little man reseated himself.

"Heavens!" cried Manderville, "is it already come to this?—almost turned from the door by a sneaking Jew, a grovelling little wretch who lately thought my slightest notice of him an honour: curse on his tribe, for his sake."

Fred. now determined to do that which, if he had done some years before, he would have been a wiser and a better man:—he resolved to sell his large establishment, dismiss nearly all his servants, and retire to a small patrimony that he still had, solely from his being precluded from raising money on it, under penalty of forfeiture. "Yes," said he, "with my faithful, my splendid Kate, I will leave that world in which I have lived, and, in the retirement of my cottage, her smiles shall teach me to look with contempt on scenes with which I am now so thoroughly disgusted."

Fred. was destined never to do any thing that was altogether prudent: had he done all he proposed, with one exception, his still attached parent and friend would have hailed his resolution with pleasure, and have afforded him the means of redeeming his property, or to have still enough left for all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life; but retaining as his companion a woman of Kate's boundless extravagance, was alone sufficient to show that any pecuniary assistance would be thrown away.

"Kate," said Fred., on entering her miniature but elegant drawing-room, "my angel, Kate," I have bad news for you,—news that distresses me more on your account, than my own,—I am a beggar.

"And a very handsome beggar, too," cries Kate. "Come, what shall I give you?"

"Nay, my sweet one," says Fred., "I am not joking, or in joking mood: I am ruined."

"Then," exclaimed Kate, "I am delighted; I shall now be able to show you how truly I love you, and that I am in love with ruin!!!"

"Excellent wench, perdition catch my soul but I

do love thee," said Fred.; "but say," sung he, "wilt thou quit those busy scenes where thou art fairest of the fair?"

"Ah, now, fi done," playfully responded Kate, "you are but trying me; this is not kind,—it looks like doubting me, Fred."

"As soon could I doubt my own existence," rapturously replied Fred. "But seriously, Kate, I have told a sad but fatal truth. I am a ruined man. I am deeply, deeply involved; my father has turned his back upon me; my property is in the hands of Jews; and, to crown all, a racing event I had calculated on to bring me in some thousands, has been frustrated, either by ill luck or the rascality of my trainer. But still, Kate, I have three hundred a year left, and a pretty cottage, unworthy of you, I allow, but enough for love, and with you for happiness, there we will go. But what," anxiously inquired Fred., "is the matter, love; you are ill, alarmingly ill; you will faint," said he, rising to ring the bell.

"No matter," said Kate; "the sudden news you gave me overcame me. I am better now."

"Some water, love," said Fred., in evident alarm.

"Do not tease me," replied Kate, recovering, and evidently turning some circumstances in her mind. "I must go."

"You will not leave me yet, Kate," said Fred.; "were you going out?"

"We do not usually wear a riding habit to remain at home, I believe," coolly answered the affectionate mistress. "Order my horse round," said she, on the servant answering the bell. "Excuse me, Manderville, while I put on my hat."

That kind of vague suspicion, so desolating to an

affectionate heart when attached to those we love, shot across the mind of Fred., as the splendid figure of Kate passed through the door. He did not,—he would not, doubt her love ; still there was a something that told him she was changed ; some unpleasant thought had found foot-hold in his mind, to which, as she appeared again radiant in beauty, he exclaimed, "impossible." She merely kissed her hand, playfully saying, "*au revoir*," ran down the stairs, and before Fred. could rush to the door, her well-trained horse was cantering up the street.

Manderville returned to his home in a total prostration of spirits he had never before experienced ; he had no fixed doubt of his mistress, but a something told him a really fond and estimable woman would have acted totally different to the object of her affection under the pressure of calamity. He had no inducement to go out ; he meditated on his prospects till he could bear his thoughts no longer. His valet reminded him of the hour ; he mechanically changed his dress. A few spoonfuls of mulligatawny, an oyster patty, and a bottle of champagne, completed his hasty meal. He strolled to the theatre ; looked in at ——, lost a few sovereigns at *rouge et noir*, returned home, and his constant but fatal refuge, brandy, procured that feverish but unrefreshing sleep that to the wretched or the depraved is but too well known. At that hour when a cup of chocolate is often handed to the sons of wealth and aristocracy, Fred.'s valet, knowing the uncertainty of his master's wishes, inquired what he would like. "Café noir," said Fred., and pouring a large glass of cogniac into the cup, he took it off. "Call me at one," said he, and again sunk into a heavy and perturbed sleep, repose

it was not. At one his valet handed him a note ; it ran thus:—

"As you had not the thought or generosity to make a settlement on her you professed to love, you cannot be surprised at her rewarding a man who will; or at the pupil of your extravagant hours, preferring luxury in a palace to love in a cottage. I am on my way with Count —— to his estates in Germany; do not think I forget you, if you should pass. —— I have the Count's permission to give you our invite there.

"KATE."

Blazé as Manderville was, this trait of cool ingratitude and *nonchalance*, from a woman he had rashly, fondly but foolishly loved, was like crushing the already half-broken heart. The pain was maddening; he leaped from his bed, snatched one of his pistols from the case, and put his finger on the trigger. Personal fear formed no part of Fred.'s constitution; but that angel who watches over all but the truly fiendish, intervened between him and destruction; he threw the pistol from him, and the outraged feelings of his heart found vent in woman's tears.

A few hours found him in a post-chaise on the Kent road. A few weeks saw his stud, and all the splendid specimens of his taste in virtù distributed in different hands. Six months after, a letter to a friend concluded thus:—

"The men here dress in devilish bad taste; but, after all, Boulogne is a very fair refuge for the destitute."

A HUNTING SONG.

Air—"*The Lincolnshire Poacher.*"

I AM a jovial Sportsman, as every man should be,
A hunting life and a country life is just the life for me:
Our horses and our hounds are such no other clime can show,
For 'tis their delight in the foremost flight with a fox afoot to go.

We are such hardy fellows we never fear a fall,
But boldly face the fence or gate, the spreading brook or wall;
For those who crane or seek a lane we hold as shy and slow,
And will ne'er delight in the foremost flight with trumps like us to go.

And now we greet the well-known Meet, we quickly leave the hack,
And jump upon our hunter, who is waiting with the pack:
Then crashing through the covert both the hounds and huntsman go—
Oh! it's their delight in the foremost flight to tell Pug he must show.

Hark! there I hear a challenge—it is old Music's note—
A chorus joins—what joyous sounds now on the breezes float!
"Hark forward!" cries the Whip, for he has heard the huntsman's blow;
They'll soon be right in the foremost flight to show how they can go.

"Yoix, at him!" cries the Huntsman: "hold hard!" for
there he breaks;
And straight across the open now his country he takes:
He's fairly gone, so now we'll give a rattling "Tally-ho!"
And now we're right in the foremost flight like jolly bricks
to go.

And now for twenty minutes we have gone this glorious burst,
The pace begins to tell on those who yet have gone the first.
"A check!" we take a pull, and give our horses time to blow;
'Twill set them right in the foremost flight again like trumps
to go.

"Hark, Ranter, hark!" the Huntsman cries: they hit him
off again;
A sheet would cover all the pack now racing o'er the plain.
"A view!" it is the hunted fox I know by yonder crow,
For it's her delight in the foremost flight with a sinking one
to go.

To reach yon distant covert now in vain game Reynard tries,
Old Venom runs in to him, and he, gamely fighting, dies.
"Who-whoop!" now cries the Huntsman, who so late cried
"Tally-ho!"
'Tis pure delight in the foremost flight in a run like this to go.

Here's to fox-hunting and fox-hunters, and may we never
trace
The man within old England's shores who would put down
the Chase!
For such a man at once I scan as British Sportsmen's foe,
Who still delight in the foremost flight like bricks and trumps
to go.

HARRY HIE'OVER.

ON THE EFFECT OF WEIGHT AND OTHER WEIGHTY EFFECTS AS APPLIED TO HORSES.

I HAVE been led into considering the effect of weight as applied to horses from having somewhere read an extract from the works of Nimrod, where he is quoted as having given it as his opinion that a heavy weight could get across a country better than a light one, as the former could break down and break through fences that the other could not.

I do not remember where or when I saw this opinion quoted, so of course do not either vouch for its authenticity, or pretend to state the precise terms in which this opinion was couched, but such was the spirit of it.

It may appear singular when I assert, that, as a sporting man myself, I never read such popular works as Nimrod's: such, however, is the case, excepting his work on "The Road," and that only in part. This neglect in no way arose from my not properly appreciating them: the public opinion taught me better: but so it was, and I am glad it was so, for, however severely anything I write may deserve to be criticised, I must now escape the charge of plagiarism —a crime I hold to be about on a par with a man stealing a handsome cloak from another to hide the barrenness of his own costume. I hold it better and more creditable to sport my own threadbare suit, and say to the public it is the best I have. In it,

such as it is, I am at your service; I rob no man's wardrobe, and hate second-hand clothes, though they might have belonged to my superiors.

"*Mais apropos de bottes*"—*apropos* to writing—and *apropos* to riding, I am quite willing to subscribe to the fact that Nimrod could write a chase better than I; but I must take the liberty of saying he could not ride one as well; and this is not saying much in my favour in this respect either: assuming the opinion I have stated as emanating from him, I can only say I very much doubt whether in his own person he ever rode at a fence in his life, where, if the specific gravity of himself and horse did not break it, a regular burster must have been the result. We all know that horses ridden hard at fences or even timber will *break* what we should have considered it all but impossible they would even *crack*. I have had horses break gates with me, and that both with and without getting a fall; but candour must make me allow I never rode at one contemplating such a result; nor do I conceive, if any man saw Lord Maidstone now and Sir Francis Burdett (when he rode) refuse a bullfinch that they saw their horses could not force themselves through, that he or any man would ride at it, because he might weigh 17st. instead of 12st.: I mean of course when such riders as I have named considered the thing impracticable to them. The man would soon get sick of it, and so would his horse. We know that a ball of 50lb. weight let fall from a height will make more impression where it falls than one of 20lb., but this does not hold good in breaking fences: if it did, what a devil of a fellow the famous Daniel Lambert would have been on the twenty-one hands' high horse! Why, such names as Waterford, Wilton, Forester,

Oliver, Craufurd, Gilmour, even that feather weight Colonel Wyndham, might in future go and hunt on Putney Heath or Wimbledon Common; but as the first alluded to somewhat larger couple never took a spin from Grimstone's Gorse to Trussington by way of a breather to show what they could do, I am of opinion any of the names I have mentioned would have been nearly as forward. "Velocity is force," as Tom Belcher used to say: "hit sharp enough you'll hit hard enough." Now as the Noble Lord I first mentioned generally *goes* sharp enough, "I rather think the 17st. gentleman (who I should conceive would not be *quite* as fast) would find that weight takes more effect on horses than it does on bulfinches, unless indeed he bored through in a walk like a pig. Then, perhaps, one of Meux's dray-horses might be useful.

Some persons may say, "*we* all know the effect weight has upon horses." I do not pretend to say but that these gentlemen (that is, the *we*) *may* know all about it, but I do not; and this has induced me to take the subject into consideration. *We* may say, "the thing requires no consideration at all; weight makes horses go slower, that's all; so HARRY HIE'OVER must be slower still to write about it." May be so, Gentlemen, but take care you are not a little too *fast* (at least in your conclusions). I have just sense enough to know that the same horse (where all the concomitant circumstances attending his going are the same) cannot go so fast with a heavy weight as with a lighter one; but this is not "the be all and the end all here." I would wish, if I could, to ascertain what the effect of weight is *when put in comparison with other things*, which is not so easy to come at as *we* may suppose. Weight does not always under every circumstance as

effectually stop the speed of horses as Mr. Tongue's patent drag does that of carriages. I hear the same talented gentleman has now invented a bridle that can be made to stop horses much sooner than any welter weight can; and really when I see such attempts at horsemanship as I do daily see, I consider it a most useful addenda to such horsemen's set-out. As an old coachman, I am quite clear that whoever considers the safety of his bones, and still more the comfort and well-doing of his horses, would always use the drag to his carriage: and really it would be charity to many horsemen as well as to fellow-wayfarers to recommend the patent stopper as equally indispensable. In truth there are some riders for whose sakes I should like to lay the same inventive genius under contribution to produce a man-drag that should prevent them getting on a horse *at all*. Great as unquestionably is the merit of his carriage drag, let him but invent the man-drag, and he will immortalise his name.

Whether the observations I shall make respecting the effects of weight be correct or erroneous, they will certainly do some good if they call the attention of those to the subject who have hitherto given it but little consideration. In proof that there are many such, I will venture to say, that among country gentleman who constantly ride with hounds, unless they have had a touch at racing, there is not one-third of them who know what weight they really are: numbers of them never got into a scale in their lives, and those who have, have not done so for perhaps years. Thus many, I am quite confident, who think themselves 12st. are nearer 14st.

In some proof of the little consideration given to

weight by persons who have never attended to racing pursuits, I will mention one instance in a person who one might suppose ought to have known better, being a dealer in horses. When in London last year, I saw a horse being led out of the yard in his clothes that I recognised as having belonged to one of our best steeple-chase riders, but now the property of the dealer. I asked where the horse was going, and was told, as a secret, that he was going to —— to be tried against another—his owner having some idea of entering him for a steeple-race. Three miles was to be the trial length—a pretty good dose I thought for a horse that had not had a gallop, much less a sweat. On my remarking that the horse was not in a fit state to go a trial, I was informed "that did not signify." Had the horse been mine, I should have thought *it did*, and a good deal the more so when I was told the other horse had been a month preparing for some Stakes. I then asked who were to ride the trial, and was told, "the owners." The owner of the other horse I knew by name; he can ride a bit on a flat; but the dealer, though a fair ordinary horseman, knows about as much of riding a race or trial as Van Amburgh's elephant does of the polka. To crown all, on my asking what were to be the weights, I was told he did not know his friend's weight or his own, but there could not be more than a stone either way. I will answer for it the other knew his own, and that it was on the right side; so he obliged his friend, and thought his own horse might as well take a gallop in this way as any other. I never heard the result of this well arranged trial. I know of course what it must have been if it had been meant as a trial on *both* sides: but as I heard the dealer ran his horse afterwards, and he was nowhere, I should not

be surprised at anything that took place on the trial day; for queer things do take place on such occasions even among friends. I think I have at all events shown there are those to be found not very particular as to weight.

I have mentioned the foregoing as one out of scores of instances I have seen of how little the subject of weight occupies the attention of many men who are daily using horses even for sporting purposes. By many it is not considered at all. Most of my hunting friends must, I am sure, recall to their recollections how often they have seen two men with hounds on a bit of galloping ground racing at each other on horses of equal pretensions, equal in size and strength, but carrying perhaps the difference of 3st. in weight; and if the lighter weight keeps the lead, he goes home fully impressed with the idea that he possesses the fastest horse. I have even seen good sportsmen commit this folly. It descends to the very butchers, who will have a trot at each other, though the one be a boy of 8st., the other a man of 12st. I suppose all these think, like the dealer, that "it does not signify."

Singular as may appear the assertion, it is nevertheless a correct one, that I have rarely met a regular country gentleman, whose only pursuit (so far as his horses are concerned) is hunting, who possessed the niceties of judgment in horses. I rarely met such a man even knowing whether a horse is sound or unsonnd: and again, as far as relates to condition, their horses are seldom up to the mark and fit to go till about January. During October they are seen scraping the lather from their horse with their whip, and deluging their cambric or Bandana with the exudation from their own brows. Now, by country gen-

tlemen, I beg to be understood as meaning the fine old or young English Gentleman keeping three or four hunters at the most. Such men as I have mentioned crossing Leicestershire are another guess matter : they are in a different condition (in life), and faith, so are their nags. Many of these really fine fellows, I regret to say, I know are not *in condition* to go the pace they do; but I must pay them the compliment of saying their horses are.

Such country gentlemen as I allude to, while (as they call it) "sticking to the port," d— all racing and the income tax, both from what they consider a sufficient reason ; namely, they don't like either ; in which the correctness of their judgment is shown in about the same light as in regard to their horses. They happen to overlook the fact, that to racing we are indebted for the splendid breed of horses we see at the covert side : to racing we principally owe our present knowledge of that magical word *condition :* to racing we owe that consideration of weight that induces us to mount ourselves in accordance with it, a kind of handicapping, without which our field of sportsmen would very shortly be like the Irish miles—"if they're very long they're very narrow." Our country gentleman forgets this; and now, though no dabbler in politics, it strikes me that in d—g the income tax, he forgets that if he has 50*l.* a-year less income, he has quite an equal pull on the other side in the price of what he wants to buy, from which thousands of our suffering poorer brethren are now reaping the comfort. So, in my conception, he is anathematising a sport that has brought our horse pursuits to the highest state of perfection, and an Act, that, with its accompaniments, must be considered one of the most just, con-

siderate, and humane ideas that ever emanated from the brain of a great statesman.

Having in the last few lines got a long way out of *my* line of country, the best thing I can do is, not exactly to run heel, but still to get back as fast as possible to where I may at all events have some chance; for while in Politic Gorse a challenge from any throat would sound like a woo-whoop at once *for me*.

It may be said, if racing can be supposed to have produced such improvement in our judgment and management of our hunting establishments, that the same field for information has ever been open to us since racing was first practised. Doubtless it has; but the necessity for putting such information into practice was not called for. Things would have been better done if our ancestors had attended to such; but as their horses in those days carried them well enough for the pace they wanted them to go, anything bordering on training of hunters was never thought of: so the horse worked himself into condition WITH hounds, instead of being worked into it in order to meet them. In those days, speaking comparatively, weight did not signify much, any more than condition; but when we came to breed hounds that could run over the Beacon Course in about the same time that Hambletonian and Diamond and others have done it (which hounds have done), it became quite time not only to look out for a different description of horse to follow them, but also to put them in a different sort of condition. We hear nothing now of the cry of our fathers that no runs are to be expected till after Christmas. When the flesh was to be got off and the wind got into hounds and horses in the hunting field, doubtless our venerated fathers were seldom disap-

pointed in their expectations of foxes beating them in the early part of the season: but now our horses are nearly as fit to go a clipper at one time as another. We may not, perhaps, in racing phrase, "have got as long a length" into them; but so far as a burst of four miles goes, the nags are quite up to the mark. The pace kills often now-a-days, and always will; but to horses in the condition they must have been fifty years since, it would have been battle, murder, and sudden death. Hunting men of 1745 would be as much astonished as we were at first by the railroads, if they could walk round the stables at Melton and see the size of the horses selected by a 12st. man to carry him: I grant 12st. is not a great weight; but I have personally found less sometimes quite enough and to spare, and I always rode big ones too. People say, and with great truth, there are more good little ones than good big ones. It is very likely there should be, for there are ten times as many little hunting-like horses to pick from as there are of big ones. Some very little horses are no doubt wonders, and can go with any thing and any where; but if it was found, in selecting two hundred horses all of the same shape, make, and breeding, the one hundred small, the other large, that the small horses could do what the larger can, the little horses would no longer be wonders. I therefore must think, that though there being more good little than big horses may really be taken *au pied de la lettre*, there being actually more of them, if there were as many large horses of the same quality to be got, the saying would be discontinued. We very properly expect less of a little horse than a large one, and are therefore surprised when we find him crossing

the same fences and the same country at the same pace as one from whom we have a right to expect great performances. When I speak of *big* horses, I use the term in preference to *large*; for a horse may, I conceive, be a large horse, and yet not be what I mean by a big one. By bigness I allude to big muscle, big loins, big joints, thighs, and sinews. Now a horse may very properly be termed a large one wanting all these. I have often seen what I in horse language term a big little one, or, as Smart says, "as long and as big as a boat." If he was not this, I never saw a little one a *wonder*. Quite against my judgment, but from long habit, I prefer riding horses 16 to 15½ hands, though I am satisfied for any riding purpose the latter is high enough if he is good enough; but then he should be one of Smart's boats. Every man has his prejudices, and where they are harmless ones, right or wrong, he does no harm in entertaining them. I, like others, have mine against many things in horses, but there are three things in a horse that I never bought one possessing—narrow loins, narrow before the saddle, or calf-like knees. I never saw *one* that could carry weight thus made. I allow they go in all shapes (figuratively speaking), but I never saw one go *long* thus shaped I do not of course mean that every horse for 12st. men must show strength to carry 17st. It is not necessary every fighting man should be as big as Ben Caunt. Doubtless there are many 13st. men that could beat him if they tried; but depend on it that for 13st. they must be big ones, and I am quite certain that of men of that weight he would probably beat five out of six. Johnny Broome is a *nonpareil* at anything like his own weight; but he would of course allow

that, as a fighter, if he was 13st., he would be a still greater *nonpareil*. In fact I should say, no man living that we know of could then be a match for him. Thus I say of horses; take a good one of 15 hands, proportionably made, make him sixteen or even more, and let his proportions increase, like weight in a give-and-take plate, by the inch, and he would be better still. My predilection for large-sized horses in no way must be considered as thinking they can carry more weight than lesser ones: quite the contrary; for if I rode 18st. I should choose low ones, upon the principle that a stick two feet long can bear more weight than one of four, unless the diameter of the longer was even more than proportionably increased. But there is a commanding feel in the sweep of a large-sized horse that gives me confidence in him; and though I do not want him, in accordance with Nimrod's principle, to break down fences by physical force, the ease with which he compasses them is quite delightful to one who wants nerve to put the strength of his horse in competition with that of stiff rails. I cannot help being a coward: my nag may jump as wide with me as the Thames if he likes, or as high as he pleases (provided he lands again in time for dinner); but pray let him jump, for really I do not understand making battering rams of my horse's knees, nor do I think he would hold them as having been made for that purpose more than the elephant thought his scull was intended as an anvil for his driver to crack cocoa nuts upon. He returned the compliment by trying the experiment on Mr. Driver's head, who, I believe, found the retaliation very hard, and his scull very soft; so, I apprehend, we should find our legs if we used them

for the purpose that Nimrod seems to expect horses to use theirs. Depend on it they were made to carry them, but not to break timber with.

There are other advantages we derive from having made racing one of our pursuits. It gives a close firm seat; teaches us to hold our horse together; and, above all, nothing so much instructs in the feeling of when a horse is tiring: it teaches the necessity of taking a pull at him in proper time; in all of which things, as far as I can judge, our ancestors were very deficient. Pace has taught the absolute necessity of practising them. I have heard very old sportsmen say they hardly ever knew a man who was accustomed to riding over the flat ride well over a country. This shows that the hunting or racing men of those days were not mixed up with each other as they now are. But besides this, in those days racing riders, when standing in their stirrups, could only be compared to a man standing on his feet with a Newfoundland dog between his legs, thus leaving room for an ordinary pointer between the seat and the saddle. No man with such a seat could cross a country, and no jockey with such a one should ever have crossed a race-horse: but now our hunting men are not seen with the old loose swagging seat of former fox-hunters, nor are jocks seen with their knees up to their chins when sitting down on their saddle, except old Tommy Lye; but then he rides so well that it is fair to let him ride as he likes. In one way I would never wish to see a man ride like him; in another, I must pay him the just compliment of saying *very few can*. Now all these hints we may, and now do, take from racing, either by practice or observation. Though of course

they cannot make a man specifically less than his actual standing weight, they are so advantageous to the horse, that whether we diminish that weight, or so husband his powers as to give him more ability to carry it, it amounts to the same thing. Without consideration, a man may say, If our forefathers did not possess these advantages, how did they get along? Why very well: so did the *Old Blue* from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, that, when I was a good boy five-and-thirty years ago, took me to Bath in seventeen hours and a half. I have gone better though by *The Age* to Brighton since, and we go better in the field: at all events we go faster. The old short wheelers' reins did very well for six miles an hour; but we should get in a mess if we used them going sometimes fourteen over a hilly country. Racing pace calls for racing practices; and horses to go with hounds now must all but race with perhaps 14st. on them. Though I cannot in general advocate steeple-racing as it is carried on, I am quite free to allow it has at least one great item in its favour: it is the very best possible school for teaching a man to ride across country. I do not consider that it is in any way necessary for a man to be a steeple-chase rider to enable him to ride to hounds, if, as formerly, men hunted from a love of hunting. The time was when men rode in order to see hounds: they now see hounds in order to ride; and that being the case, racing knowledge and racing habits become indispensable. If greater exertions are now required from men and horses, means must be adopted to meet the exigencies of the case: and certainly since hunting was first followed, there never was a period that could produce such a number of fine riders in the field as the present. But I am

quite clear this not a time for welter weights to shine, or even to hold their own, independent of Nimrod's ideas of heavy weights breaking their way *through* fences. I have certainly *heard* the remark, and have made it, that the greater proportion of our best sportsmen, best and most forward riders, were heavy men; but it certainly is not their weight that tells in their favour: that is, it is not their weight that gets them along; but I trust I can point out what does do it, namely, what gets Captain Peel along—"*head* and *resolution*." He did not get either in the riding school; nor would he or any other man have ever learned to ride a four-mile steeple-race by practising between four walls. His head was given him before he saw the school, and I dare say the resolution too: if not, he has taken care to get a pretty good share of it somewhere else.

But in allusion to heavy men riding well: in the first place, if a man is heavy, unless he wes enthusiastic in the pursuit, he most probably would never have attempted to hunt at all; but if he does, aware of the impediment his weight must be, he knows he shall require every aid that can be got to make some amends for it. This induces him to make himself a first-rate horseman. He knows that a perfect knowledge of hounds and hunting is an incalculable advantage to a man riding with them; so he becomes a sportsman and fox-hunter. He knows it will not do for him to be picking and choosing the safest places, or turning far out of his way to find them. If he gets behind, he is probably behind for the day, or certainly for the burst. Few horses lightly weighted can catch hounds with impunity: what could they then do with a heavy weight on them?

The consciousness of this makes heavy men ride straight, as every man should do as nearly as he can. I know heavy leaps take a good deal out of a horse; but heavy ground takes more, particularly if we are forced to increased speed over it in order to make up for going out of the way. The heavy man knows he cannot take liberties with his horse, but, on the contrary, must nurse him at every opportunity, and that he must not throw one chance away. The 10st. men are apt to think they may, and thus often find out their mistake; at least they find their horses beat. I will venture to say, let two horses be going together, the one with 14st. on him, the other with 9st., and supposing them both all but beat, let the heavy weight, as most probably he would, hold his horse well together, take care to put him on the firmest ground, and take him along a fair even pace, he will get him perhaps well through his difficulty. Let the light weight have his horse's head loose, clap the spurs to him, and not select his ground, he will stop him in two fields, or probably in a less distance. A horse sinking cannot bear *increased* exertion, however light the weight may be; no, not if he was turned loose.

As far as long observation serves me, I think I have stated the great secret of heavy men astonishing us, as many unquestionably have done, and now do, with hounds. Such men, riding precisely as they do, which is the system upon which feather weights should ride, would of course be able to ride still forwarder take 4st. away from them; for even doing as they do, I always hear them "curse their cumbrous weight" as heartily as horses have reason to do some light ones. If we wanted any proof of what judg-

ment and horsemanship will do, we need go no farther than to see Colonel Wyndham ride a chase: he shoves his horse along most awfully certainly; but depend on it he saves him whenever he can, though he will risk his and his own neck the next minute at fencing. What makes him do this arises from the same cause that actuates his every action in life—his heart is where every heart should be, and where so few are, *in the right place.*

In some proof of my assertion (I should say opinion) that even weight will not tell like pace, I will mention an anecdote: it does not speak much in favour of my own judgment on the occasion; but no matter; if it elucidates anything that will save horses it will answer a much better purpose. I went to get a couple of days' hunting with a friend of mine, an 18st. man, and sent a couple of horses for the purpose; but my friend insisted on mounting me, and paid me the compliment of putting me upon his favourite horse Beggarman, a very fine horse certainly, and a perfect hunter, for a certain pace. I eyed the nag rather suspiciously I own; for it struck me we should differ widely in our ideas of going along. However, the compliment could not be refused. Pug was at home, and away we went, I on my general plan, of not going perhaps as well as many others, but at all events as well as *I* can, as straight as I can, and as long as I can. Beggarman certainly went very well for a quarter of an hour, took his fences admirably; but I felt nothing of his being "rather inclined to pull a bit" (which the groom had warned me of); for the fact was (though I did not at the time know it), he was going his very fastest, so did not of course pull to try to go faster. I soon

found him hesitate on seeing a leap before him, and thought he was sulking a little: however, I *persuaded* him to go straight for a few fields further, but then perceived symptoms I could not mistake: the stretching out the head, the occasional widening of my knees, and a sob, told the tale: Beggarman was beat. Now I trust I never rode a horse unfairly in my life, and certainly I did not do so in the present case. Still I was wrong. I had been used to sail away on thorough-breds. I could certainly say I rode him as I should have done my own; but this was the very thing that I should not have done. However, I stopped in time, got out of the way not to disgrace my friend's crack, made a lucky cast, got well in again, saw our fox killed, kept my own counsel, and on my friend asking me how I liked my horse, I said, like old Dick Knight, "was never so carried." Notwithstanding this, I took care to mount myself the next day.

I may be asked, if this said horse, with fair riding and only 11st. on him, could not live with hounds in a commonly fair run, how did he get on with 18st.? I will endeavour to account for this, for get on with his master he certainly always did, and was there or thereabouts at the finish. A man of great weight may see a great deal of a run, enough, if he is really fond of hunting, to be able to tell more about how the hounds behaved than half the field who care nothing about them. He may be always near enough for this; but he must not expect to be at *all times with* them. Harkaway, if he was a hunter, could not carry the weight and be *always there*. My friend knew every field and covert in the country; consequently he rode at times (as greyhounds sometimes

get to run) cunning; and if he knew a fox's point, with his weight it was quite fair in him to avail himself of that knowledge, and ride a little wide of hounds; and if by this he could, as he did often, save his horse a field or two, some heavy fencing, and heavy ground, he was right: for when I say I consider the men who go straightest with hounds on an average distress their horse the least, I only mean it to apply to fencing, and in comparison with those who lose time in going *round* to avoid leaps they may not like. Go straight for ever; that is, do not go round: but if, without losing anything of the sight of the hunting, you can save distance, I see nothing unsportsmanlike in doing so even for a light weight, for he may be too heavy before he has done. So I say, Go like a good 'un *as long as you can*: I do not of course mean till your nag is regularly *scared up*, without an effort to save him: I mean, go as long as the bellows last; in short, till they begin to squeak; but we must not burst a hole in the leather, or what the deuce shall we do to light the fire again? *Wind is strength*; and the want of it *pro tem.* prostrates the powers of the proudest and the best. The *cob*, that most beastly of locomotive conveyances for any thing but a sack of grain, would beat Bee's-wing if the puff was taken out of her. Light weights, remember this, and be not surprised when at times you find even 20st. giving you the "go by." While the wind lasts, weight does not make so great a difference in pace (I mean hunting pace) as people may suppose. I believe it has been pretty well ascertained that the difference between the pace in a charge of our household troops or that of the 7th Hussars is very trifling indeed; but make that charge a mile, weight would

tell; not that perhaps the horses would be in one mile positively tired and leg-weary; but the exertion would act on the lungs, and when they become weary it is weary work indeed. It matters not whether increase of pace or increase of weight produces the effect; the effect produced reduces the horse to the same state of inability. Let two men of about equal weight and pretensions in running make a match to run fifty yards, the one to carry a man of moderate weight, say 11st., on his back, the other to run unloaded, but to give the weighted man 25 yards; the loaded man would invariably beat the other, perhaps many yards. Let them make it one hundred, the weight-carrier to be allowed 50 yards, frequent experience has taught us that with men equal in running and strength the man carrying the weight will *always win*. But make it one hundred and fifty yards, and still allow the same proportion of law to the loaded man, he would then in turn be always beaten: and why? because the supporting muscles and joints would be tired, and the wind exhausted. This shows why the heaviest men will and can go a *short* burst with the first flight; but the pace continued must beat them; that is, if it is a fast one. It is not entirely the weight that does it, but the weight *at the pace: weight* and *pace* no horse breathing can stand long. Still I maintain pace is the real killer. We could scarcely find a man under whom a good and well-bred horse will not go at a really hunting pace for a couple of miles; but we may easily find a pace at which *no horse* would go the distance under Derby weight.

I conceive that from what I have said as yet, I have in some degree borne out the assertion I made at the commencement of these pages, that the effect of

weight on horses is not quite easy to comprehend, when placed in comparison with speed, with good and bad judgment and horsemanship ; nor do I flatter myself with the hope of being able to produce anything like a clear definition of the subject. In my own defence I must be allowed to remind my readers, I neither promised nor even insinuated that I would. I confess there is a mystery about weight I cannot quite understand, nor have I ever found the man who did. And again, the extraordinary powers of some horses, when put in competition with others, will beat all calculation on the subject. I may, however, be quite wrong in this conclusion, but I venture to go on.

A friend of mine, who knew a good deal more than I ever did of sporting matters, though I could not but think sometimes he was a little wild in his opinions, used to say, "If 7lb. is equal to a distance in a race, what must it be in a day's hunting ?" Now, taking his first propounder as a datum, his *sequitur* may be quite appropriate and just. I do not pretend to say he was wrong in his first statement ; but I certainly do say I doubt in a general way the fact. I can conceive two horses, running in together at a certain weight, might afterwards be so weighted as the 7lb. to be equal to a distance ; but I doubt its being so at the weights and lengths of ordinary racing. But we cannot make any close analogy between weight telling in racing and hunting ; for a horse extended as a race-horse is at speed, makes weight tell awfully on him. We will, however, consider this by and by. I am now only considering hunters in speaking of weight.

I believe it is quite an allowed fact by heavy weights, that a horse which has carried them one season well will (supposing him to continue well and

sound) carry them the next season better. This is easily accounted for. The power of carrying heavy burdens is very much increased by being accustomed to do it; those parts of the frame, whether belonging to man or quadruped, that are most called upon under weight, acquire additional strength from practice, as the arm of the smith does by using his sledge-hammer: but, independent of this, the horse learns by experience that style of going which enables him to get along with the most ease to himself. It may appear to some persons a singular assertion on my part, that numbers of horses go (particularly on the road) much safer under a very heavy man than under a light one: it is nevertheless the case, and is easily explained. A horse, to go safely on the road, should step short and quick, for in so doing, supposing him to make a false step, the succeeding leg comes so quickly to his support that he is right again in a moment; but if he walks with the long lounging stride of the race-horse, and makes a mistake, or treads on a stone, he rolls forward on his head before he can bring the other leg in a place to act as a prop to his body; independent of which, dwelling so long a time on each leg fatigues both muscles and sinews. Let any person try the truth of this by measuring only half a mile by striding it in yards: he will be more fatigued than by walking four times the distance at moderate short steps. Comparatively speaking, race-horses tire very soon in walking. Set one to walk from London to Edinburgh by the side of a butcher's hack; why little Cutlets would wear him out; and the chances are the Leger or Derby nag would have been on his nose half a dozen times during the journey. No horse with a long stride either in his walk

or gallop can carry weight. I never saw even *one* that could. If any person doubts this, I can assure him the horse will not (after he has carried weight a few times), and will be found very shortly to alter his gait. Desire a man to walk fifty yards, and observe his way of walking; then clap a sack of oats on his back; I will answer for his taking three steps where before he only took two. So it is with a horse: with 8st. on him he walks lazily and loungingly along; he can do so; put 18st. on him, he, like the man, will shorten his steps, and will make fewer blunders in consequence of so doing. He must do the same thing in his gallop before he can live under great weight; he has sense enough to learn this and many other ways of saving himself, and this is the great reason why, when put to carry weight, he does it better the second season than the first. If I had a hack that was clever in every way but in taking long strides in his walk, I would lend him to an 18st. man. I will answer for it he cures him of that fault at all events.

It is self-evident that physical strength is necessary to carry great burthens; but there is also (if I may be allowed the term) a certain knack in doing it. A smith, as I have said, acquires the arm of a Hercules, and can wield his enormous hammer for hours in a day. A miller's man could not do this, or anything bordering on it; but he will chuck a sack of flour about, and carry it a distance, that would make our son of Vulcan's loins and shoulders crack again, though the latter might be the bigger and in a general way the stronger man; but he has not learned to carry sacks of flour on his shoulders, and till he has the little one will beat him at that particular game. A machiner that in point of strength is (in road

phrase) "a side of a coach by himself," and will twist a loaded coach of three tons about, would probably be tired to death carrying a very heavy man; and *vice versâ*, a troop-horse that has carried perhaps 22st. or 23st. with apparent ease to himself, if bought for a coach, is beat in a ten-mile stage. Like the miller and the smith, they both had learned to do their own work; but, not knowing how to do the other's with the most ease to themselves, it tires them.

If I was to purchase a horse to make a hunter for an 18st. man, I would much prefer a horse that had been very little hunted to one that had been some time at it carrying a light weight; and I should do so on the same principle that a groom or a post-boy always give more trouble in a riding-school than a tailor. In the first place, they are conceited; but, worse than that (for the riding-school has taken the conceit out of many a poor fellow), they have acquired a particular seat and mode of riding; so they have not only to learn a new one, but to be broke of the old one. Now the tailor has no seat at all, excepting a cross-legged one, and that he never practised on horseback; so one seat is as natural to him as another when on a horse. God knows, the poor devil finds any uncomfortable enough; but he is willing to learn, and having nothing to unlearn, he has the advantage of the others, as their knowledge is against them. Snip is equal if not superior to the others in another particular—his stern is as hard as a rhinoceros's hide.

But to return to the horse that has not and the one that has been hunted. The first has probably ordinary action in his walk and gallop: now put this horse into a riding-school under a *manège* rider for three months, or on the other hand put him in training and under a

riding exercise lad for the same period, he will in either case contract a manner of going quite different from his natural one. And what he would become by the two distinct modes of treatment would render him so widely different in his way of going as scarcely to allow us to believe an animal could be so metamorphosed. A racing suckling certainly in a general way has a different natural style of going from colts less highly bred; but the difference is by no means so great between the two as it afterwards becomes by different education. The riding-school or Newmarket Heath would make him either fit to carry the Marquis of Anglesey at the head of the 7th, or Robinson over the Flat. So will the horse that has not contracted any peculiar style of going easily contract that which will best enable him to carry weight; to do which he must in fact contract himself; that is, his manner of going. This he will readily do, as he has no acquired habits to *undo*. Now the horse that has carried a light weight for a season or two has *to a certain extent* learned to do what the colt sent to Newmarket would do; that is, to extend himself—the very thing that would militate against, nay, prevent his carrying weight. This therefore he would have to undo; and this would of course take time to effect. Good hands will certainly shortly teach a horse to go within himself; but weight will teach it him sooner. In short, he can scarcely extend himself: if he does, he tires; he soon finds this out, and his sense or instinct makes him alter his gait as soon as his former habits will allow him to do so. The next best thing to getting a horse accustomed to carry weight is to get one that has not been rendered unfit for it by carrying a light one.

A farmer who lived near me four years ago then weighed about 20st.; still he always rode on horseback wherever he went, and rode hunting too. The horse that carried him the best in the field was a small light-boned well-bred mare, scarcely looking up to 13st.: I need not say she was no *cob*: he was too good a judge to ride one while he could find anything else to carry him. I remember seeing this enormous mass of humanity sitting on a strong-looking horse he was trying under the idea of purchasing: he had been riding him merely about the town for two or three hours, or rather, it being the fair-time, he had been only sitting on his back. I saw the horse crouch several times: at last he fairly tried to lie down: he was in fact tired to death. Whether this arose from not having been accustomed to carry weight, or that he was not naturally a strong horse though he looked one, I cannot say; but it shows that if he was a weak one we must not judge of strength always by size, as I have before stated; and if he was a strong one, it proves what I have also said, the being accustomed to carry weight is necessary to enable a horse to do so. I am inclined to think, this, and consequently *knowing how* to carry it, has even more to do in the matter than physical strength; in corroboration of which opinion this person told me he never found a horse that could bear his weight on him for any length of time till he had ridden him nearly twelve months, and then not as he could afterwards do it when more accustomed to such a burthen.

So fully was he aware of this that he had rather a curious (and I believe novel) way of initiating his new purchases into the art of weight-carrying. He used

to put them on the pillar reins, and let them stand with their saddle loaded with two hundred and a quarter of sheets of lead: he there kept them for a couple of hours, more or less. Thank God! my weight never occasioned my practising this (to me) new mode of training; but I suppose it answered; at all events, he was always well carried, and his horses always looked well.

I have several friends who ride great weights: they frequently pay me the compliment of asking my opinion of horses, and further ask whether I think such a horse can carry them. If he happens to be a kind of half cart-bred beast, *alias* a cob, that is, a quadruped all flesh and hair, I merely say I should think the wretch could not *carry* anything but a pair of panniers, and those badly: if, on the contrary, it is an active well-bred one, I say, I have no intuitive faculty of discerning strength; "get up and *try*:" and this is the only sure way of testing a horse's powers.

I am never (among my various follies) so arrogant or so weak as to expect any one to be guided by my opinions unless I can back them by some proofs of their correctness in particular cases. Now I do fearlessly give it as my opinion, that, allowing a proper latitude for the appropriateness of it, we can never positively judge a horse's powers till we try them, and I shall trouble my readers with more than one proof of this. I could produce many.

In a town where I lived some four years since, namely, the same where our *great* agricultural friend was trying the dealer's nag, I observed another heavy weight, but comparatively a feather, for he was not more than about 17st. I constantly saw him riding a light thorough-bred looking mare, one of that sort

that we should say had not timber to carry her body: it would be more in character to say her body was too big for her legs. In fact, though, as I ascertained, she was thorough-bred, her back, loins, and thighs were equal to 20st., but her legs to look at were tobacco pipes. They reminded me of a beautifully poetic description of two ponies I once saw under a print at the Stag and Hounds on Binfield Common, a "meet" of her Majesty's hounds. The print possibly hangs there still; if so, many, who like me on that occasion have met the hounds there, may have seen it. The ponies were drawing in a phaeton a lady and gentleman; I forget the costume of either, but I conclude it was the gentleman in a lightish blue coat, fully displayed gilt buttons, canary coloured pantaloons, and Hessian boots; the lady, a crimson riding habit, large bouquet, hat and feathers. But for the eulogy on the ponies:—

> Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies!
> Other horses are brutes to these Macaronies:
> To give them this title I think is no sin,
> Their tails are so *thick*, and their legs are so *thin!*

Shades of Byron as a poet, or Lonsdale as a sportsman, turn not towards me while perpetuating this effusion!—But let us perpetuate the mare.

I had often admired the springy action of the tobacco-pipe legged mare; but these said legs, though looking scarce equal to carry her weight, could and did carry it, and, with the saddle, about 18st. to boot in a way few men were carried. She stepped as if she went on India rubber. She had carried the gentleman five years when I first knew her: I saw her carry him for five years afterwards; she had not a

windgall on either leg when I left the country: and, what renders it more extraordinary is, he had begun riding her when only four years old. The old saying "an ounce of blood is worth a pound of bone," is not far out; but it means "if the bone is without blood;" for of course, provided a horse *has blood*, that is good blood, he cannot have too much bone, though some can do wonders with very little.

Bob Booty, the Irish horse, was not a *large* one, but for a race-horse a *thick* one: he, after he had done racing, carried his master as a hack, who was a welter weight. I have often seen him on the little horse, who went under him as if he had 9st. on his back, and I was told carried the same weight with hounds in a heavy country, and Bobby's little white nose was always where it should be.

I can instance a mare that as a race-horse was a very bad one, so out of compliment to her master I will not mention his name. This mare was singularly small below the knee, but with famous back and loins. At light weights, she was not good enough to start for a hat: when I say not good, I should say not speedy, for she was good and game as a pebble. Now though with 7st. on her in a mile and a half race she might just save her distance, and certainly would not her credit, put 10st. on her, make it three miles and a heavy course, some pretty good race-horses have felt the whipcord to beat her, and could not always do it then: she never seemed to feel weight. I saw her afterwards run her first hurdle-race, and, with 12st. on her, she literally flew the hurdles; and not only at the first, but at all of them she went a foot higher and certainly ten wider than she had occasion to have done. In her preliminary canter of the

course, I am certain she took off fourteen feet before she came to it. She won in a canter. This mare afterwards went to Ireland, and I understand showed the way in a steeple-race or two. So much for her tobacco-pipes: properly placed as to weight, she would use them, and make others smoke too if they went with her; as Mademoiselle Celeste in one of her parts promises she will make the old man do if he becomes her *cara sposa*.

In considering the effect weight has on horses in conjunction with other effects, I trust we have come to one conclusion at least: namely, that the appearance of strength, so far as size goes, is often very deceptive. I in no way mean to assume that my opinion has led to such conclusion, but that the few instances I have brought, out of the many I could bring, has had this effect. Supposing this to be the case, we must on the other hand allow that the man or quadruped evincing the greatest outward appearances of strength is in a general way the strongest; still by no means invariably so; and further than this, the indications of power are often mistaken; consequently, what to a common observer may denote power, to a better judge may be very questionable. We are quite aware that of two ropes made of the same material, and equally well made, one of an inch diameter must be stronger than one of half an inch. With two sticks made of wood of the same toughness and solidity, the result in testing their relative strength would be the same. So, take two horses of equal breeding, equal symmetry, equal courage, and made of equally good materials, the larger will be the most powerful; and going on this principle, as I never bought bad made or bad bred ones, I generally

found large-sized horses do tolerably well for a man of my moderate expectations. But now let us return to the ropes that I first mentioned. Suppose the one to be made of but ordinary material, the other of the best cord. (I may be destined to find the half-inch one quite strong enough to do *my business*.) Curran said, "a hearse was the coach after all." I may find the small bit of choice hemp the rope "AT LAST," either by voluntary or forced experiment. I hope there is no wish on the part of my readers that I should do so, as I fear I should say as Pat does, "the more you bid me the more I won't:" for many as are my obligations to all my readers, I do not pretend to be as obedient as the Frenchman, who, we are told, on being "bid to go to H—ll, to H—ll he goes." In fact, I have not about me the same obedience: if I had, I might be tempted to do what some friends have suggested, write a sporting novel: but wanting this, as the loss of one faculty increases others, my ideas are JUST enough to convince me, that, after having written this same novel, it would be sent by the public *viâ voce* to the same place the Frenchman so courteously betakes himself; so on the whole I consider it would be a devilish bad spec.

When I touched on politics last month, it was pretty clear I dare say to every one that I had, as I said, got out of my line of country: in talking of ropes (though I do not think in this case the thing is quite so clear), I hope I am out of *my line* also; and when I run to earth, let me hope (if it is to such an one as the Frenchman makes for) I may find it stopped. "Hark back" is odious to a fox-hunter,

but it is better (though but little better) than following the Frenchman: so to hit off the hunted fox, I make a cast back. "Whenever you do so, Huntsman, do it quickly:" so do I.

I consider the materials of which a thorough-bred or even a highly-bred horse is made to differ as much in quality from those of which a regular cob is made, as good tough lancewood from elm, or whipcord from common rope; and in one way this accounts for the lancewood and whipcord animal being absolutely, independently of other attributes, physically stronger than the one of elm and rope, if the proportions of each are at all the same. I do not remember, I ever heard, of what materials the famous horse of Troy was made. *Certes*, he was as renowned in one way as Eclipse was in another; still the materials of which the former was made it seemed answered the purpose, however coarse they may have been; for very coarse stuff would do for a nag to carry a hundred men in his belly: but to carry (in our days) one on his back as he ought to be carried requires material of the first order, and of such is the high-bred horse made. In using the term physical strength, I do not of course mean to infer, that, to pull a dead weight, Economist could equal a good strong cart-horse: but even here practice goes a long way; and get Economist accustomed to the duty of the cart-horse, he would be found much stronger than his appearance would lead us to suppose. The cart-horse on a level road will walk along with two tons after him: Economist I dare say could not, and certainly would not; but use him to the thing, I doubt not his being able to draw thirty hundred. This is only sheer strength, like that of the elephant; but it is where strength is

combined with pace that the thorough-bred shows his matchless powers.

I remember once taking the reins, or, in road phrase, "working" for a few stages on one of our heavy six-in coaches. Now three tons we will allow a tolerably decent weight for four horses to trot along with. I thought the coach heavy, and had the curiosity to drive on to a weighing-bridge: three tons seven hundred was our weight, a pretty good dose at even the moderate pace of eight miles an hour; and, let me tell those who know even less than I of such matters, a pretty good dose "for he wot drives them." Over thirteen miles of this ground I was accommodated with four as seemingly sound able-bodied horses as could be seen, and positively fat. I shook my head at the team, and no more liked them than I subsequently found they did the coach or the stage. The horse-keepers had no difficulty in getting off the quarter-cloths in time: God knows, had a roller been on over them they could have unbuckled it. I soon found a little "waking up" was necessary; but I as soon found that this waking up was not to be accomplished by a *hint:* nothing but a stroke (and that ditto) that would flay the hide of a whale had any effect; and then unless the ears and inside the thigh were visited in the quickest succession, the two fore legs would have stood still while you were giving an accelerator to the hind ones. Save me from able-bodied horses! They rolled along, however, somehow, and did their thirteen miles in the allotted time. I know they also pretty nearly *did* me. The next was a kind of make-up-time stage: four light goodish-looking nags were put to; they scratched along over a nine-mile stage without any trouble in

fifty-five minutes, allowing the coachman, guard, and the *pro temp*. coachman five minutes to take some tea. The next was a middle stage, and, as it is generally managed in such situations, all the cripples of the establishment were kept for this and the next stage, each about six miles. Here, as is always the case where the coachman at one end devils them up, and the one at the other devils them down, they had not much waste and spare on them, but in point of wind they were fit to race; not the vestige of a sound leg among them; in short, had they attempted the impossibility of trotting before they had got a little on their legs they would have broken their necks; but four more wicked varmint-looking ones I never saw: in fact, I should say they were one and all thorough-bred. To look at their legs many would suppose it would be impossible they could *go*. I can only say, after being put to the coach, it was very difficult to get them to *stand still*. One required a man exclusively at her head, and amused herself by kicking at the bars till she was off. None of these wanted a word from a coachman at starting; the "right" from the guard was enough. Over the whole stage not a horse wanted to feel the whip, or if it was gently passed over him, he did not want telling twice. I do not exactly know what they thought, but I thought they had made up their minds to give their new coachman as great a "waking up" as he had given the able-bodied ones; *they* were sound enough, for like many others, they were not good enough to make themselves or be made otherwise. For this they deserved as much credit as some most chaste mortals who boast of their adherence to virtue, when they are so merely because the blessed coolness of

their temperament affords them no inducement to do otherwise. I hate absolute vice, but I love a little bit of a sinner in horse or man, and, "name it not, ye chaste stars," I fear also sometimes a very little bit of a one in woman. I love a little deviation from a beaten path, whether it be the path of rigid right, or the one we daily tread in our pilgrimage through life. Heaven knows a monotonous and weary one it would be if we did not sometimes stray a little from its lengthened course in search of the very few flowers that bloom beside us. I love a little deviation even from strict beauty. I love a squint — that is, *some* squints in some women: I do not mean a pair of ogles that turn simultaneously so far into the nose that we are inclined to say, "God send you safe back again!" but a little roguish cast, that speaks of a little wickedness, and says, "but for a something I certainly would," delightful. We have only to do away with that something, and then . . . . . I mean no harm, Ladies; I mean then we will return to the three teams I was writing about, a subject much more suited to the pen, though not to the wishes, of HARRY HIE'OVER than ladies' eyes.

I have mentioned the three different teams merely to show what blood and its usual attendant, resolution, will do even with a heavy weight to bring along. It may be said the light horses had short stages; granted: but if the ground had been a level one over the thirteen miles, I am satisfied the blood would have told equally: indeed, it is in lengthened exertion where breeding tells the most: no cocktail can race four miles. But to return to the thirteen miles at eight miles an hour. Over that particular stage I do not think the lightest of the teams could have got along, not from the length,

but because there were two or three hills that could only be done at a jog trot, and required regular cart-horse pulling and strength to get up. I do not mean to say Sir Hercules could in a walk carry as much flour as a miller's horse; but he would beat him into fits, and bring him to a stand-still, with 17st. on each of their backs in a gallop: and when a man weighs more, let me remind him that railroads go very fast, and that particular trains will carry him very cheap: if he weighs more, there are luggage-trains.

But, suppose our friend not reduced to this extremity, and to be merely — forgive me, spirits of departed horses, for saying *merely* — 16st.: never let such a man be persuaded into buying a slow horse because he looks or is a strong one: he will be told he is "a sticker;" he will find him so; he will stick in the middle of a field with him, and he will find his nag's adhesive qualities very difficult to remove. Speed, so far as it can be got, with sufficient strength, is the first thing a heavy man should look for, and for a very simple reason: it is quite enough for a horse to be distressed by weight, but if he is a slow one he will be distressed by pace also. It is for this reason horses apparently overweighted get along; for independently of many of those (like men) being much stronger than they look, they not being, like the slow one, going at their best, they are not beat by pace: the slow one would be if turned loose. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that horses that pull hard carry weight better than those which do not. In the first place, such horses of course have not tender delicate mouths; so they can be assisted without putting them to pain. A very light-mouthed horse is

apt, when this is attempted, to yield his head to save his mouth, and then no assistance can be given. I grant light-mouthed horses are pleasant to ride; but heavy weights must look to everything that assists in carrying them, and not what is most showy or most pleasant. Again, pulling horses are generally animated, resolute ones: of course I do not mean a mere boring beast that leans on the hand from want of spirit to hold his great jolter head up himself. Boring and pulling widely differ in cause and effect. If a horse pulls, it is from animation of *some sort*; it may be from emulation or vice: but from whichever it proceeds, the animation is kept up, and that carries horse or man a long way even in difficulty. Why do we give a beaten man a glass of brandy? it cannot take the fatigue from his legs; but it gives a temporary fillip to sinking animation, and gives him spirit to bear the fatigue he is suffering: so, while the animation lasts in the horse, he bears fatigue also so long as his powers last; and I fear many riders think but little of the one so long as they can call upon the other. Even as a very moderate, I might say light, weight, I always preferred horses inclined to pull. I like horses to go very free at their fences; I do not mean to rush wildly at them; but I like a horse, that, if I once put him straight at a fence, which shows him I mean to take it, would give me some trouble in afterwards altering my mind; in short, I would rather he should go at it like a steam engine than be a hesitating devil. I hate a nervous timid horse as racer, hunter, harness horse, or anything else. It is true the whip and spurs may make such a horse face his fence; but then, it is from timidity; it almost amounts to cruelty to constantly

apply them; and if from laziness, we hardly know when the priming is sufficient for the charge; whereas, with my sort, only keep fast hold of their heads, you have little to fear, unless you cannot keep fast hold of your saddle; and then I will tell such a gentleman how to avoid danger from this cause — stay at home; or do as a glorious cousin of mine always did by way of country manly exercise, — ride in a chariot with your wife. Now he lived within two miles of Hatfield House when the hounds there were in their glory. — I must be guilty of a piece of egotism here, for the credit of my breed, to make it publicly known, that, though relatives, our family were only on visiting terms — quite intimacy enough with a man (and he a young one) who could perpetrate such an atrocity. Thank God! he was no nearer relation.

Though I am inclined in a general way to like a "from field to field horse," I do not mean to say he would do in all countries: in parts of Essex he would break his neck or his rider's; and in the country I have lately mentioned, the Salisbury or Hertford, he would not do: in the first place, his powers would there be uncalled for, nay, they would be dangerous; but this does not alter my opinion, that, taking the average of countries, such a horse would give a man fewer falls than a sticky jumper. It may be said that these flyers exhaust themselves: I allow them to do so; but when the first edge is taken off them, they have sense enough to begin doing that at twice which in the first burst they would have taken "at one fell swoop" and if tired, they are then only what a sticky one is when fresh. It is a very bad fault in a horse taking six feet more at a brook than he need do; but it is a deuced deal better than six feet too few. Jumping

a foot too high at a stiff gate is bad; let him jump three inches too low, probably the rider would be bad, too bad to leave his bed for some time. I once had a horse a capital fencer, but he always hit timber with his fore legs or feet, God knows which, and rap rap you always heard as he went over. He never gave me a fall during the two seasons I hunted him, but I always expected he would, and that is much worse than a purler or two a season, and at other times feeling the thing done neatly. Now as to hurdles: he stood on very little ceremony with them: if gate hurdles, he generally broke the top rail; if wattled ones, he bent them till they made a nice little three-foot jump for him. But he was cunning enough after all never to hit stiff timber hard enough to get a roll, hurt himself, or me: still I could not like him altogether: I liked the price I sold him at much better: he went into Bedfordshire, and there he was tip-top, for he was capital in heavy ground.

I conceive one of the greatest apprehensions to be dreaded in these bounding leapers is, that, when fresh, they sometimes overleap themselves; and unless a man has a tolerably firm seat, and firm hold of them, they will come down on landing a regular burster: but then this is generally the rider's fault. Many hold their horse firm enough till he rises and is partly over; they then seem to think their work is done, and let him land as he can; whereas his alighting is the very moment when a man should throw himself a little back and hold his horse: here most men fail, and from the want of this habit of supporting your horse at the proper time, numberless serious, nay fatal, accidents occur, and will ever occur under such circumstances. If on a horse landing after

taking a leap of fourteen or fifteen feet, and that perhaps a drop one, with a man on him, he does not require support, I cannot conceive any occasion on which he would.

It is rather singular that I should have left off writing at the word "would" on the Saturday evening, when on the next morning the *Sunday Times* gave me a truly lamentable proof that in this opinion of mine I am correct, by stating the accident to poor Smith, Lord Yarborough's huntsman, arising from the very habit I have been deprecating, namely, riding at fences with a loose rein, and suffering a horse to go carelessly or lazily at them. There is another great reason for having your seat and hands firm on your horse landing; he not only requires holding as a support, but the moment he *has* landed he wants a twist up to set him going again, otherwise he gets into the habit of losing time at every fence; and this habit, if fences come thick, tells greatly in a fast thing. Some horses lose no time at all at their fences; others lose a great deal: their getting the latter habit unquestionably in most cases has arisen from the fault of their riders.

In speaking and approving of the description of horse I have pointed out, I do not mean to say they are perhaps the pleasantest hunters, nor, if I hunted with harriers, or fox-hounds went the pace I conclude they formerly did, would I select such; but hunting has been, since I first rode to hounds, next kin to racing over a country; consequently I always for hunters selected what might be called race-horses that could jump; for where foxes are forced to fly, hounds bred to fly, and men disposed to fly, horses must fly too; and, in fact, the nearer a horse as a

hunter approaches the steeple-chaser, the better hunter he is for our style of hunting. I remember hearing my father say that he once had a favourite hunter put in training for a hunter's stakes, which he won; but he declared, for twice the stakes he would not have had him trained, as it spoiled him as a hunter; and no doubt it did for a hunter of sixty years ago: but I doubt not what he considered as spoiling him, I should perhaps consider as having improved him. I have no doubt it taught him to go faster, and, with me, whatever makes a horse go faster than before improves him, though it is very probably attended with more trouble to myself; for unquestionably the nearer we bring a hunter in his style of going to the race-horse, the more will he want holding together. Still I hold it pleasanter, or I should say less annoying, to have my arms ache steering a flyer, than have my heart ache labouring along on a slow one. It may be said a perfect hunter should be as fast as a race-horse, fly his fences like a bird when wished, take timber with the bound of a deer when wanted, be a steady standing leaper, and do all this without making his master's arms ache, or giving him any trouble; in fact, do all this, and allow his rider to sit down in his saddle and smoke his cigar, looking with side-glance triumph at his less fortunate neighbours. This would certainly be perfect luxury, and the horse that could do it would be a perfect hunter: but such nags are verily not to be found tied up in bundles like asparagus. This, at one season of the year, is a tolerably expensive addition to lamb; but such hunters as I have supposed to exist would come to something more at any season. It is possible, by giving enormous prices, a man of 12st. may get a horse

coming very near what I have described; but a heavy weight must not expect anything of the kind, give what he will. Probably the more money a man gives the nearer he will get to the thing: but it is not always the extraordinary powers of a horse that bring the most extraordinary prices. There are many horses of great beauty and of wonderful qualifications carrying whips, that would command any price, but for a something: they are, with all their superior qualifications as to speed and fencing, either perhaps a little uncertain, want getting along, or want holding: these little or great failings make the difference between five hundred and one; and perhaps the hundred-guinea horse can really achieve greater things than the other; but he is not so perfect for a gentleman's riding. Supposing, however, a man lucky enough to have a fortune equal to giving such prices as to entitle him to expect to get a horse capable of doing all horses can do, and that without much attention on the part of his rider; mind, he must not expect to get a stable of such horses. We may see stars every clear night, some brighter than others, but comets are not seen every week or month, nor are such horses oftener to be met with; and in truth, if we do get a horse that will or can gratify the aristocratic ease and pride of his owner by doing his business without assistance—of course I mean comparatively without it—this horse could do more if properly assisted; and I really consider it a wanton expenditure of the animal powers of a good horse when we occasion a greater expenditure than is necessary in order to gratify our indolence or vanity: for there is among certain men a good deal of vanity and affectation respecting their horses; and the affec-

tation of saying, "If a horse cannot take care of himself, his rider will not give himself the trouble of taking care of him," is but an empty boast, and a *little* attempt to impress others with an idea of the importance of the boaster. A sensible man, a good horseman, and good sportsman, smiles at the absurdity, and sees through the flimsy veil that only very partially conceals a very weak head and not over kind heart. Few persons admire affectation anywhere or in any person: in a boy or very young man in a drawing-room it may be *tolerated;* but in the hunting field it is as misplaced, ridiculous, and in fact disgusting, as stable or kennel observations and conversation would be in a lady's boudoir.

Let us not, however, misconstrue the term "assisting a horse across a country." We hear persons saying, such a man is very strong on his horse: that he absolutely lifts him over his fences. I am inclined to think this term "lifting" is a little exaggerated; and to doubt whether it is or not the pain the horse suffers from a strong arm on the bridle that causes him to make a great exertion to rise at a large fence, and induces people to think his rider has, as it is termed, lifted him over; for with most horses, I conceive it is only his head and neck *we* lift, and that *he* lifts his fore-quarters from the signal, or perhaps pain given him. As some attempt at elucidating this, let us place a man astride a four-legged bench of (say) five feet in length and he in the middle of it, of course his feet not touching the ground: we will fasten a pair of strong bridle reins to the end of it: our seated horse, or rather bench, man may lift as long as he pleases, he cannot lift the end of it. Let him put his feet on the ground, he

will do so, because he gets a fulcrum from the ground; but this fulcrum he has not on his horse. True, his feet are in the stirrups; that is a fulcrum to a certain degree, and gives power to his arms and loins: but let us remember the fulcrum is still on the horse's back; so at last it only gives power to pull, not lift. This pull can lift the head, but can no more lift the body, without the exertion of the horse to do so, than it can lift the four-legged stool. Now let us affix a yielding board, a gig-spring, or a green ash stake to the end of the stool, and fix the reins to the end of that; the strength of the muscles and sinews of the rider can raise the end of this: so he can the horse's head and neck, and for the same reason; he is not sitting on the yielding board or spring, or on the horse's neck. Let one man sit on the back of another, and put his hands under the other's chin; he may pull his head back certainly if he is strong enough; but though he may produce all the effect that Mr. Calcraft could do, he would not in any way lift the man he was sitting on, nor if they were placed in a weighing machine could he cause the man beneath him to make the slightest difference to the machine. Now if he could in the smallest degree lift the other, of course the weight would be lighter on the machine; but it will be found all his lifting does not lift the man one ounce, though he might choke him in trying to do it.

I have seen many huge fellows hauling and mauling at an unfortunate horse's mouth, and because by this they forced him to make great efforts at fences, really imagined they, as they termed it, lifted him over: this they perhaps also termed assisting him. Whether they do so or not, it is a somewhat rude

mode of assistance—something like the manner in which I once heard a friend, indeed a distant relation of my family, relate he did an act of kindness. It happened that in an engagement a French officer fell into his hands: he gave up his sword, but pleaded a young wife and family dependent on him, and begged hard not to be detained prisoner. My relative, though a fine-hearted fellow, was one made of such materials that nothing could polish down. However, the goodness of his heart induced him to accede to the officer's solicitation; but the urbane way he did so, from his own account, was this: on being asked what he did on the occasion, he said, "Oh, I gave the devil a kick, and sent him about his business." The generosity of the act and the feeling of the heart were commendable, but it was quite done in the hauling, lifting way.

It is quite clear therefore that all the strength a man can exert on a horse's back can only act on the head, neck, and very partially on the fore-quarters; and, fortunately for the horse, that strength is very limited in proportion to what it would be if the man stood on the ground; were it otherwise, one of our Life Guardsmen, with their powerful bits, would break a horse's jaw. And in further illustration of our not being able to actually lift a horse to the extent generally supposed—or I should rather say, in farther confirmation of my opinion, that it is in a great measure the pain given to the mouth that causes the horse to lift himself—if it was not so, we could make a strong-mouthed horse recover himself as much if we pulled by a halter as by the most powerful bit: we could, in fact, lift him, or assist him in lifting himself, as much by the one as the other;

but we could not *force* him as much to lift himself as he will do in yielding to the pressure of a bit. We should therefore regulate the hold we take of a horse's mouth by our experience of the sensibility of that mouth. Some are so tender and delicate that we really cannot afford a horse any assistance at all; for it is quite clear that if a mouth is so delicate (which some are) that a horse will not bear a pull that would break a packthread, we must either put him to absolute *torture*, or we can in point of assistance afford him little or none; and this is one reason why I consider a hunter's mouth may be *too* light. We can of course so bit him as in a great measure to remedy this; but if a horse will not even pull fairly at an easy snaffle, I consider this a failing in a hunter. By pain we can *make* such a horse do what we want, but we cannot *help* him to do it. In using the term "assisting," or helping a horse across a country, we must take the term in two senses: first, actually in a limited degree helping him; and secondly, helping him, by preventing him doing that which would distress himself unnecessarily, or endanger the neck of his rider, and in some cases his own. For instance: on a horse alighting, or, in hunting phrase, landing from a drop leap, it rarely if ever happens that all his legs come to the ground at the same moment; consequently his fore-legs have for a time to support the whole shock, not merely of his own specific weight, but that increased by the velocity with which he comes over, and farther still by the weight of his rider. This leap he would generally perform with safety with no weight on his back; but not always then; for I am sure many of my brother sportsmen have seen every hound come on their heads or chests

on alighting from a deep leap. We are therefore compelled on a horse's landing to act with a little severity for self-preservation, in order both to assist and force him to recover himself. But this, if a horse's mouth is so light that he will throw up his head, we cannot do; for, as I said in an article I wrote on martingales, throwing up the head is not lifting up the fore-quarters; and that is what all our safety depends upon in such a situation as this. Even where a martingale is not, I allow desirable, it is better than letting him throw up his head. If we keep his head in its place, be it even by a martingale, we can support him, and do *something*; but if he gets his head up, we can do *nothing*; and though we feel him likely to go on his knees and roll over, go he must, for we can neither help nor force him to make increased exertion to help himself.

There are few situations, if any, where a close seat is so necessary as in a drop leap. I have seen many otherwise good riders whose seat was so loose as to leave space to put a loaf between their fork and the saddle in going over a leap: such riders, on their horse landing, come whap down on their horse's back, mostly rather inclining forwards: and with slack reins, it can only be good luck that saves them when they do not get a roll. The man with a close seat goes over upright on his horse, and on his landing, with his hands in their place and his body thrown back, with great part of his weight taken off his horse's fore part, he gives him a pull and a bit of a twist into his gallop, and away he sails again.

Assisting horses also comprehends the preventing them taking too much out of themselves by making unnecessary exertion at fences, and also by making

them go within themselves. This, with a heavy weight on them, should be particularly attended to, and, more than all, in putting a horse at a fence. We may spin him to it as free and as fast as we like, *if we do not want him to jump high*; but care should be taken to make him go at it with a shortened stride; for a horse going up to a fence, taking perhaps sixteen or seventeen feet each stroke, can scarcely collect himself so as to take off to a certainty at the precisely proper place. We will suppose a lengthy horse going thus striding along up to a brook, say of fourteen or fifteen feet, and supposing his last stride brought his fore feet within ten feet of the bank, he could hardly be able to collect himself so as to take another short stride before taking off; consequently he would, to clear the leap, have twenty-seven feet to jump, when seventeen would do if he took off as close as he might do; and probably it may require as much exertion to take twenty-seven feet with 12st, as it would to take seventeen with 16st. on him. This we perhaps cannot prove to be or not to be the fact; but we can very easily judge, that if heavy weights did let their horses make these uncalled-for exertions, they could not be carried as they are. It is bad enough when they are occasionally obliged to call upon their horses for such unnatural exertions; but they must be, and are (such as ride well) very careful not to call oftener than they can help, or they would soon find their nag "*not at home.*"

There is an experiment relative to weight that I never saw tried, nor have I heard of its ever having been tried, but I certainly will make it, which is this. I will put a 16st. man on a horse equal to his weight, and a high wide jumper; then make up a

fence, say of furze fagots, and see what width he can carry this weight over; then put 11st. on him, and see the difference it makes in the horse's powers of jumping. If this be tried with three or four horses, we should come a little at the effect (on an average) the weight in this particular makes; and this I do not think has ever been ascertained. I am inclined to think that the horse being fresh, the difference that weight would make for a *temporary* exertion would not be so great as might be imagined: it is in continued exertion where it tells such tales.

I have stated thus much on the power of carrying weight; let us now look at it as regarding the race-horse. There is no comparison between the effect it has on a horse in a race and in crossing a country. Let a man of 11st. or 12st., whose horse is as equal to his weight as a hunter should be — by which I mean, he should always be equal to a stone more than he is bought to carry — put a saddle-cloth under his saddle loaded with fourteen pounds of shot; probably he would find little or no difference in his horse in the chase: put it on in a race, and it in most cases would make it a horse to a hen. This arises from two causes: first, weight telling so much more on a horse when extended than when going within himself: and secondly, because the race-horse is called on to the *utmost* extent of his powers: he could not last at it five minutes. A race-horse, in making severe running, may *appear* to be going at the top of his speed, and he is going at the top of the speed he can *go on* at; but no race-horse was ever at his very best for half a minute. No one ever ascertained at what pace a race-horse can go for a very short distance. Eclipse and Flying Childers are reported to have done a mile

in a minute. This, of course, is at the rate of sixty miles an hour (supposing them to have done it), but then it merely shows in how short a space of time they could do a mile, but in no way shows how fast they could go. If they could do a mile in a minute, I have no doubt, that, instead of the rate of sixty miles an hour being their speed, they could do perhaps half a distance at the rate of a hundred; and I think it very probable that where, as it is sometimes the case in a slow-run short race, horses are quite fresh when called on at the finish, they often do go a hundred yards at that pace. I believe it requires little argument to prove, that if a horse is doing his *best*, he can do no more; so, supposing two horses, each carrying 8st. 7lb., or any other weight, have run a dead heat, by which we will conclude each had done his very best, neither being able to do more; if we put two pounds additional on either, *he* must lose. A tea-spoonful of wine will not make a perceptible difference in a large glass half full: when *apparently* full to the brim, we know the glass will hold considerably more, because, like the race-horse being as we imagine at his best when he is not so, the glass looks full, but is not so; but if we *really* fill it and could divide a drop, one half of that drop would cause it to run over: so when a horse has so much on his back that the extent of his speed and powers only enables him to run a dead heat with another, a pound would lose it. This is, I allow, an extreme case; but something very near it constantly occurs in racing; and where horses are very equally matched, each being at his very best, a mere trifle of weight must turn the scale. Where a race is won easily, we can only guess at what would bring horses toge-

ther. With some, 7 lb. would do it to a certainty, while in another case, even a stone would not be too much, enormous as the addition would be with horses of the same year: but even with race-horses, to whom weight is of much greater import than with any other, the effect of additional weight depends greatly — I will not say entirely, though it is very near it — on the weight previously put up. Match Alice Hawthorn with a good fair strong slowish horse at 8st. each, you may bet 50 to 1 in ponies, and give a man 10 sovs. to make the bet; put 9st. or 10st. on them, she would win, or we will suppose she would; make it twelve, the slow one becomes, not, as the saying is, a horse of another colour, but a horse of quite different qualifications, and possibly would win easy.

We will suppose a lot of three-year-olds running together, carrying (we will say) 8st. and 8st.3lb. We have a pretty close race with three of them, a good fourth, and a respectable fifth, the others tailed off. We may naturally infer, that, supposing all to have been fit to go on the day, and that no particular event happened during the race to any of them, the winning horse and second were the two fastest horses: they were most undoubtedly the fastest in *that* race, at *that* weight, run as *that* race was, and at that particular distance, say a mile and a half; but as animals, it is by no means impossible that one of the not placed may in him or herself be by far the fastest of the lot; that little mystic gentleman *weight*, without any of the confederacy or sleight of hand of the Wizard of the North, would (perhaps merely by a little subtraction or addition of vulgar human flesh or shot, which stops race-horses as well as partridges) make as great a

change as any tricks of the conjuror; for, handicapping the lot that have come in as they did, put a feather on *all* of them, "hic presto," the late winner, who is perhaps a really good sort of nag, and likely to run on a useful one, might be nowhere, and one of the non-placed, a weedy wretch that never did or ever would do any good to any one (*but the trainer*), might come in winning, hard held. Here, supposing (*but not otherwise*) the race was run exactly the same as the first and in the same time, we should have pretty clearly ascertained which horses could carry weight and which could not. But if we permitted the race to be differently run the second time to the first, we should be astray as to how far the difference of pace had produced the difference of running in the horses *as well as* the difference of weight. To ascertain exactly at what particular weight, at what distance, and at what pace the horse becomes the most superior to other horses, would admit of almost as many changes as the old trick of placing a dozen persons at table; in fact, before we could come to the *perfect* knowledge of this, we must give him as many trials as old Catherina, Isaac, or Bee's-wing have run races. This of course being impracticable, many a race is lost with a good horse by our not knowing his *forte*. We know what he does *well*, but we do not know what is his *best*. A horse may be nowhere at (say) 8st. weight for a mile; no great things, but better at two; very good at three; and a regular trump at four. Now there can be no doubt as to two of the superior qualities of this horse: he can go a length, and carry highish weight; and if this has been done at first-rate four-mile pace, there can be no mistake about him at this sort of race: he is a thorough, stout, game, honest horse. I wish all

my friends a stable full of such: they are a very *safe* sort, and not the sort that often deceive or ruin their owners. They may not, and certainly would not, win a Derby or a Two Thousand Guineas; but being (as Providence has ordered I should be, and am forced to be) content with trifles, I have an idea it is better to take up two or three hundred two or three times a-year than to be VERY NEAR winning a fortune, and, by being so repeatedly, eventually losing one. Some men mig t be pleased, if they found a 30,000*l.* in the lottery was won by ticket 1937, that theirs was 1936: it was very near I allow: a man is very near the Derby who runs second for it, and sometimes very near his ruin also: but the man who does win 300*l.* instead of 3000*l.* has something toward stable expenses, and can pay "Scott and lot," a thing not easily done by being *second* best. Our horse having done his Beacon length something under eight minutes, we will give him a scrape, put on his clothes, and send him off—heats, thank custom, not having crept in at Newmarket. Let us hope they never will, for one race can generally give a horse, and very often an owner, quite a sufficient warming for one day.

Having supposed the above race or trial run, we may infer that the horse who could run so well under 9st. might run equally as well, or perhaps proportionably better when compared to others, under still higher weight. In this conclusion we should perhaps be right; but we must not depend upon it as a *certainty*; though I have remarked that generally the shape and make, style of going, and stamina that enable a horse to go from end to end four miles, also enable him to carry weight: but what weight? We have supposed a horse above, that it is clear is no flyer with feather

weight; we have proved he can go a choking pace for four miles with 9st., but another stone might stop him. There is a certain weight at which most horses shine *at certain distances*, perhaps at all lengths, though this by no means is to be considered a general case. We have found our horse run well four miles with 9st.: we have found out what he can do well; but interest or curiosity induces us to see if we can find out what he can do better. To ascertain this, let us consider, or rather try and prove, whether his running on under this weight is occasioned in the greatest degree by his game, stamina, and a certain turn of speed, or by his peculiar adaptation to and powers of carrying weight. He must possess all these qualities in a high degree, we are aware; but this does not quite bring us to what we want, though if we were to make the following trial we should come pretty near the thing.

We know our horse cannot run short lengths. When I say *we* know, I mean supposing the owner of the horse to be somewhat of my way of thinking in such matters: there are some men who would *not know*, or be persuaded of the fact: let them run their pets on, it will be all the better for somebody, but I opine not for themselves or owners. I say we know, because our nag has run two or three times third and fourth at such lengths. The trainer may give reasons enough why the horse did not go to the front in these races—"Owing to the frost or the snow, or a bruised foot, or a little cold, the badness of the weather, or a something, the horse was a little short of work; or the course did not suit him; or if he had been made a little more use of early in the race, or a *vice versâ*; or if, something else; the race would have come off differently;" or *anything* but what in nine cases out

of ten is the fact when a horse does not win—*he could not go fast enough*. Having this truth firmly fixed on our minds as to the horse in question, we did not trouble him with another chance in the same kind of race, but run him the four miles, and now wish to try what most contributed to his winning that. He ran the four miles with 9st. at a certain pace; we put another stone on him, and find he made the time very little more, or not nearly so much so as the additional weight would lead us to expect. We then made a third trial, taking a stone *off* the original weight (8st.): he now runs under 7st., and we find he does not improve in pace commensurate with the lighter weight. Now this is something like proof that it is his power of carrying weight that made him win his first race; and his decided *forte* is, that, though not fast, he can under high weight go such a pace as can cut down his horses in a length; and such a horse will generally pay his way, put money in his master's pockets, and a handsome addition of plate on his sideboard.

But if, on the other hand, in our three trials we had found that the putting on the additional stone and taking one off had made a very great difference in his pace, we should come to the conclusion that game, wind, and stamina enabled him to win his first race, and not his particular powers as to weight, for with the additional stone he would have been beat. Still this is a good useful horse, but by no means likely to be so profitable a one to go on with as the other; for in most cases the longer the race the greater is the weight put on, and of course the older he grows the more he must carry: and beyond a certain weight we have found this horse wanting. Such a horse would

most probably not be nearly so good at five years old as he was at four, unless in a handicap.

I am quite clear that in nine cases out of ten the winning qualifications of race-horses are not found out at the proper time. I do not mean that such is the case with such an owner as Lord George Bentinck, who thoroughly understands and is fond of racing; but I am clear that with most men the fact is as I represent it. They find out what their horses can and cannot do in the course of time; but paying entries, travelling expenses of a horse, boy and trainer, and then the jock, is rather an expensive mode of finding out in what sort of race a horse should be placed to get a fair chance of winning. A public trainer could not adopt a better for every horse in his stables, and very few owners indeed know how to do it.

Nothing can be fairer or more proper than weight-for-age races, as they encourage men to breed a fine class of race-horse. If a stone and a half were taken off the weights to be carried for the Derby, Leger, and other great stakes, it would shortly do up racing, or at least we should be getting into a set of weedy animals unworthy the name of race-horses. Still the fixed weights must always preclude a field coming in even within hail of each other; for among the starters there are always many who *at the weight* have as much chance of winning as if they ran with a patent safety cab at their heels. There can be no doubt that if we wish to see a good race, a handicap is that race: still I should be sorry to see these more general than they are, as they would tend to discourage the owners of good horses, and induce others to keep bad ones in training; for if horses are really and judgmatically handicapped in accordance with the true spirit of the thing, the

veriest wretch becomes quite a respectable animal in that race; but not if handicapping ever goes, like kissing, by favour, as I have heard it *insinuated* it sometimes does. But there are always some ill-natured people in the world ready to malign the innocent.

I remember in one instance my innocence being put to the test in a case of handicapping. I was requested by the steward at a country meeting to fix the weights for seven horses. So soon as the weights were declared, I had not only the very popular owner of one of the horses on my back, but trainer, jockey, groom, friends of the owner, and all: "I was determined to shut the horse out," was said: "I had put a stone too much on him," was added: "he should be drawn," &c. He was not drawn, however, and won a good length, though not in a canter as was wished. I was innocent of any intention that he should, but not *innocent* enough to be cajoled into any alteration of the weight.

I have heard much said for and against the idea of trying horses' "speed against time." I believe it is "pretty considerably" practised in America, and Jonathan knows something about racing as well as we do. I have heard some persons ridicule the practice; others support it. My private opinion is of little consequence certainly; still I have never heard enough against it to induce me to join in the ridicule, but on the contrary I see many advantages in it. In a trial with another horse, let it be remembered we have to trust to him, as our trial horse, being fit to go, willing to go, the jockey making him go, and perhaps—I only say perhaps—on some particular occasion the trainer wishing him to go, or otherwise. Now a good stopwatch we may depend on as to going; it is not ridden.

This reminds me of what a nobleman, a great courser, once said when some one asked him why he was so shy of betting on a race when he betted so freely on his greyhounds? "My dogs do not carry jockeys," said his Lordship.

Let us now look a little into the for and against practice of trying a horse against a stop-watch. I can mention one objection to trusting to it, which is this: if we measure our horse's qualifications by such a test, we must always run our race the same way, namely, making best running from end to end. Now this does not suit many horses in a race: where we depend on his powers of finishing a race, any trial as to time would be useless; for though a horse might go a mile to-day against time in nearly half the time he does it to-morrow in a match, the time of doing the mile is nothing, but the time or speed in which the last hundred yards are done is everything. Some horses have most extraordinary powers in finishing a race, and, can, when tired, make a wonderful effort for a few strides: others, though quite willing, have scarcely anything in them when called upon, and such horses are generally beat upon the post. Very speedy horses, if they are upon any terms with their opponent, when a few strides from home, are almost sure of their race. The fact is, their speed is so tremendous they are never at their *very* best till the hands, whip, and spurs, call it forth for half a dozen lengths; and the rush settles the business. The slower horse is not capable of this increased speed, so cannot come, when called on, to the same extent. The objection I have pointed out in no way, however, militates against the trial by time being practised; for it is only one objection to

or failing in the system, while there are many things in its favour.

We will say we send our colt at Derby weight, Derby length, and (as nearly as we can pick out a trial-ground to resemble it) over a Derby course : the jockey, or head lad if his head is equal to it, is told to make the best possible running he can all the way without upsetting his colt : if a free goer, he had better go alone ; if not, a hack may lead him off the first half mile, and a good four or five-year old join in and run home by his side, of course letting the young one find himself first at the finish. We will now look at our time : the colt has not of course been put to his very best, though pretty near it. If we find the length has been done at close upon, if not quite, the quickest Derby time, we have proved beyond doubt we have a very speedy and very stout colt—a much more certain proof than if in the trial he had beat the horse that won the Derby last year, though he would be giving him the year, for the other might have gone off, but the time is safe to tell a true tale. Having thus proved our colt a game, stout, and speedy one,—in short, a trump card—we may shortly after try his qualifications as to finishing a race. This is easily done in the usual way, by running the race in fair usual time, and letting him finish with a known horse : if we find his speed is such as to quite satisfy us as to his finish, it will remain with the trainer, the jockey, and in some cases the owner, to determine how they think the most may be made of the colt. If it is found that his speed, on being called upon, is not so superior as his running on, then, from the trial we have had, our orders, I should say, may be short enough (the jockey acting up to them as nearly as he

can)—"Jump off with the lead, and *keep it.*" By keeping the lead, no stable boy would suppose he was meant to fight for it with every horse that comes alongside him, but to keep going along at that pace that will either choke the best horses or they you. After the trial we took of our colt, and finding he can go the length as soon as it ever has been run, or very near it, we have a right to hope he is as good or better than anything in the race. If some *lusus naturæ* has come out, we can't help it: but we shall be pretty sure of not being where many will be—that is, if we are fortunate enough to bring the colt out as good as he was on the day of trial.

At all events, I am quite sure, if race-horses were more carefully tried than they usually are as to the effect weight has on them relative both to pace and distance, much trouble and expense would be saved to their owners.

However impolitic (not to say impossible) it may be to try horses repeatedly enough to come at their best attributes in point of weight, distance, and pace collectively, it should not deter us from getting as near this great desideratum as circumstances and the well-doing of the animal will allow.

I have supposed having tried a horse four miles under seven, eight, and nine stone, and that, so far as time goes, we have found out at least one thing, that he can carry a moderately high weight at a telling pace and a long length. This, as I before said, has at all events proved that we have a horse we can depend upon for a particular kind of race, and that he is consequently a very useful one. The term *useful* may appear an inappropriate one (to persons unacquainted with racing matters) as applied to a race-

horse: it is, however, quite in character. Men of very large fortune (and I, if thus circumstanced, should be one of the first to do so) may keep race-horses solely for the pleasure they derive from the very harmless, I may say laudable, emulation of possessing and producing the best of the most beautiful animals in nature, and feel a truly English and perfectly gentlemanlike pride in seeing their horses win, quite independent of the advantage of pecuniary gain: but as not one man in a hundred keeping race-horses continues long on the turf with merely such inducement, the term useful as applied to a race-horse is as applicable as it would be to any other horse where his services were devoted to making money, or at all events to the endeavour to do so. "Useful" is therefore properly applied to that description of horse,—racer or cart-horse, that in the long run appears most likely to put money in his owner's pocket; and as a race-horse, I consider the horse that can make the running is the one most likely for a *continuance* to do it. In the first place, these from end-to-end horses are generally such as can come out very often: their getting older is not so much against them as it is against the flyers, as the increasing weight will not stop them, as it unquestionably will slighter and more speedy horses: and further, we have it in our power to make the race such as to suit the stout horse. We may, till a horse's qualities are known, sometimes coax or humbug others into making slow running; but so soon as it is found a race so run is the *forte* of any particular horse, it can be done no longer. But we can always go away with a horse unless in a very particular case, where a boy might get shut in by three or four old jocks; though even

then it would be difficult to prevent his shortly getting out: and again, boys are seldom put up on such horses as I instance. We cannot make other horses follow, it is true: so much the better; they would be welcome to go what pace they liked; but if they cannot stop our horse, it is all that is wanted, and we are making the running that suits him, while we are making the pace throughout such as does not suit the others. There can be no doubt but flyers stand a *chance* for the Derby; my useful nag does not. I must here quote a schoolboy reminiscence: "Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo." My nag cannot win a great stake *perhaps*; sed, sæpe *currendo*, he picks up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. These put together make at all events a penny-roll. The flyer has a chance for the big loaf, it is true, but a hungry man would feel rather faint in waiting ten years for it. The Derby and Leger are fine takes-up I allow; but if we look at the number of flyers that are bred, entered, and trained for them, I should say that with ordinary luck they would fall to each nominator's share about once in a century. Some have won them several times; so some have made money by gambling: a good many more have been ruined, and perhaps as many have committed suicide from, as ever made their fortune by it. Of course when I speak of a useful horse, I do not mean a slow one; but, as speaking comparatively, I mean he would be slow if put by the side of (we will say) Semiseria, or any other goer, in a half-mile race. Fast for two or three miles as to the time it takes to do the distance in, and fast in *finishing*, are two quite opposite qualifications. My useful horse must be fast, or he cannot cut down his horses so as to

bring them comparatively slow at the finish; but if he is this, I should consider him a safe horse to back when properly placed, and a most useful one to own.

It may be asked why such horses as (we will say) Bay Middleton might not go on running as long as the more useful sort? They might, it is true; and much better would it be for their owners if they did: *but they don't* (speaking of course in a general way). They might perhaps go on if their age did not; but we cannot stop *that*, and its consequences stop *them*. They are not generally formed to go long lengths or to carry weight, both of which they must do when they become older, or not run at all, or only, as I have before said, for handicaps.

I have stated the numberless trials it would require to exactly ascertain what (taking all things into consideration) is a horse's true *forte*, and I quite feel convinced this is scarcely *ever* ascertained. We get perhaps with the *generality* of horses a sufficient insight into their qualifications to partially answer the purpose: with many I am sure we do not, and with some their very best forte is *never* known. To elucidate this I will suppose a case—begging it to be borne in mind that I am not supposing, and still further am I from proposing the kind of trial I shall mention as one practicable, or at least judicious to attempt with a race-horse, for the idea would be preposterous. I merely state the case to show the difficulty of getting at what we want to know—a horse's best.

We will suppose we have an untried three-year-old: let us see how many trials we should want to learn his true *forte*. We try him as to time with 7st. at one, two, three, and four miles, to ascertain his best

length, bearing in mind what is fast time for each—*four trials.*

We now try him four lengths with 8st., to see what weight does—*four trials.*

Ditto, ditto, ditto, with 9st.—*four trials.*

By these twelve trials we have got some insight into his speed at different distances under different weights; but our work is only half done yet, for these trials have been all run in one way—namely, at best pace from end to end, and this may by no means suit the horse, or rather colt: so, though we may have found out what he does best, running in *this way*, we know but little of him as yet; for if he has done any or all of these trials badly, we may have upset him by *continued* pace, and he may be a race-horse still, and a good one, in races run in a different manner: and if he has, on the other hand, done any or all well, he may still in another way do better.

To ascertain this, we must now select a trial-horse whose qualities we precisely know, and who we also know will run kind; and we must go all over our ground again, beginning at a mile with 7st., and making the pace such as to try the colt's speed, courage, and temper in finishing—*four trials.*

Ditto, ditto, ditto, with 8st.—*four trials.*

Ditto, ditto, ditto, with 9st.—*four trials.*

We have therefore had *twenty-four trials* before we can ascertain how to best place and run a horse—a very pretty dose this, and a pretty animal our nag would come out after such an ordeal—a good two years' work, and enough too! And yet we could not get at what is a horse's best with less trial than I have supposed as a case. I trust, therefore, it shows I am not far astray in venturing an opinion, that many

horses are constantly beaten, not from being altogether bad, but from being merely bad at the weight and in the races they are entered to run for, from our not knowing in what way, at what length, and at what weight they will run better: and this must always to a very great degree be the case more or less. By the time a horse is regularly stumped up, perhaps, and only perhaps, we may learn the secret, and then have the pleasing satisfaction of reflecting, that had we precisely known our horse's *forte*, we have had an animal in our possession that would have made our fortune.

If, therefore, it is so difficult for any one, however interested he may be in a horse, to ascertain his best qualities, can we be surprised if many a horse in a public training stable, unless *he is a favourite*, is continually running, and of course continually losing, in races where he never should have been placed; for if a trainer does in an ordinary way his duty to a horse, he conceives that he has done all that his duty requires. It is not to be expected that a man with a dozen horses under his care will rack his brains or exercise his ingenuity in considering how to make the most of each individual horse for the benefit of the owner, whether as it regards his treatment or running. It may be said he ought to do this: we know he ought; we all ought to do a great deal we do not do: so ought trainers, though I do not mean to say they fail in this particular more than the generality of men; but whether they ought or not, they *won't*. The regular routine is gone through like the business of a parade. Commanding officer, officers, non-commissioned officers, privates, and band, all go through the duties of their class, and do it mechanically and according to rule: the trainer does the same; so do the boys: they as

mechanically take down the bales, set beds fair, feed their horses, put on the rack-chains, strip and dress them, saddle them, put up the bales, and then look out for their own feed: they as regularly return, take down bales, bridle their horses, mount, and ride them out: they walk them all round the yard for a time: though some may be as wild as hawks, others requiring kicking along, still as a rule they all do the same thing. They are then exercised, take their gallops according to their age, are walked, get their water, are dressed, shut up, and so forth. This is all right and proper; the trainer has done his duty; so have the boys; that is, they have done their bare duty, and there has been no wilful neglect: in short, all has been done that with horses of ordinary constitutions, appetites, rate of going, and temper, could be required: but all horses are not possessed of all these ordinary qualities; consequently ordinary treatment won't do at all. The trainer does what perhaps brings a horse into condition, but few trouble their heads as to what will bring him into the *very best*. So, supposing first the horse in point of condition to be six or seven pounds worse than he might be brought to by studying temper, and a variety of other things—and then in point of weight, distance, or the mode of using him in a race, we also make him six or seven pounds below what he would be under different circumstances—we get our horse nearly a stone under his real mark, or something bordering on a distance; yet under such disadvantages I am satisfied may run. In some proof of this:—

Four years since, a little mare was offered me for sale at a very moderate price; she was then four years old, and had been running with little success. The

fact was, she had always been put in too good company; and though in shape and make perfect, and a little epitome of beauty, her owner feared four-year-old weight would stop her: she was under fifteen hands. I sent for an acquaintance of mine who loves a little leather-plating, telling him the circumstances that induced the owner to sell her, and venturing an opinion, that, though a dwarf, she could go on. He came and bought her, and last year at Southampton Races he told me she had been one of the luckiest little animals he ever had: adding, "at high weight I was hardly ever beat on her." Her *forte* had never been found out as a three-year-old; and had she run till Doomsday at light weights she would have been at best a respectable third or fourth. I must add, that the gentleman to whom I sold her *trains and rides for* HIMSELF; at least he rides at anything over 9st. The mare before had always been in public training stables; whether there had been less attention shown in one place than another, I do not feel justified in giving an opinion upon. I merely state facts—the mare hardly ever won a race under one treatment, and hardly ever lost one under another.

Trainers, giving them credit for the best intentions, are very apt to have favourite habits, which they adhere to in a great degree with all horses indiscriminately. Some (not many) stuff their horses; others half starve them: some bring them out full high in flesh from want of *work*; others bring them to the post skeletons from giving them too much. Some bring nearly every horse out in such condition as *a* race-horse should be, but, what is the greatest, I may say only, difficulty in training, is the getting horses in such condition as each *particular* horse should be in; which may be either with a good

deal on him, or drawn fine. Any man accustomed to look at race-horses can judge whether a horse *appears* to be in that condition a horse should be on coming to the post ; but I am quite clear no man but the trainer can tell whether a horse is or is not in that state *he* (that is, *this particular* horse) should be. We can judge tolerably accurately by the look and feel whether a horse is in health or sound ; but we are sometimes deceived even here ; for I have known horses at their best whose muscles would feel soft and all but flabby, instead of being elastic and firm to the touch ; nor could any care make them otherwise, or even give them a coat as good as many hacks. Still such horses may be as fit to go as *they* can be made : but if a horse, feeling and looking in such suspicious condition, had only received the *general* treatment of horses of his class both as to stable management and exercise, the person who trained him would not have done his duty, for no man should be satisfied with such condition unless he had tried every change of treatment training admits of, and found that none could improve such a horse.

To show that even trainers as well as owners sometimes think once without thinking twice, I remember seeing a lot of young ones running together, perhaps about a dozen : two of them were in the Derby ; the winner was one of the two : he won by about half a length ; all the others well up. The trainer remarked that this would put the owner of the winner in good spirits for the Derby. He rather stared at me when I said, "if I was the owner it would put me out of spirits." I went upon this principle—I never saw twelve *very* superior ones together in my life (as young ones) ; nor do I believe any man has. When

I say superior, I mean good enough to induce a man to consider them as likely to win a Derby. The inference I therefore drew was, they could not be *all* very good, nor could they be *all* execrably bad; therefore, as they were by running pretty much on a par, it followed they were a middling lot; and a horse beating with difficulty such a field need not raise him much in our estimation.

A feeling like this would always actuate me in looking at a string of horses in training. As to condition, if I saw them all or nearly all very high, I should infer they were short of work: if I found them *all* very light, I should suspect they got too much: if they were thin and looking bad in their coats too, I should say they were starved and mismanaged into the bargain: for, like the young ones in their running, is a stable of horses in their constitutions and stamina; they cannot be all of such strong constitution that proper work will not bring them into proper form; nor can they be all so delicate that with work proportioned to their strength they cannot be brought up to the mark. I think then, under such circumstances, it would be fair to infer that the trainers of these two stables of horses were, the one addicted to give too little work, the other too much, though both in other respects good trainers, and both perhaps doing as they thought the best for their horses. As to the man whose horses look generally out of condition, and I do know one or two of this sort, he must be either superlatively unlucky or sufficiently stupid, careless, or dishonest, or all three; for, with now and then an exception, every horse is to be got up to his mark *somehow*. He may be light, very light, or he may look all but fat, but he will be in condition. I say *look* fat,

for *looking* fat and *being* so are quite different things. We cannot *look* into a horse's inside; but his state at the end of his gallop will tell what is or what is not there. Too much of human flesh on a horse's back is bad enough; too much horse-flesh on his body is worse: but horse fat on his inside puts him outside of even a chance for a race; and unless we wish to put him under the turf, in such a state we had better not attempt to let him run over it.

That there are advantages as well as disadvantages attending horses standing in public training stables in lieu of private ones, we all know. I am not now intending to enumerate either; but I must make a passing remark or two on the subject; and though this has nothing to do with "the effect of weight on horses," it has with other things that affect them quite as much.

I have always considered a horse away from his owner and in a public training stable to be situated very much like a child placed at school; with this exception, that, to do trainers of race-horses justice, I really consider that their pupils generally are much better off than the pupils of school trainers. In the first place, young race-horses with very few exceptions get the very best of food at every feed, and plenty of it; the young gentlemen (or indeed ladies) with very few exceptions get just the reverse. If the racing pupil is a little out of sorts, no variety of nourishment is grudged, however expensive, to tempt his flagging appetite: in school training establishments, if their pupil is amiss, water-gruel diet is universally resorted to as a remedy: it keeps *off* fever; so it does the beef and mutton. It is very singular that water-gruel should be required for all

school complaints, and that, however weak or debilitated a pupil may be, a couple of glasses of Port wine or good strong soup should *never* be necessary: at least I conclude they are not, for I never hear of such things being offered by these trainers.

In these particulars we must fairly allow horses are very well off in public training stables, indeed, much better than pupils in the training schools; while at the same time these schools give a hint that it would be wise in trainers of race-horses to act more upon than I think they generally do—that is, to work their pupils in classes *according* to their *qualifications* as well as their age; for two-year-olds and three-year-olds in horses, like eight and ten years old in boys or girls, are not all to be worked according to age, but to *ability* to work. In both cases, I am quite satisfied the weak are often made worse from being put to what they are incompetent to perform, while the able are often kept back from the want of their energies being properly called into action. Now the race-horse is not bodily punished by his trainer for not doing what it is out of his power to accomplish: here is shown more sense and more humanity than the school trainer evinces, who with an inert pupil, instead of stimulating him to increased exertion by persuasion and encouragement, sets about stimulating a part that I conceive can have very little to do with learning. This may show the pedagogue to be at *bottom* a painstaking man, but his fundamental principle is bad; so are many other principles in such establishments, in most public establishments, and consequently in public racing establishments. If, therefore, children when unwatched by the parent's eye, suffer much, which they unquestionably do, from

error, avarice, and indifference when under the care of *their* trainers, who are or ought to be persons of enlightened minds, what may we often expect to be the fate of horses unwatched by their owners' eye, and left to the sole management of illiterate persons, whose only recommendation is *practice* in the more *executive* part of their business, without mind or perhaps disposition to combine circumstances, and are furthermore open to such temptations to do wrong as it is hardly in human nature to withstand? It may be said that many persons who keep race-horses do not themselves understand either the treatment or the proper placing of them: if so, let them get some one who does, or give up racing altogether. Others may not have time or inclination to attend to their horses: then let them find some one who has, or let them also give up racing. Trusting to trainers to *think* for employers' interest would be leaning not only on a reed, but a very doubtful one indeed. If they do not *act against* an employer's interest, situated as they are, *they deserve great credit.* We have hardly a right to ask them to think for us; but suppose the owner does not know how to think for himself, then let him get some one who does, or *he* had better give up racing, for *somebody* must think. If the trainer thinks enough to get his horse *ready to go*, he has done all he ought to be asked to do; the owner or some one for him, should decide *where* the horse should go; for leave it to the trainer, and a horse will not go very often. It is very well to bottle up such a horse as Eclipse as we do Champagne, only to be brought out on extraordinary occasions; but moderate horses, like moderate liquors, must be kept on draught for every-day purposes to be useful. In-

dependent of this, I am quite satisfied, that, figuratively speaking, the more they run the better they run unless they are put in too good company, and then the more they run the *worse* they run. I really consider winning a race or two with comparative ease to be to a race-horse what blood is to a fox-hound, and am quite clear the being often beat dispirits them as much as it does their owners.

What I have been saying in the last page or two has nothing to do certainly with the effect of "weight on horses," but it has with "other weighty effects as applied" to them, so is still in accordance with the heading of these Papers; for though weight tells heavily, there are other things tell equally so, and one more—this is, condition. A horse *may* win with overweight; he can't win without condition; he may, and often does, win on three legs; but he can't win in three parts' condition. Witness Harkaway at Wolverhampton. But we will now return to the effect of weight.

I have stated that the being accustomed to carry weight greatly increases the power of doing so; partly from those parts of the frame most called upon getting accustomed to its pressure, but still more from a horse learning how to *go* under weight with the greatest ease to himself. Let us see whether the accustoming a race-horse to go under such weight as he may be expected to race with would not be advantageous to him. I do not presume so far as to say it would be; and I am quite sure that trainers, without giving the thing a moment's consideration, would say "it would not;" and some of them could probably give no better reason for saying this so decisively than "they don't know why, but they are sure it

would not." But why? "Why, because it's contrary to sense it should." Against such sound, sensible, and conclusive reasoning it is I allow arrogant in me to say a word: but as no man is asked, still less expected, to be influenced by what *I* may say—I consider the thing *can* do no harm if it sets a clever man considering—it *may* do good, even should he reject my theory altogether; for in this particular case I am writing theoretically I admit.

In exercising or working race-horses, it is generally the practice to put as light weights on them as the temper and disposition of the horse will allow. With two-year-olds this is of course quite judicious, and with many, indeed the generality of, three-year-olds equally so: first, because at that age when in strong work, that work alone is quite as much as their frames are equal to, so it is right to get the lightest weight we can on them that will answer the purpose; and secondly, in their races it is only light weights they will have to go under: but when a horse becomes four, five, six, and aged, it is quite a different affair. He will then at many places have to run under light or moderate hunting weight, namely, from 9st. up to 12st.; and here he begins to want to get into the secret of carrying weight. A four-year-old, going the first half of the Ab. M. with 8st. 1lb., may go as he likes; but then let him go over the Eglinton Course with 11st. 4lb., he will find a different style of going required: he must leave his three-year-old style at home, or he will never get home with this weight, or at all events he will be very late there. Now therefore comes the quære—how far, when a horse is at an age where he must expect to go under high weights, would it be

beneficial to accustom him at his exercise to go under weight coming nearer to what he must carry in his races. If hunters learn to go faster under weight from practice, why not race-horses also? The trainer, in objecting to this, if he gave any reason why they should not, further than "he knows they would not," might say, exercising under 9st. 7lb. instead of 6st. 7lb. would make them shorten their stride. I allow it would, and this would be a bad thing to have done with a horse rising three years old; but it by no means follows it would be equally so when he is rising five: it would if he had still to carry 6st. 7lb. But his future racing will be of a different character; so his qualifications must become of a different character also, or he will shortly have no character at all, unless it be a bad one. If—which I do not think any one will deny—long striding horses cannot go long lengths or carry weight—and the horse in question will have to do both—so far from his learning to somewhat shorten his stride being detrimental to him, I should say the sooner we get him to do this the better. At this age no doubt the trainer will get or try to get a longer length into his horse than he did at three years old; but if it is necessary to accustom him to go longer lengths at exercise to enable him to go them in his races, why is it not equally necessary to accustom him to carry something like the weight he must expect to go under also? This said shortening of stride is, I know, a bugbear in some trainers' ideas: they say, and to a certain extent very justly, that the long stride must as a matter of course cover more ground than the short one: no one can deny this; but having allowed the truth of this self-evident proposition, it by no means follows that I mean to

allow that therefore the long stride must have the advantage on all occasions.

Let us suppose a case with which horses have nothing directly to do. Two men are set to measure a distance, say half a mile: the one is furnished with a rod ten feet long, the other with one eleven for the purpose. They both put down and take up their rods at the same time; and after having put down and taken up their rods one hundred times, the man with the ten-foot rod finds himself a hundred feet behind; thus far a trainer's predilection in favour of stride is borne out.

But we have not done yet, and will have another bout at measuring. This time we get a quick active fellow, and put the ten-foot rod in his hand: now instead of taking measure for measure with his eleven-foot opponent, he removes his rod one hundred and eleven times, while the other removes his one hundred only, and is consequently ten feet in advance. "This," as the legal gentlemen say, "is my case."

We will now see how far it bears affinity to two horses running; for they may be said to measure a length of ground by their stride, as my supposed men have by their measuring rods.

Various are the lengths of stride of the race-horse, varying of course according to the horse's size and style of going, and equally so according to the rate of speed he is going *at*: we will say this varies from fifteen to twenty-two feet in different paces in different horses: we will take as an average, when going at three-quarters speed, seventeen feet as a fair stride. Thus, supposing each stride to be the same, it would take him two hundred and ninety-three strides and a fraction to cover a mile. A horse going with him

(we will say) takes only sixteen feet six inches each stride; he consequently loses two hundred and ninety-three times six inches in going the mile, or about one hundred and forty-six-feet (for we need not go into fractional parts). This is equal to something more than nine strides *only*: so in fact, if he strikes nine times oftener than the other in two hundred and ninety-three strides, he loses nothing by his shortened stride: if he strikes oftener than nine times more than the other in the same distance, he gains by the quicker repetition of his strokes more than he loses by the diminished length of his stride. The reason why one horse loses a race and the other wins it is, we must allow, generally speaking, because the losing horse does not go over the entire ground in the same time as the winner, and this would of course be the case *supposing* that each started *precisely* at the *same spot* and at the *same moment*. Then, though the race might be won by a head only, consequently the difference of time might not be the sixtieth part of a second, still the fact would be that the nose that caught the judge's eye first would have gone over the ground in less time than the other. This is, however, a case that perhaps never occurred, or ever will; for in point of fact, if two horses started at the *same* spot, and one got the start by half a second, and won by the sixtieth part of one, the loser would have actually gone over the ground in less time than the winner; or supposing the loser had started half a length only behind the winner, and been beat by a head, he would have gone over a greater length of ground in less time than the winner; and such cases often occur with losers.

But, without defining things so closely as this, we

will allow that a winner *generally does* go over the same length of ground in less time than a loser. When he does it, it all arises from *stroke*. It matters not whether from the extraordinary length of it, or the extraordinary quick repetition of it, or both in a more moderate degree, it is still the stroke: the thing to be ascertained, therefore, is how *far* we may use a horse to make amends for shortening his strides by the more frequent repetition of them. A person may say such a horse lost such a race from any cause they please: he did not run kindly, or sulked all the way, or a part of it. His sulking, we will say, caused him to lose his race; that is, it was the primary cause; but it was the *effect* of his sulkiness that really lost the race, and that effect was, he would not stride far enough, or would not strike quick enough to win it. In another case, it may be said the ground was too hard for him: here the effect was precisely the same, only in this case fear or infirmity produced what sulkiness did in the other.

We may say, "the hill beat him."—"Why?" Because it diminished his stride in length or rapidity.

"The weight was too much for him:" the consequence of which was, it produced the same effect as the hill.

In short, whether the cause be temper, hard or soft ground, hilly ground, weight, or fatigue, it all merges into the same thing: the want of length or rapidity, or both, of *stroke* loses the race. If I am right in this, it certainly follows that next to condition the great thing to be attended to in a race-horse is his style of going. A horse may not carry himself so as to please the eye, yet be a very good goer: he may be like some dancing masters, not graceful or pleasing

in their general deportment, but capital goers with their legs. This is not pleasing in a dancing master, is execrable in a gentleman, but will do quite well in a race-horse. Many race-horses are bad goers in their slow paces; Harkaway was one; but no finer goer lives when extended. I could mention many others, but I do not remember ever having seen a bad goer (*when at speed*) who was any great things as a race-horse. Some are much more true and graceful in their action than others at all times; and I should say a true and graceful goer is mostly a good goer, though he may not be a good horse. With the generality of horses, whether as hunters, hacks, or harness horses, great pains are taken to improve their action; yet with the race-horse, on whom thousands are likely to depend, I consider less pains are taken in this particular than with any other: and I feel quite satisfied their style of going, if bad, is to be as much improved as that of any other horse. A trainer, or any other person, may say, if a race-horse can go fast and long, it matters little *how he goes*: granted, *if he can*; but if he goes badly, I maintain he cannot go, at all events so well, so fast or so long, as if he went better.

We will suppose a colt to be naturally an indifferent goer; the first thing done is to put him to training exercise, and then to strong work; this with a boy on his back, who, provided he keeps him straight, lets him go just as he pleases; if he improves in his style of going, it is well; if he does not, it is not so well; and if he gets to go worse, it is bad, "but cannot be helped." Now I am not quite so clear about this not being to be helped. It could not be helped *by the boy* who was put on him I allow, nor while he was

in training perhaps; but if a colt has naturally a bad way of going—by bad, I mean a way that militates against his going fast or long—would it not be wise to try, *before* he went into actual training, whether he might not be taught to go better? If we wanted a ploughman or a countryman to dance, we should not send him to Dehayes to commence with learning a gavotte: while his heavy louging gait remained, he never could have the ability to do it. Surely the first thing would be to teach him to walk, and run, and to give him that gait and carriage that would render it possible for him to perform these saltatory feats; for while he retained his former habits he could not be made to perform them. The same thing holds good with the colt: if he goes in that way that we may consider renders it almost impossible for him do what we want, he must be made to go better *somehow*; and I do not think that simple ordinary exercise training is the surest way of bringing this about. If he goes badly from any natural infirmity or malformation, we can do no good with him, and certainly could get no good by putting him in training: but if it is only a naturally bad *style* of going, I am quite sure in nine cases in ten it is to be much improved. If before going into training he *could* be made a good goer, he *should* be made one: if not (and he belonged to me) some one else might train him if he liked, but I would not. If with *good* goers we get a race-horse out of half-a-dozen colts, we may consider ourselves fortunate; but with bad ones it is really training at higher odds against one than I should like to train under.

In seeing a string of horses go at exercise, we naturally look at the style of going of each; and supposing

the spectator to be a good judge, he remarks, that some go beautifully, others moderately well: one goes too high; another fights in his gallop; another goes too round; another does not go like lasting, and so forth. Now I think I may venture to predict, that if inquiry was made, it would be found that those which went well went so by nature, no thanks to the breaker or trainer; but of those whose going was faulty, not one had ever had any pains taken with him before being put into training, or most likely while at it, to make him go better. They had all been properly treated by the trainer according to the prescribed rules of training, which, like the hot or cold water cure, is expected to agree with all patients. But patients do, so far from improving, sometimes die; and race-horses do, so far from improving, sometimes train off; both I rather imagine from about the same cause—the treatment did not agree with them. Neither hot nor cold water alone would cure every defect of the system; nor will training alone cure every defect of going: yet in the latter case people seem to consider that it will; for whatever may be the defect in the racing colt's style of going, with all his imperfections on his head into training he goes, and possibly the defect in his way of going is of that description that the way in which he will be ridden will render his defect more defective still.

We will suppose a colt to have that most abominable of all styles of action, a long lounging dwelling stride, throwing the greater part of his weight on his fore legs, and no inconsiderable part of it on his rider's hand. A light boy, possibly a mere child, is put on to ride him at exercise: what is the consequence? The boy can do nothing but set his feet against his stirrups,

and hold him with one steady dead pull, and let him lounge and stride along as he likes. This of course makes him lean more on the hand, throw more weight on his fore parts, leaving, as I may term it, his hind legs behind him, till he is at last brought to be as slow as a top. It may be said, how can he get slower if he goes the same pace as the other horses? He cannot get to go slower in his regular gallop, because the boy must, *if he can*, keep his place in the string, and so long as he does so, he will be allowed to ride him: but though he does keep him in his place SOMEHOW, he brings him into that WAY of going, that, when wanted to race, he can go very little faster. I allow that if it is found he cannot get him along, another boy will be put up; but then the mischief is done. If such a colt had at first been ridden by a strong experienced boy, or, what would have been better, a very light man, he could have roused him along, got at his head the moment he began to bore with it and lean on his fore quarters, and, when he found him beginning to dwell in his stride from want of bringing his hind legs into work, would have set to with him at once, and though it very rarely occurs that a horse should be struck in his exercise, with such a horse, or even colt as this, a stroke or two with an ash plant under his flanks may be quite necessary. "Young ones should never be frightened or even flurried," is a very proper maxim, and in nineteen cases in twenty a correct one; but such a young one as I have described wants flurrying and frightening too, or he will both flurry and frighten his owner when he comes to race.

I was no little surprised last year at seeing something like a case in point carried on even to a race-course. I

saw a boy put on a great lumbering three-year-old, with a heavy saddle and saddle-cloths to make up weight. I had the curiosity to ask why so young a lad was employed? and was told, "the boy had always ridden him in his work." I concluded (though the colt looked very unlike anything of the sort) that he was one of those nervous timid ones that will sometimes run kinder under the boy they are used to than any one else; but on seeing him take his preparatory canter, I saw the lad trying to twist him along, the great brute taking about a stride an hour. It struck me that if this boy had ridden the colt in his work, it would have been much better if he had never ridden him *at all*. The result of the race was what I should have thought any one would have anticipated: the boy did all HE could; the brute was good enough to have won easy, and came up with his horses; but when the boy set to with him merely to get up half a length, he might as well have done so with a dead horse, for he answered him about as much. He put me in mind of a favourite pony of my wife's, when *very angry* with him for choosing to walk up hills with a rise of about half a yard in a hundred, she sometimes hit him hard enough to frighten, but not to *kill* a fly, he used on such occasions to give a switch with his beautiful white tail, as much as to say, "I know what you mean, but don't choose to attend to it." This brute of a colt did just the same thing, only his tail happened to be a black one. Now, had Sam Darling been put on him, he would have given him a lesson that would have improved him wonderfully for his next race, and have astonished him a little in this; and had a lad with some of Darling's peculiar ability in riding

lurching horses ridden this colt from the first, he might have been made a race-horse of. We certainly cannot give a race-horse speed if he has it not in him; but if the want of it in any way proceeds from bad going, what speed he has may be wonderfully improved by teaching him to go better. It would be no use training a man with his legs tied: let us first untie these legs, if we can; if not, do let us give him as much liberty as the string will allow, or let him *walk* all his life.

I remember once hearing an old gentleman say that he heard Sir Sidney Meadows, the great *manége* rider, assert, that if Eclipse had been put a few weeks under him he would have made him go faster than he did. Being quite a boy at the time, and riding races occasionally, I laughed very heartily at the idea of putting a race-horse in a *manège* rider's hands for improvement, and of course such a horse as Eclipse of all others. Many people and *all* trainers would now laugh as much at the idea as I did then; but though I have not ridden races lately, I have since that time thought more, and begin to think Sir Sidney's idea might not be so very ridiculous as it may at first appear. If an ignorant man had made such an assertion, it would not have been worth a thought; but a man, who, like Sir Sidney, had made horses an absolute *study*, was not likely to propose anything respecting them without good grounds for his opinion. He probably could not train or ride a race-horse, but he knew, upon physical principles, what was likely to improve the propelling and progressive powers of the horse much better than any trainer in existence, who probably knows nothing at all about the matter. They know some go, and some do not: if

they make those fit to go that can go, and then will *let* them go, it is pretty well, for they won't all do that.

But to return to Eclipse. From the portraits I have seen of him, and from what I have heard of him, it should seem he was by no means a handsome goer, but went very much on his fore-quarters; and horses that do seldom use their hind legs well, that is, do not bring them well under them. I do not allude to the habit Eclipse had of carrying his head low, for it does not *always* follow that the doing so is occasioned by or the result of throwing the weight on the fore parts, though it mostly is so. Now suppose Sir Sidney saw some defect like this in Eclipse's going, it is not quite impossible or improbable he might have improved him. It may be said, that, go as he might, he went faster than any horse he ran with: granted; but this in no way proves he might not have gone still faster had he gone better. I allow the experiment would have been too dangerous to have tried; but supposing I had a colt that went as it seems this horse did, and did *not* go fast, I should be much obliged by such a man as Sir Sidney taking him in hand: but I am quite sure no trainer would have allowed him to do so. He would say, nothing but training would improve a colt's manner of going; and would say so because he had heard other trainers of the same opinion, and consequently had never tried anything else or ever would try it.

There are points in a horse's make that may be anything but handsome, but still indicate great speed or stoutness, or both. With such, no man could find fault with a race-horse; so there is a manner of going neither perhaps very handsome to the eye nor pleasant to the rider, but which indicate the same

qualities; if so, these, though failings in another horse, are perfections in a race-horse: for provided he has speed and stoutness, it matters not how he goes: if he can beat other horses, it is all we want of him, go how he may; but if he cannot, and goes badly, certainly the first thing to be done is to make, or at least leave nothing unattempted to make, him go better, and train him afterwards; even then taking care that the same mode of riding that had improved him (if it had done so) should be kept in mind, and acted upon as far as the thing could be done in accordance with the established rules of training.

There is another case where long striding horses always go under disadvantages when they get to a certain age. They are frequently then sent to country meetings, where the course is always round or oblong, or something like it, often with sharp turns. Here the striding goer comparatively cannot go at all: he must to a certain degree be pulled off his speed at these turns, or go very much out of his ground; or if you prefer it, run the risk of breaking his neck, his rider's, or something else. The quick striking horse whips round these at all but undiminished speed, and the more of them the more in his favour, for he gains by every one; or at least his opponent loses, which is the same thing in point of advantage to the other. Country courses are not always quite as free from inequalities as a billiard table. Here the long strider is often put out of his stroke. This, independently of its unsafety to such a horse, both tires and annoys him: he must go with a regular sweeping stroke, or he can't go at all: when not able to do so, he very often does what is just as bad as (nay, worse than) losing the race; he loses is

temper. I should say a long striding horse heavily weighted would not go up the hill on Lichfield Course quite like a bird. They say, a pig *may* fly; but we allow him to be a most unpromising aëronaut. I consider a horse that extends himself too much with weight on him to be in a general way as unpromising a winner.

If it is supposed, from what I have said of trainers and public training establishments, that I entertain an unfavourable opinion of the former on the score of integrity, or of the latter from thinking that in a general way any wilful neglect takes place in them, I beg to say that I really entertain no such impressions of either. So much the reverse are my convictions respecting trainers, that I verily believe there is no class of men living who so frequently resist temptation to do wrong. As trainers and jockeys of the *higher* orders, their temptations are great in amount and of daily occurrence. Let three-and-twenty thousand pounds be offered as a temptation to many men now ranking high on the Turf or in the world's general opinion, are we *sure all* of such men would resist such a fortune as a bribe? I have the honour of being acquainted with many that I am sure would; but I think I know of some where the result would be very doubtful; nay, who I am quite sure would throw over their friends as well as the public in a race on such terms. If three-and-twenty thousand are not offered every day or year, the odd three are, and that to some trainers or some jockeys would be as difficult to resist as the larger sum to the man of larger means. The matter of our surprise, therefore, should be, not that such men sometimes are led away by unprincipled bribes offered, and persuasion made use

of by men much more unprincipled than themselves, but that they do resist such so frequently as they do. The man who does not may deserve transportation, we will allow; but the old system of hanging should still have been left in force for the benefit of the scoundrel who tempted the other from the path of rectitude. When trainers and jockeys do (as numbers have done and now daily do) resist such temptations, I can only say I consider such men hold out a bright example of integrity not unworthy of imitation by the highest of the aristocracy of the kingdom. Let those that are guiltless throw the first stone.

Various are the accusations brought forward every day by one class of individuals against another, sometimes based on justice and truth, and oftentimes founded in error, taking its origin sometimes from prejudiced representation made by a third party, or from misconception or prejudice on the part of the accuser. This holds equally good whether the accused party be peer or peasant, with this difference, that in this, as Napoleon styled us, "nation of shopkeepers," it takes a great deal of proof and a great deal of money to convict a rich man, whereas something like *vice versâ* is the case if the culprit happens to be a poor one. Now really this is quite proper, for if it takes £100 to convict one culprit, it must in common ratio take £200 to convict two, which *two* the *poor* culprit is the much to be envied representative of in his own proper person. He has, therefore, to be convicted twice; first, for being poor; and secondly, for the crime itself, no matter of what nature it may be. I do not mean to say, that *fas aut nefas* the poor are condemned as guilty; but as without money it is very hard for any man to prove his innocence, if from

the want of money he cannot prove that innocence, of course from the want of his innocence being proved it is quite right and proper he should be condemned.

I believe there is such a thing in some few cases as suing in what is termed *in formâ pauperis*, and a very poor way of suing I believe it is generally found to be, and a poor prospect, I conceive, opens to him compelled to such a mode of proceeding. Not being conversant with such things, I do not know if I am correct; but I suppose a man may also defend himself by the same means, when I conclude his prospect of success would be about as bright as in the other case; but even allowing that poor people cannot get justice, they have no right to complain if they only look at the thing in a proper point of view, which, as a matter of course, is the view the rich take of it. "There is law for the poor man as well as the rich:" so there are pine-apples; these are only *7s.* *6d.* a pound, and to get justice is certainly not more than a penny a word. The poor man says he cannot afford to eat pines at *7s.* *6d.* per pound: well then, he must do without them, and does so: in fact, he has no right to expect to get them or anything else intended for aristocratic mouths. Why then, if he cannot afford to pay a penny a word for justice, should he be so unreasonable as to expect to get justice? I hate such discontented people.

If I should be asked whether I mean to infer that any Gentleman of the Long Robe would advocate a cause less strenuously when doing so *pour l'amour de bon Dieu* than he would from having received a good retainer, with something handsome *in prospective*, I beg to decline answering such an interrogatory, and leave it to the gentleman's conscience: but, sup-

posing him to be ever so well inclined towards his client, I may perhaps in some degree illustrate what will be his feelings by an anecdote of a huntsman — not that I mean or consider there is any affinity between the honesty of a huntsman and a denizen of Stone Buildings: God forbid there should be!

A huntsman had hunted the hounds of a gentleman not overburthened with money, who had permitted him to cap. The man had always shown good sport, rode well up to his hounds, and killed his foxes. He afterwards hunted the hounds of a nobleman, who disliked the capping system; told the man so; and, on learning what he had usually made during a season in his last place, liberally made up his wages to that amount. It was, however, soon remarked that the man neither rode as bold as formerly, nor killed his foxes in his former style. He was aware of this himself; so, fearing he might be complained of, he waited on his lord, and respectfully but plumply told him he must either be allowed to cap or must quit his situation. His lord was astonished, and asked if he had not as good a place as his former one? He allowed he had even a better; "but, my Lord," says the man, "I wish to show your lordship and the gentlemen sport, and try all I can, but for the life of me I cannot ride or kill a fox as I did when I used to feel the money after a kill."

I wonder whether the same feeling is experienced by legal gentlemen.

I have been led into the above observations from considering that a man keeping race-horses under a public trainer, and not being himself a good judge of racing matters, stands in about the same situation as

a man pleading *in formâ pauperis*, where his advocate is not personally interested in a pecuniary way in the success of the suit. It may be said that the counsel and the trainer have their character at stake. We allow they have; but there is a wide difference between doing enough to save character, and doing all that could be done for any cause, be that cause one in Chancery or one from the "Ditch-in." The pleader or the trainer may feel a certain wish to show their several abilities by being successful, and perhaps to a certain degree do: but depend upon it they feel a much greater wish for success where that success brings in a rich harvest. In the case of the trainer, however, we must remember that the chances may be quite as many that he makes money by the horse losing as by his winning; and as he may command the means of making him lose, but cannot those of making him win, the losing is most likely to be to him the winning side in very many cases: indeed, in the long run, supposing the man to be a rogue, it would be decidedly the sure game for him to play. If we want a man of strict integrity, with a high sense of honour and with a personal feeling of interest for our success (in any situation in life), to act for us, in no place is it wanted more than in the person who is intrusted with the care of a racing establishment: where we have not such a man, and keep horses in training, we are always sitting on a barrel of gunpowder.

"Human nature is human nature still," and nothing but highly-wrought feelings of honour or personal attachment will induce a man to forego his own interest for the sake of others. Are we sure to meet the former, or have we any right to expect the latter

from an ordinary man? Common sense must say, No; and then common sense must tell us what results we may expect: what they are we have lately had proofs enough of. I think my barrel of gunpowder has been sat upon, and some pretty blows-up we have had. How then are these explosions to be prevented? This is a poser I allow; but put the question in a modified way, and ask how is the chance of so frequent a recurrence of them to be effected? "Keep a constant and watchful eye on the barrel *yourself*, or employ some one who will." Who is this some one to be? A man of tried honour, a man personally attached as a friend, and to render "assurance doubly sure," make it *his* interest to watch *yours* as his own. No other man will do it. It is not the hiring good attendants, and leaving children to their care, that will ensure their well doing: it is the careful and anxious eye of the mother that is wanted to watch their daily progress, and afford those thousand-and-one little cares that only a parent will attend to: so it is nothing but a master's eye in himself, or in a second *self*, that will anxiously watch every change in race-horses, make himself master of their different qualities, and study where to place them to the greatest advantage to their owner in their running.

It may not be necessary for a lady to dress her child, but she ought to be able to do so: it may not be necessary for an owner to put on bandages or sweaters, but I can only say that if I did not know how to do both properly, I would never pretend to give an opinion in a racing stable, nor should I expect to be attended to if I did. The master or the master's representative should know such things if he means to be attended to: he may leave as much as

he pleases to the trainer, who actually works the horses; and so long as things are well done, he should not interfere; but it does a trainer no harm to be aware the eye of some one is kept open over the horses who can detect anything that is not well done, and also knows (supposing a stake is open in which a horse can be entered with a fair prospect of winning) whether the horse is fit to go for it; and further knows, if told that he is not, whether he ought or could be expected to have been. This no man who only sees his horses occasionally could know, nor can he, or at least ought he, to take upon himself to decide in such a case.

I consider it a duty that every man owes to others as well as to himself not to throw such temptation in the way, as it may be almost impossible for a man of ordinary mind to resist. Let then any man keeping race-horses in a public training stable, and who leaves them to the care of a public trainer, consider the abyss constantly under him. A trainer has possibly two horses in his stable, both engaged in the same race: he can in such a case very accurately judge which is the best of the two for that particular race. It is by no means unlikely that these two horses may be nearly on a par, and yet, from various causes, it may happen that he can get 30 to 1 against the one, and not 6 to 1 against the other. He takes the first in hundreds, perhaps two or three times over: supposing he thinks the horse he backs at such long odds the worst or best of the two, or thinks them equally good, in either case it is expecting a great deal if we suppose he will not make three times thirty hundred *tolerably safe*. No one but himself knows how near the qualities of these horses may be to each other:

his boys do not; his head man does not; the jockeys or lads who tried them do not; and depend on it, generally speaking, their owners do not. These all know which horse was first in the *trial*, whether these two were tried together by consent of the owners, or were tried with other trial horses: but all they know is the result of the trials, and this is knowing next to nothing (if the trainer wishes to keep them in the dark): HE knows all about it, but nobody else does. An owner sees his horse tried, is quite satisfied he now knows all he wants to know for or against him, and goes and makes his bets accordingly: he might as well have stayed at home, perhaps better: he might then have chanced to have got on the right side, but now, if his trainer chooses it, there is no chance in the case. "Seeing is believing," they say; so it is here; but seeing is no sure test in trying race-horses in all cases. Many owners know this well enough; many do not; many know how this is to be managed: a vast many more do not, nor is it my business to enlighten them. Why should I? "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women players." A vast number of the former humbug each other; many have me: but as trainers do not do this more than other men, let them go on and prosper: they at least never did me any harm; why should I them? We will therefore leave Mr.——, the trainer, arranging weights, &c. for a trial, and take a little more consideration about weight as applied to horses in other ways.

I have endeavoured to prove that good breeding and speed are quite necessary qualifications in a hunter that is intended to carry weight, and, correct or incorrect, have given my reasons for feeling convinced

that such is the case. Let us now turn our attention to that most difficult animal to get, a Hack. There is no great difficulty in getting carried well to hounds; and indeed, provided a horse has speed, we may there screw anything along, for few horses will fall in a fast pace, and, however he may be disposed to do so, we don't give him time enough for it. If a man has nerve, I will guarantee his neck *to* the kill. Returning home, he must take care of himself; but defend me from an unsafe goer as a hack. I am not particularly nervous, and if I wanted to do seven miles in twenty minutes even on the road, particularly if with the excitement of going to meet hounds, should not be very nice what I got upon; for, provided they are good enough, they will go safe enough at that pace; but to trot an unsafe hack seven miles an hour along a road is to me awful: I would at all times on a fair horse compound to take half a dozen gates and a couple of good brooks to avoid such a seven miles ride. I constantly see people in the neighbourhood of London riding quite contentedly along on road-horses that would frighten me to death. Rowland's hard pomatum or his best bandoline would not prevent my hair standing on end every ten steps. People may say, how is it that they do not come down? They do come down; and then the owner attributes their doing so to treading on a stone, or some other adventitious circumstance; fancies fifty things as an excuse for his favourite cob; in short, fancies everything but the fall, or that he will fall again. He will though. Such men will say, their horse had always before carried them safely: they are, however, in a trifling error here: the fact is, the brute had never for a minute carried them safely:

he had never been on his knees before: this is all true, for everything must have a beginning; but he will most certainly be there again.

Unsafety on the road generally arises from one or more of the following causes—bad action, bad formation, sluggishness, or infirmity, or all combined, if we can suppose any man's sins to be so great that such an animal has got into his hands as a just retribution of them.

To begin with action. There may be a diversity of opinion as to what is pretty action, and each man may harmlessly indulge his taste in this particular: but there should be but one opinion as to what is safe action. Many persons conceive, if a horse has high action, it denotes perfect safety: there can be no greater error: high action has very little to do with safety; in fact, in many particulars it very much contributes to its reverse. The most moderate action is generally high enough to clear all the imperceptible inequalities of a road, and it is only of such we need have any fear; and so far as loose stones go, if they are large enough to want high action to get over, the horse would step on one side of such, not over them: we do not leave mile-stones lying about. It is chiefly the way in which a horse puts his foot to the ground that constitutes safety, or the reverse: if he puts it down with a shove (for I can find no better expression), he must be unsafe, as the shock he would experience from any opposing substance would very likely bring him down; and this would of course be just the same whether the action *previous* to putting the foot down had been high or low. If he puts it fairly on the ground, whether the foot was placed on the ascending part of a rise, on its summit, or on its

declivity (I mean such rises as we meet on ordinary roads), it would make little difference. A horse has as much dread of falling as we have that he should do so: therefore he would avoid or lift his legs over any large and visible obstruction, however near he might go to the ground in his general action: I mean if he met such obstacles as required lofty action to get over. It is only when his action is so very low, or his sluggishness so great, that he does not lift the foot high enough to clear the ordinary inequalities that he meets, that he becomes unsafe: quick action, and putting the foot properly on the ground, are two of the great desiderata in a hack.

There is one thing that constitutes much greater danger than any bad action as to going too near the ground. This is what I have specified as malformation; of course I allude to the fore-quarters. I care not, however faultless, high, or grand may be the action of a horse, if his fore-legs are not put on in their proper place he never can be fit to ride. I mean by this, if his legs stand under him, all the high action in the world cannot save such a horse if ridden —at the slightest mistake down he must come—he is out of the perpendicular, in fact overbalanced. We know of many leaning towers, some inclining more than others; still they are safe in their present state of declension: but let that declension be increased perhaps one foot, down must come the whole fabric. So with the horse: he would go safely enough so long as his present inclination was sustained; but let him make a false step, so as to throw his fore-parts forward, down he must come also. In riding some horses a rider will find they bring the fore-arm on a level with his toe: I do not say, get off

such a horse; but I should strongly recommend the rider to take him home, and never get on him again. Such horses make as good harness-horses as any, and are generally strong horses at such work; for a harness-horse should not, like the saddle-horse, be on his haunches: horses that are seldom can get along in harness with heavy weights behind them, particularly up hills. We will suppose we could balance a horse, as we can a stick, on the finger: for a saddle-horse the balance should be such as that the fore-parts have always an inclination to rise: for a harness-horse, it should be the reverse, as a horse may have magnificent action in his trot without being on his haunches. Heavy men should most unquestionably never ride horses with high action; and yet in a general way they are anxious to get them, from the mistaken idea of their being safer than others, forgetting time is lost by high action, and with 18st. on him a horse wants to bring one leg to the support of the other as quickly as possible. High action tires; and horses having it are, with such a weight on them, very likely when tired to hit their legs: nothing can be more awful than such a horse with such a weight cutting speedy, or indeed cutting anywhere.

Sluggishness is another great cause of unsafety, but more particularly in the hack. I hate it in any horse; I am not fond of your thorough steady goers: I never knew any of them, in horse or man, good for much. Of all horses, a hack or buggy-horse should be at least a merry one. We often use them where there is no excitement for them, nothing to cheer them but their own spirits: these should be at least equal to proof, for they often get a good deal of diluting. Personally I would never wish for a very

steady one for any purpose but a shooting pony, and as I never shoot, I never wanted one. A very hot horse in hot weather is certainly anything but pleasant; but of the two I had rather be kept in a comfortable warm perspiration by a hasty horse than in a cold one by a sluggish brute. Of all men, heavy weights require a cheerful light-hearted hack. Such horses are very seldom unsafe. If they make a mistake, they are all alive and right in a moment. The slug, if he does the same thing, I suppose considers it as a dispensation of Providence that he is to go down, and that it would be sinful to resist it; so down he goes, carrying the marks of his piety through life. *Est modus in rebus* applies as well to horses as it does to things in general. I may like horses with a little more of the curry-powder in their composition than the generality of persons do: I hold it a great improvement to most dishes; so I think it to most horses; and so far as temper goes, I am quite clear the light-hearted horse is less to be feared from his volatility than the other is from his sluggishness; for the latter, being made to do that against his inclination which the other does willingly, is sure to be put out of temper; and then such a gentleman can be as alert as any of them, and is only so when he means mischief. To an infirm person, a nag that will stand at a door for an hour without being held, stand like a post on being mounted, and go something like one afterwards, may be a desirable acquisition — this is "a Cob."

The appellation of light-hearted horses reminds me of once driving a friend in my buggy with a fastish one I then had, and one, which, though I never tried him, would I am quite clear not stand at doors with-

out being held: he could rate eighteen miles an hour, I mean go at that rate: we were, perhaps, going at thirteen. My friend, seeing the horse pulling a little, asked if he would run away? to his horror I replied, that "he was very well disposed to do so if I would let him." Had I been going six miles an hour, out my friend would have bolted: as it was, he looked very wistfully at the road. I, mischievously enough, determined to give him the power of saying he had once sat behind a fast one: a turn of the wrist was enough; no word or other signal was wanted. I looked at my friend — did he call out? no: he could not speak: he held fast by the side of the buggy. I pulled up into the old pace. "Let me out," were the first words he said, in so beseeching a tone that I laughed outright. On my faithfully promising not to exceed seven miles an hour, if, as he called my favourite horse, that devil incarnate would go at that pace, he sat still, and I drove him home. After dinner he asked "how I could drive such a runaway beast?" — "Did he run away?" asked I. — "No," said he, "but you owned he would if you would let him." — "My good friend," said I, "in saying he would run away, I was wrong, for I never knew him attempt it, and he has a good mouth; but I will tell you what to a certainty he would do at any moment if not prevented: he would go faster and faster in his trot, break into a gallop, and then would most assuredly go as hard as he could lay his legs to the ground, which is a pretty good pace I can tell you." My friend assured me, from what I said, he would not take a horse disposed to do this as a present: "Nor would I," said I, "one that would not, though I should no more like a runaway in single-harness than yourself." Now the difference of

our estimation of the qualities of a buggy-horse is simply this: he likes one that always wishes to go slow; I like one that always wishes to go fast; and so long as there are such things as reins to be had, and a horse will answer to them, such horses as I describe are the horses for me. If the time should come when I can no longer drive such, I will get a stand-at-the-door cob; but then, please St. George, some one shall drive, for I won't.

I hope I have sense enough and liberality of feeling enough not to dislike a member of any class of men if I find him an exception of the right sort to the generality of his class: nor do I even dislike a cob if he is as unlike cobs in general as I would wish him to be; in which case some persons might say he was no cob at all. If a cob is to be that sort of punchy, bloated piece of inanimation I daily see, that would never, if he could help it, go faster than a walk during the term of his natural life, and only perform this feat when not permitted to stand still, indeed I do most wickedly hate, detest, and abominate each and every cob whenever and wherever he may be found, living or dead, with the exception of finding him defunct and at the kennel door: there my animosity in common charity would cease; so no one can say I have any objection to a cob *in his proper place!* I should be induced to give the man, whoever he was, that first introduced the name of cob for these sort of animals, credit for very properly appreciating their qualifications. Doubtless he took it from Cob, the water-carrier of old; and a very proper kind of service he thus pointed out for cobs of the present day; and very useful animals they would be if we would only employ them in some such occupations instead of riding them.

If by cob (for I would not be prejudiced by a name) a man means a low strong well-put together little horse, with good action, and one that is quite willing to make the most of that action, to such a cob as this I take off my hat with every respect: he is a most useful little gentleman, and just such as I like for a hack. A neat light head, and neck well set on, shoulders well back, loins and ribs like a Madeira cask, with as good stuff inside, gaskins and hocks like a race-horse—his only disqualifications for being one arising from his being too low, too compact, and not being thorough-bred—this is the kind of cob I like, and such a one as I should pick out to carry any man, however heavy; the only difference being, that one of this sort that can carry 18st. is worth a couple of hundred, whereas I could get one to carry me for fifty, but they should both be of the same sort, if each wishes to be carried equally well. Heavy men do get cobs for twenty, that, as they may term it, *carry* them: they get a beast, and they sit upon him, I know, but they are not *carried* at all. If they are content with this sort of locomotion, happy are they—"a contented mind is a perpetual feast." Now as such cobs are in most cases perpetually feasted, and as such equestrians perpetually feast themselves, they are both contented: may they never separate, "for sure such a pair were never seen!" &c. &c.

But if a man who rides heavy really wishes to be carried, allow me to ask what advantages he promises himself in purchasing such a beast? If he thinks he is stronger than my sort of cob, he most certainly is in error. I do not know whether the first might or might not stand still for a short time under a heavier weight than the latter—that is, if we came to perhaps

five-and-thirty stone, or some such weight as is never expected to be seen on a horse; but this I am quite sure of, with any horse-weight, if one cob was even stronger standing still, he would not be so when going, and we conclude a man does intend something like progression when he gets on a horse. A man may say he merely wants something to carry him for a short airing in the Park: if so, he has the less occasion for all the strength he fancies he should get in one of those blubber-and-oil packages. If a man merely rides for health or recreation, I conclude he wishes to be carried pleasantly; if he does, I should not consider a small rhinoceros as likely to carry one very lightly and pleasantly during July and August; and really I have ridden some cobs once, *but never twice*, whose mouth, activity, and light-heartedness I should consider much about the same. Heavy men may on the other hand say that they sometimes want to go far and fast, to do which they must have strength under them: granted; but they must have breeding too, and action, or fast and far must be estimated by a very moderate scale indeed.

I have owned many horses that some persons might call cobs: so they were as to height and substance, but there the relationship ceased: they were dwarfs, and very deceitful little gentlemen they were. I had one under 14 hands that I once matched against a very fair thoroughbred horse, half a mile, 13st. each. Had I been a betting man, I could have got any odds on the race. Many laid them, but Cobby made them pay for their opinion. His speed was very extraordinary indeed; not but that I am quite aware that at 8st. each he would have been beaten easy; but I bought him of a farmer, who I had often seen ride him

hunting: he stood six-feet-two, and was $16\frac{1}{2}$ st. in his saddle. Much as I was accustomed to hunt big horses, I should have certainly hunted this cob, but with hounds he was so hasty and pulled so awfully it was quite slavery to ride him. How this cob was bred I could never get at the truth of: he was purchased by the farmer of the stud-groom of a gentleman who bred race-horses: his head and neck were very like and as good as Alice Hawthorn's; his body that of a race-horse, with the exception of there being but just room for a saddle on his back; and, as if what was taken from one part was given to another, his bone was enormous. I dare say he was as thoroughbred as Eclipse, but a dwarf; and all cobs should be at least dwarf-hunters, or they are good for nothing to ride or draw either, if we want to exceed five miles an hour.

It is hardly fair towards those who know what it is to be carried to tell others who do not, that such cobs as I have mentioned are such as they should get if they wish to ride pleasantly and safely; for there are few enough of the right sort to be got, and they ought to be given only to such men as would know how to appreciate their value. Still, in describing what will and what will not carry weight, the truth must come out. If I saw a gentleman riding a kind of guinea-pig pony horse, and he asked my opinion of him, as a matter of courtesy I should say, "He was a very nice cob indeed:" and further, as an act of common prudence and justice, I should strenuously advise him never to part from so desirable an animal, for if he did he might by chance get hold of such a one as I should wish to see in other hands, and which would be thrown away in his. The same thing holds

good in a mitigated sense with the road-horse as with the hunter in carrying weight: if they are not pretty well bred, though a kind of ox-like strength may enable them to walk about with a great weight, put them out of that pace, their own want of activity tires them, and their want of courage jades their spirits, and then hold them up if you can. I do not mean to say but that an invalid may be carried very safely and tolerably pleasantly by a stump of a pony; but in speaking of cobs, I allude to them when they are intended really as hacks to carry weight and go along.

Without presuming to advise, I will venture to suggest to heavy men, that on the road a pace they are very much inclined to indulge in is by no means the one most safe for themselves or easy for their horse; I mean the canter. It is true that a canter of half a mile cannot tire anything; but for a continuance no pace distresses a horse so much with a heavy weight on him; for the very simple reason, that the exertion is not equally divided between the four legs, the leading leg bearing a very small proportion of weight; consequently the near side or bearing leg is always doing something like double duty. In proof that it is so, if any proof were wanting, put a horse lame on *one* leg into a canter, you will find in nineteen cases out of twenty he leads off with the lame leg. If we force him to take off with the sound one, before he has gone far he will change it if he can: this clearly shows that he has sense enough to wish to put the infirm leg where there is the least strain on it. If the strain was the same on both legs, he would of course lead with the one as willingly as the other. We *teach* horses to lead with the off-leg (in a

state of nature they use one as readily as the other): this is merely done for the accommodation of the rider. Holding, as we do, our reins in the left hand, most persons, hunting and racing men particularly, get an almost impereptible twist with the body: this makes the horse, when leading with the off-leg, go in the same direction with the body of the rider. Now a man left-handed would feel his horse go pleasanter if he led with the near-leg. To a soldier, who sits upright, straight on his horse, and down on his saddle, it is a matter of indifference which leg his horse leads with: in fact, *his* horse must be equally handy with both. We frequently find race-horses while running change their leg. This with a sound horse shows that the bearing leg has become fatigued: if with an unsound one, that he is putting the infirm limb where it can be used with the least distress from bearing the smallest portion of the weight. When that weight comes to be 16st. or 17st., and one continued pace is persevered in for a length of time, how wearied must that limb and those parts of the frame become that take more than their proportion of such weight! If horses put forward their two fore-legs like the handles of a wheelbarrow, and went quite straight in the canter, the weight would fall equally perhaps on both legs; but as they do not go quite in that fashion, this is not the case, and I presume Nature knows what she is about, and orders things for the best.

Now in a trot, each leg takes its own share of weight and work, and relieves each other in much quicker succession than in a canter. It is for this reason that many horses will go safe enough in a very fast pace that would often come down in a slow one:

as I before said, in technical terms, in a fast pace, "we don't give them time to fall;" that is, if he does make a mistake, his feet come to the ground again before his body can overbalance. It is true, if a horse does come down at speed, we get a regular spinner; but on the whole, it is perhaps as well to be tossed a little bit farther and faster than we bargain for, as to have the experiment tried as to how small a compass our bodies can be squeezed into, our horse playing the part of an animated cheese-press.

A circumstance of this sort that once occurred to myself gave rise to a little stretch of veracity on the part of a friend of mine that I do not think Jonathan has outdone. Riding at top speed at a bulfinch, down came my horse in the next field, a regular burster. I felt a momentary sensation, something like what I conclude Mr. Jonas did when playing leapfrog with the whale: this was my horse making a momentary use of my body as a kind of spring-board in performing his second summersault. Now the cause of my fall, and also of my escaping unhurt, was, he had landed in a very soft piece of wet, clayey, ploughed ground. I had fallen somehow on my face, and on getting up I found I had left a very correct impression of my person in the clay; in fact, a clever fellow with a wheelbarrow-full of plaster of Paris might have taken off some well-executed medallions as *souvenirs* for my friends, one of whom, who followed me, roundly swore (my nasal organ being none of the smallest), that "he heard Harry's nose give a suck as he drew it out of the clay, and it left such a hole that his horse put his foot in it, and nearly came on his head!"

Race-horses are conclusive illustrations of the fact,

that however great a cripple a horse may be, he can keep on his legs in a fast pace, for even when a horse breaks down in running he seldom falls. They also prove that even violent exertion can be borne by a weak limb (when *continued* but less violent) exercise could not; for if many race-horses that are running as cripples were to get a long day's hunting, they would not come out of the stable again for a month or perhaps a season. A very few minutes' galloping is all the generality of race-horses get, and then, if requisite, in bandages: even the longest sweat is soon over.

It may be said, in opposition to my opinion that a continued canter fatigues more than a continued trot, that many horses, if too lame to trot, will canter. This in no shape proves it to be the easiest pace for a sound horse. The lame one does it for two reasons: by doing so, if he is lame on one leg or foot, he can use it so as not to get its proportion of the weight of his body; and secondly, if lame on both legs or feet, he cannot step out with them sufficiently to go the pace we want him, so he is forced to gallop: but so soon as he gets warm, he will be found to begin to trot. Put a lame horse in a coach, and go off six miles an hour, he will trot; but as coaches now-a-days must go off at a fast pace at once, the cripples know this and start off in a gallop. Horses, except from habit, hardly ever willingly canter, if the pace they are asked to go is only such as they can trot with perfect ease, say seven miles an hour. Let a man ride one horse and lead another at such a pace, the led horse would not attempt to canter: put him into a canter, and he would very shortly return to the trot.

Ladies generally canter. This being the case, nothing can be so great an error as putting them on slight horses. A lady's horse should always be at least a couple of stones above the weight he is wanted to carry; first, because he is wanted to canter at his general pace; but still more, because on all occasions he ought to be both able and disposed to do all he is asked to do with the utmost activity. He should be highly bred, to give him action and courage; and should at the same time be firm and strong, to make him safe: for ladies neither do nor can assist horses much. Whatever ladies wish to do, they always wish to do as soon as possible; so when they wish to become horsewomen, they always wish to exhibit as soon as possible, which they generally do long before they have got hands or seat. Their teachers naturally wish to please them; so they have the management of their horses given up to them before they have learned to manage themselves. Their horses should therefore be such as require but little, in fact no absolute management at all; and management they will require if they are not more than equal to the task demanded of them.

The opinions of men relative to the comparative strength required for the saddle and harness horse have changed greatly of late years. Our ancestors, even our fathers, considered those horses that were not strong enough for harness were quite sufficiently so for hunters. This was all correct enough when the old gravel roads were in use. In those days, what they "called mending the roads" was rendering them all but impassable for some days or weeks, according to the traffic on them; but thanks to M'Adam, we have done things better, and now many

a horse is doing his work well in harness that could not carry 11st. with hounds. Now-a-days, if we get hold of a spiry spindle-shanked cameleopard, we say "he will make a flash harness-horse;" and so he will, for excepting where our roads are on the rise, when a carriage is once in motion, horses have nothing to do but carry their harness. Horses would have rare berths of it if we were contented now with seven miles an hour. I heard an old gentleman say a few weeks since that he thought we bred more trotters now than formerly. I told him that I thought we did look more to pace in the trot than I dared to say they did formerly; but that, though the world might not recognise Sir J. M'Adam as a breeder of horses, he had brought out more fast trotters than any man in existence—in fact, many hundreds every year. I saw he did not take my meaning, so said nothing farther: perhaps on my authority he has asserted that Sir James is the most extensive breeder in the world!

Whether horses have to carry heavy or light weights, but of course more particularly in the former case, many men run into a great error respecting their saddles. Of all articles of discomfort to a horse, a small saddle is the most so; and then, to add to this, saddlers, in order to make them look neat, put the least quantity of stuffing possible into the pannel; so by the time it has been ridden on a few weeks, it becomes as hard as a board. Fashion leads us into many follies. We should consider it looked "slow" to use one of the very sensible saddle-cloths our ancestors hunted with. I should be afraid to sport one myself; but if I was such a man as many I have mentioned as noblemen and crack riders, I can only say I would

never hunt without one, and heavy men most decidedly never should; and that not a bit of thin kersey, but one made as neatly as you please, but double and nicely stuffed. To make amends for this, the pannel need not be so full. Grooms may dry their pannels as carefully as they may, and beat them afterwards; it won't do; they may beat half the dry sweat out of them, but they beat the other half in. They can soften the flocks on the side they can get at them; but the other next the saddle, lined as it is with leather, will not be affected by all the beating they can bestow. The saddle-cloth, properly dried and beat on both sides, is as soft every time it is put on as the first day it is used. Hunting-saddles are never made long enough for tall and heavy men: what is the consequence; the rider is sitting nearly on the cantle, and the horse's loins are crushed by the back part of the saddle. I have seen many men the back part of whose bodies was positively over the cantle, instead of that being some inches beyond their bodies. How many horses are seen to crouch down behind on being first mounted: this in nineteen cases in twenty arises from the use of short saddles: the horse is either hurt by them at the moment, or, from having been so, gets into the habit of crouching to avoid a repetition of their effect. A man standing six feet, and riding even a moderate weight, should never hunt on a saddle of less than twenty inches in length. The difference of (say) three or four inches would not make the saddle more than a pound heavier, and this in a hunting-saddle is no object at all. Look at race-horses after a season's running—how often are their backs sore? and these carry light weights, and that for a few minutes only.

We often see jockeys on a four-pound saddle, and their horse with loaded saddle-cloths:—why is this? it arises merely from its being more handy to carry them about with them than three or four saddles. Now there is nothing particularly soft or pleasant to a horse's back in a saddle-cloth lined with lead. If we want to make up weight, surely the more sensible thing is to begin with a good comfortable ten, twelve, or fourteen pound saddle. They may say that for the short time they are on the horse it does not signify. It does not to them, but depend upon it it does to the horse. How commonly do we see a pocket handkerchief put over the withers to protect them! Do they suppose this enough to make a horse go comfortably with only a few folds of silk between his bone and the iron plate of the saddle, or that a horse will not shrink from exerting himself when every stride hurts and bruises him? If he has not the best of tempers, this is enough to put him in the worst. If he has, why should we annoy him for no earthly use? I like to see every thing neat and well-appointed about a race-horse, and every horse: I like to see a jockey well-appointed in himself; but, by George, before my horse's back should be hurt, he should be ridden on a down pillow, and Mr. Jock might ride in a nightcap if he pleased to make the thing in character—not a bit more ridiculous, and in some ways preferable, to riding in cocked or wide-awake hats. The idea of a heavy man making himself as light as he can by means of his saddle is preposterous. If his horse is fit to carry 16st., he can carry 16st. 4lb., and there can be no doubt the four pounds of additional weight is fourteen of comfort both to horse and rider. Light men may say they do not want such

strong large saddles: they do not; but let me tell them, 10st. is quite weight enough to hurt a horse's back very much with a short saddle; and in fact, a tall light man should have as long a saddle as a heavy weight, though it may be a lighter one. High cantles are quite an abomination in a hunting-saddle, and of no earthly use: they do not keep a man in his saddle, for his body has no business to touch them: it is the proper sweep of the saddle that must do this, the lower part of the waist of which should be at least seven inches from the cantle: then a man sits in his proper place, if anything can make him. If he wants a high cantle to effect this, let him get one made three feet high at once, and have it painted to represent a peacock's tail. This would really have a most imposing appearance, and make such a man a distinguished character in the field, which I should say nothing else would.

I am afraid it is not even so considerate an idea as the saving of weight to the horse that induces men to ride on small saddles; for I have heard old sporting men say, that when leather-breeches were in general use, they were not considered first-rate unless they weighed 9lb. So much for fashion! Gentlemen, at least some of them, are particular enough now-a-days in preserving the delicacy and softness of the visible parts of their skins. I conclude this attention was carried still farther in former days: seven pounds of unnecessary additional weight was, I should say, a very heavy tax to make horses pay for delicacy of skin in situations where I should conceive it was uncalled for, if not inconvenient.

Although, as I commenced by saying, it is extremely difficult to define the comparative effect of

weight on horses in different situations, one thing is quite clear, which, if we always bear in mind, will be grēatly advantageous to our horses, and in fact to ourselves—WE ARE ALL HEAVY ENOUGH: but be we light or heavy, the oppression of that weight can be rendered twofold by carelessness and ignorance, or very materially lessened by a small exercise of judgment and consideration.

When I began these papers on the effect of weight, I supposed some one accusing me of having selected a subject that could require but little consideration, and that he had jumped to the conclusion that all that could be said upon the subject merely amounted to the evident fact that weight made horses go slower; but on looking a little closer into the matter, we have found that weight is not in all cases such a *stopper* as it may be supposed; and that though we are quite aware of the great exertion the carrying a heavy weight calls forth, still want of judgment in the rider often occasions much greater distress to the horse than any reasonable additional weight he may have put on him.

I have as yet only called the attention of the reader to the effect of weight as applied to the saddle-horse, as race-horse, hunter, or hack: let us now see how weight acts upon the horse in harness, and how far in this situation want of judgment in the driver is not also ās fatal to the animal as when he is used under the saddle. I am indeed perfectly convinced that a much greater number of horses are doing their work under disadvantageous circumstances in harness than when ridden, and this is perfectly easily accounted for when we bear in mind how many more circumstances there are to facilitate or act against the powers

of the horse when drawing than when ridden. We will suppose a horseman to be a moderate weight, 13st. in his saddle: it quite clear that, be he the best or worst horseman living, he cannot make his weight either lighter or heavier than the real avoirdupois of that specific weight; and provided he has a saddle under him that fits his horse comfortably, and he rides him twenty miles at a fair pace only, his horse could not suffer much from any want of knowledge of horse affairs on the part of the rider. There can be no doubt but that a man with a neat steady seat, good hands, and good judgment, must be pleasanter to the horse to carry; but the difference between the two riders in such a situation would not materially affect him: under such circumstances the case would be very materially different were the horse drawing a carriage that distance, unless the road was as level as a canal and as hard as a railroad. Twenty miles of injudicious driving on an ordinary road will take a good deal out of very good horses; but make that road heavy, such a one would affect the saddle-horse but little, though it would go a long way towards bringing the harness-horse to a stand-still. This, if any one chose to attend to the sort of thing, he might easily see exemplified with weak horses: he might ride behind a team to-day, and see them run over their ten or twelve mile stage, and come in fresh and cheerful: let there then come two or three wet days, and then a dry one; let him the day after ride behind the same four horses, he would find them, on coming in, in a very different state. He saw them a few days before *springing* without a word into a gallop: he would now see they wanted a little *tying together* to keep them from being all over the road, and only a workman

would have brought them home *at all*. We know that to horses ridden a slight rise of ground makes but little difference; but a rise, if it was not that of ten feet in a mile, makes the whole difference between ease and hard work in harness. If it was not that gentle declivities put the coach-horse comparatively at rest, he could not live at his work. The trotting up a hill of perhaps nearly half a mile in length with three tons after him takes more out of a horse than can be conceived by many persons: he has fairly earned going a mile at his ease afterwards, and quite deserves to be allowed to make the best of his way where the coach runs after him, though it does frighten Uncle Thomas and Aunt.

We will suppose two individuals travelling together, the one with a gig and two persons, the other with a four-wheeled phaeton and four persons. We will say they *ought not* to keep company; that is, not go the same pace: granted; but suppose they *do*, how will the difference of weight affect the two horses? It will be found to do this in a very eminent degree with the horse in draught, unless the road is a perfect level, for every half-hundred-weight tells wofully on the shoulders when pulling up hill.

We will conclude an ordinary gig to weigh 300 lb., which is rather a light one, though I always limit my own to 200 lb., quite strong enough if made of good materials for any gig for two persons. We will average the two persons at 164 lb. each, 11st. 10 lb.; say, with gig and some luggage, 660 lb. Now with this after him any good free stepper will run along nine or ten miles an hour without fatigue; will be able to trot up or down most hills, and consequently need not vary his rate of going more than from eight

to eleven miles an hour according to the variation of ground. Still there may be situations and circumstances arise that even with this light weight may render it judicious to make a further variation in our mode of getting over the ground, which I will specify in the proper place.

We now turn to the four-wheeled machine or *cruelty-van:* this, to carry four persons (happy horse if he does not get six, if six can sit in it) and proportionate luggage, is about as follows: 500 lb. the machine or carriage; 656 lb. the four persons; 20 lb. luggage each, 80 lb.; 1236 lb. the lot. This we must allow is less than the proportion of weight that often, nay generally, falls to the lot of the coach-horse to draw; but we must not by this consider the berth of the four-wheel horse as a comparatively easy one, for four horses will draw a load of three tons, which is 15 cwt. each, with more ease than a single horse can his 1236lb.; and for this very simple reason, that three horses can for a time take the coach along; so the fact is, each horse is not at every moment drawing his 15 cwt. During a stage, each horse feels himself at some one part of it a little more distressed than his neighbours; consequently, as they can do the work for a few hundred yards, he can, by going a little loose in his traces for that distance, recover himself: he then turns to to work again, and another indulges himself in his turn: thus they all get a little occasional respite; and, as I remarked in speaking of hunters, two minutes' ease is an age to a horse in distress. Here the coachman as well as the horseman shows himself, by judging whether the horse slackens from laziness or distress: if in the latter case he was to lay the whip in, he would *sew him up* in half a mile. It is quite

true that a good coachman will make all his horses do their share of the work: this by no means implies that he is to make each horse draw one-fourth of the coach over every yard of the stage; he would tear his stock to pieces if he did: what is meant by making horses work fairly is, making the whole, taking one day with another, share the labour. In riding on a box, if a man is one of *the sort* (I should call him one of the *right sort*) who notices the horses and the coachman, he may probably see one or more of the team merely carrying the harness: we must not infer, because the driver permits them to do this, be it for two or three miles, that he is a bad or careless coachman: no man can judge of the propriety of his doing so but himself. Some horses, like some hounds, like to do all the work at first; others, at the end of the chase or stage; and in this they must be indulged, or they are good for nothing, or would be rendered so. Some horses will never want a touch of the whip over anything like level ground, but are bits of rogues at steep hills: they, therefore, do their share on the whole; and were they punished to make them work up hill, they would *shut up*, jib, and not draw an ounce, probably kick into the bargain. Others, particularly if not quite so fast as their comrades, take very little of the load over the flat, but at hills will take half a coach up it. This is their *forte*, and for this their exertions must be reserved. Some for the first five miles are hasty, and do more than their share, are then to a certain degree exhausted, and worth but little for the remainder of the stage: others only set to work when, in road phrase, they "*smell home:*" then they lug away, and pull your arms off, unless you let them take half the coach.

I remember once travelling by a coach, and remarking the two wheel-horses, both fine powerful greys. I had observed the near horse had not once tightened his traces for upwards of four miles, and on my saying "I supposed he was making up his mind as to when he should set to work," the coachman laughed and said, "His time is very near up now, Sir." He said true enough: in another half mile I saw a hill before us; a couple of hundred yards before we came to it Grey sprang into a gallop, and others joined, and this horse took certainly half the coach to the very top of the hill. The remainder of the stage was all against collar, and Grey never wanted a word said to him the whole way; in fact, he was a horse and a half till we changed, and his comrade about one fourth of one. I am ready to allow that those two wheelers were not such as a man of fortune would select for his team, but in their place they were both good ones; and so long as horses look well and bring their coach home, coachowners must not be too particular *how* they do it, or coachman either, provided it is done safely, and well as to time.

I have calculated the four-wheel machine, horse-slayer, cruelty-van, hell upon earth, by whichever you please to call the abomination, with its appurtenances, at about 1236 lb. weight, nearly double that of a gig with its appurtenances. Now we must bear in mind that one carriage double the weight of another is considerably more than double its specific gravity against the horse, for we must recollect there is, first, double the friction which double weight must occasion, and, secondly, low wheels. How far a four-wheeled carriage might be constructed to carry only the same weight as a gig, and be as easy to the horse, we will

not investigate here, for we are only considering increased weight as that weight is usually to be taken along. As it is, if it was driven in the same way as the gig, it would kill all the horses in England, for we should only have, as *Bobadil* says, to find "*twenty more, kill them*," and so on. It must be remembered I am only supposing the four-wheel machine to go nine miles an hour; so it is not the pace that would do the mischief, but the way the ground would be driven over *with the weight*, which with such persons as drive four to one horse is generally something in this way. Supposing the horse to be a free one, Uncle Thomas, whom I have supposed as the coachman elect, sits rather low, as he does on another seat of a different description: his FIST, for he has no *hands* (at least no driving ones), I will answer for it, is poked about one-foot-eight inches before his body: this brings it within four inches of the dash. Now this is quite necessary for him, for, as his reins are loose, possibly with the kind intention of letting the horse go where he likes, it requires a good long length of pull to enable him to feel the horse's mouth, which is only effected by throwing back his body in the face of the person behind him, Uncle at the same time bringing his fist with the reins in it up to his own chin, and the whip (*such* a whip!) against the nose of Aunt who sits beside him, for Uncle always holds his *tool* directly across the vehicle, or pointing rather backwards, angling for flies on the hind-wheels, in which ever and anon it gets entangled. Here, as Sterne says, "*voila mon oncle!*" If, as I have stated, the nag happens to be a free one, Uncle Thomas being in disposition a kind man, the only use his whip is to him is the very desirable one I have mentioned: if he does

attempt to use it, he hits the harness three times; the fourth, Aunt catches it in her face; and then the fifth, he gets it round the shaft. As Uncle is, I dare say, a disciple of Walton, he has learned, that to hold a fish, and not break the rod, it should be elevated; so to disengage his whip he does this, bringing it into something like a half circle: being most likely half whalebone, it stands this, but not succeeding in undoing the accursed knot, as *Dr. Slop* would call it, my Nevy is called upon, who gets from behind and effects the job. This, however, he does not do quite in the way of a guard to a fast coach; so this occupies no short time: then, after turning himself round three or four times like a terrier dog before he lies down, Nevy gets right (the word is out of place here, so we will say seated), and on they go. "Thank ye, Bobby, you did that very nicely!" — Very!

Now Uncle and all the set have no objection to going fast in every situation and over any sort of road but that precise part where such a machine can be got along with any ease to the horse; so over level ground they go twelve miles an hour, on moderately rising ground ten. If the ground declines a little, and the horse, with more sense than his driver, attempts to get along, he is stopped, fearing he might go *too* fast; so here he goes eight: if it declines a little more, six; and at anything bordering on a hill, nothing but a walk is permitted: so that, in point of fact, it is only where extreme labour is required that the horse is allowed to make his ground, and thus are numberless horses unwittingly distressed and worn out.

Now I am quite willing to allow that with such hands as Uncle Thomas's there is some danger in

going fast down hill with four or five persons and a cruelty-van ; but, in the first place, such men have no business driving *at all ;* secondly, if people want to travel by the dozen and luggage with one horse, they deserve to get into danger ; most especially if they condemn an unfortunate horse to be driven by a man who knows nothing of what he is about. If they wish to go the same pace with one horse that their neighbours do with two, they must let it be done in the most advantageous manner to the animal, or let them travel *en famille*, and get over the ground like Wombwell's elephant, in a walk, with a jog trot by way of a treat occasionally. If I had (which God forbid!) the driving a whole family with one horse, they should go fast enough on occasions, but it should be when, I will answer for it, they would all hold on by the sides of the vehicle. Let coaches walk down hills, their horses would not walk long.

Alluding to trotting down hills, I have allowed that with a driver who has no hands it is to a certain degree dangerous ; but there is danger in most things, and danger must be encountered in most of our pursuits, as it is said, "'tis dangerous to eat, to drink ;" but going a fair pace down hill is not so dangerous, where a *coachman* does it, as many people imagine. If an accident does happen while doing so, the effects may or may not prove more fatal than if it had happened at a slower pace ; but of this I am quite satisfied, that where one horse falls in going eight miles an hour, half-a-dozen would do so at five. When I use the term *hill*, of course I do not mean a precipice.

Although I once before made some observations on that very clever invention, Mr. Tongue's *drag*, I

must do so again in this place; and if the generality of persons knew the effort it is to horses to *hold* heavy carriages in going down hills, they would not be surprised at my doing so. I am quite sure they are more punished by doing this than they are by drawing the same carriage up hill, setting aside the danger to those behind them; and in this respect its great utility is to the full as pre-eminent when applied to light vehicles as to heavier, as few men are intrusted with the latter who are not more or less coachmen; whereas, God knows, we have a pretty copious sprinkling of regular *muffs* who intrust themselves with the charge of the former. When I am quite tired of my life, as a less culpable act than direct suicide, such a gentleman shall drive me; till then, "I thank him very much, but prefer walking." A very low phaeton running on the haunches of a spirited horse *may* be a very safe vehicle, but I don't fancy it; many people do. Give me a proper carriage and good tackle, I am not very nice as to what horses do; but in a low phaeton I feel myself in the situation of a man sitting on a chair behind a horse's heels, and touching him up to see whether he will in return send those heels in the face, an experiment I hold as somewhat dangerous. Now going down a sharp hill in one of these *muddies* is really no joke, but a drag makes it as safe as a level. If I learn that *Mr. Caudle* has ever driven his wife down hill in a low phaeton without one, I shall feel certain all her accusations are well founded. No lady should ever drive herself without one: not only as to hills, but supposing a bolt on the part of her horse, if this drag, which can be set in a minute, is attached to the carriage she drives, that worst of casualties that can

happen to her — namely, a regular runaway — will be prevented. If only one case of this sort was prevented by this clever drag, its inventor deserves the acknowledgments of our fair friends, and ten thousand times more our own.

In this particular attention to the well-doing of their horses, our Continental neighbours give us an example we should do well to follow. Even their two-wheeled carriages, where the weight on them is great, are all furnished with a drag, or rather a stopper, to the wheels; and I understand this is also done in some parts of Scotland: but here a horse is allowed to risk breaking his neck with a cart and a ton and a half to hold down the steepest hill.

Various have been the inventions for stopping horses when running away; some by peculiar bits; some by disengaging them from the carriage; some, or one at least, by *throttling* the horse — I dare say all very clever in their way: but I rather, though very humbly, conceive, that, supposing horses were running away down a hill, bringing them suddenly down by *choking* them might prove rather an awkward experiment, even supposing the *choker*, or whatever it is called, did act to admiration. I was told that, finding themselves choking, the horses would gradually stop. I rather think the person who told me so, though a much cleverer man than myself, has not had quite so much to do with runaway nags as I have, or he would know, that, when, running away horses really will lose all sense of danger or pain, lose all instinct, and are in fact like mad horses, and will face *certain death*. Now, as to the disengaging them from the carriage, of course when horses are going away we may fairly conclude something like from sixteen to eighteen

miles an hour would be the pace, and if I know anything of pace, or carriages, I conceive the carriage, on being disengaged, would not lose its impetus *at once*, but a few yards would get it on the lock. If then some bones and necks were not smashed, they must be of some tougher material than *iron* or *steel*. I have a vague idea that when horses run away in harness the carriage generally runs after them; but if the carriage will *not* run, the horses *cannot*. Upon this principle it strikes me, that instead of puzzling our brains about stopping the *horses*, the far simpler thing would be to stop the *carriage*. This the drag will do, not at once I allow, and so much the safer; nor will it stop the horses at once, or bring them on their *heads* like the choker, but it will very shortly bring them to a confortable little toddle, nor will they object to be brought to a *stand-still*, which will give them time to consider what fools they have been making of themselves. This is better than making minced-meat of their master, or, worse, their fair mistress. People should consider, that with a heavy weight, as with a coach for instance, the lives of sixteen or eighteen persons depend on four things principally, a flaw in either of which is all but certain death to some and fractured bones to others: these are, the pole, the pole chain, the ring in the hames, and the hame strap. If only one of these gives way going down a hill, *good night*, for one wheeler can't hold a coach; and should a pole snap there is *nothing* to hold her. Thus, whether we take it as safety to ourselves, or safety and ease to horses, the coachman or driver, be he who he may, shows that he is neither, if he risks his own, his passengers' and his horses' limbs, without a drag to his carriage in hilly countries. I hold

it equal to a day's rest to a horse in the week, and that is in fact money in his master's pocket.

With respect to the difference of weight as applied to the horse between two and four-wheeled carriages, much may be said for and against both, also as to their danger to the passenger.

Personally, perhaps from habit, I certainly prefer two wheels *for one horse*, and feel perfectly satisfied, in anything like a level country they are beyond all comparison easier to the horse, and in some respects safer. If a horse falls, certainly the four-wheeled carriage has the advantage; but should he become restive, I really know of no more dangerous carriage than a low phaeton. It is true we can jump out, and this renders them safe for ladies; but for a man who knows how and means to make his horse do what he wants, he is all but powerless; in such a carriage in a runaway the thing is truly awful. With two wheels, if the horse shies or bolts, he takes the carriage with him; you have him still straight before you, and you are all right: but in a phaeton, if he does this, and your carriage does not lock under, he gets you on the lock, and over you toddle, the carriage very likely acting as an extinguisher and putting *your* light out at once, whether it does your lamps or no if they are lit. If the carriage does lock under, your horse can stare you in the face before you have time to anticipate such an investigation, and then get him back as you can. If he does no mischief in such a case, he must be a quieter one than has usually fallen to my share to drive.

So much for the safety of the two carriages. Now as to the weight. The regular family *take-em-alls* now so much in use, if only for a short drive and on

level roads, are all very well and very commodious for those who like them, and are blessed with a lot of little *olive branches* that want to get the air; in which case, unless papa is rich, though he must take care of the *branches*, I suspect he gets but few of the *olives*, and a very small modicum of wine to take with them. But supposing he does keep this said carriage, if he thinks, because he gets along very well from Wandsworth, Camberwell, or some such neither London nor country sort of locality, he can take the whole lot pleasantly and easily along a fair and equal trot over a hilly country, he will find himself very far from the mark: he will find he will want mettle, and weight of metal in his horse, and all the knowledge of a coachman accustomed to heavy work, or he will find both himself and the olive branches very soon PLANTED.

I am not at all prepared to say but a four-wheeled carriage may be so constructed as to be quite as advantageous to a horse in a hilly country as a two-wheeled one; for the former has this advantage, that, in going down hill *with a drag on*, the horse has nothing to do but trot down himself, whereas in a gig he has to hold it: but then again he has the advantage in the latter in getting up hills; for, build a four-wheeled carriage as you like, it has to get over every obstruction it meets twice, while the two-wheeled machine has only to surmount it once. But if we wish to enable a horse to draw these two carriages over the same road with equal ease, the four-wheeled one must not have the ordinary wheels under thirty inches, and the fore ones in proportion less. Such a vehicle would never be got along by the side of a good running gig.

Being fond of very fast horses, I have built many

gigs for them. The ordinary run of gigs weigh from three hundred to three hundred and a half. I always, as I have before stated, limit mine for travelling to two hundred, quite enough if they are made of picked materials. Of course I do not allude to Stanhopes, Tilburys, or cabs, all three of which, though quite proper for London stones, are about as fit to drive forty miles on a journey as the Master of the Horse's state-carriage. I once determined to try a four-wheel carriage, and built one: it was only two hundred and a half when complete, as high as a gig, the fore-wheels locking under the seat, so I got them as high as an ordinary Stanhope wheel. This certainly ran along the level as well as any gig, but I was beat up the hills, and found my horse labour at them very differently to what he was accustomed to do in my buggies. I drove it twice; a friend of mine fell in love with it; I did not balk his inclination.

I have asked many travellers, I mean commercial ones, their opinions as to the advantage or disadvantage of four wheels, and find they generally preferred the latter. They stated that they found they got along quite as well in them as in gigs, and they held them to be *safer*. Now I in no way doubt these good people's assertions that THEY got along "quite as well;" but I was and am unfortunately debarred from getting the question I put to them answered by their horse, consequently I am a little sceptical as to whether the horse was included in the THEY, and whether he was considered as one of the firm in the getting along business: for, though not knowing much of trading affairs, I do consider there may be cases where in a firm one partner *gets along* well enough, while the other, though he perhaps gets on

in his business as the horse does on the road, by no means does so with the same satisfaction as his partner. If a man advances ten thousand pounds as capital, and the other nothing, if each make two hundred a-year, it is all very well for him that advances nothing. This is the case with the man in the carriage; the horse is the man advancing the capital, for he advances all the labour: therefore, till the rider has had a pull at the carriage to ascertain its weight, he may be a little incorrect in his statement of the case with which the *concern* is got along; and I rather think he is, for half a ton weight of iron *samples* must come along rather sulkily after a horse; and I shrewdly suspect, that, as the gentleman does not probably deal in iron necks, the supposed security of his own goes a long way in inducing him to think this travelling emporium of iron commodities is got along with as much ease as he supposes. There is but one thing saves their horses: they go slow; and, if not coachmen, at least show their judgment by using a drag: but do what they will, a heavy load on four wheels is getting the power of a horse gazetted long before he ought to leave off business. If, added to this, he is made to go fast, he would certainly not "*take the benefit of the Act*," but would very shortly do what many others in business who have gone too fast have done—"*cut it.*"

Horses are often put to much greater exertion than their owners imagine, from their not being aware of the actual weight of the carriages they use. A lady will perhaps go to a coachmaker's and select for her favourite ponies the lightest-looking carriage she sees there: nor is this confined to ladies: many men would do the same thing, and would very reasonably think that with so toy-like a vehicle their

horses could run along, in common phrase, "as if they had nothing behind them." It would be quite *mauvais ton* to ask the lady to take a pull at the carriage; but we will ask the gentleman to do so; and he would find that the lightest *looking* vehicle (of its class) is and must be precisely the heaviest he could select. Nothing can *look* lighter than the shafts of a fashionable Stanhope or Tilbury: they are nevertheless quite as heavy as those of any cart that takes a ton of hay to market. So it is with all the component parts of a fashionable carriage, to give the *appearance* of lightness: the truth is, these carriages are half iron, and really *horse-killers*.

I have often heard persons remark, that during the day they saw some horse going a great pace in some "large cart." This person would probably be much surprised if he was told that the horse that had the credit of going so fast in the *large cart* was drawing a vehicle far lighter than his gig in specific weight, and constructed on the true principle for following well: in fact, these carts are made on the principle of the match-carts—namely, scarcely any iron, high wheels, straight shafts, and the horse drawing nearly on a line with the axletree; and so to *go* should all gigs be made. I have mentioned I always limit my own to about two hundred: a man not a judge would fancy them nearly double; but the secret is, I use plenty of good tough wood, consequently want very little iron, for I prefer my horses *feeling* my carriage light to my friends thinking it so. This of course holds good with every carriage; and this is the reason why foreign vehicles are not by any means so heavy as they look. Heavy they are, no doubt, for their paved roads require strength; but if they were made to

look light with the same strength, horses could not move them. Those enormous machines we see as carts there are surprisingly light in comparison with their appearance: they are nearly all wood, and not certainly half the weight of our city carts: nor is one of the *provincial* built German carriages so heavy as a britska built by a fashionable London coachmaker. Let me hope that horses may benefit by these hints on the weight of fashionable carriages, by their owners being assured, that though a carriage may appear light, or draw light, on the boards of a coach-maker's shop, on the road against collar they are in reality specifically heavy, and if with low wheels most distressing to horses.

If people merely want a pleasant carriage to lounge in about London, weight matters but little, and a great deal may be sacrificed to taste and appearance; but for any carriage intended for travelling on our roads, there is but one way to get such a one as will save horses, which is, to order it on a good principle, and limit the coachmaker as to weight. He must, for his own character's sake, build it strong enough for its destined purpose, and to do this he must use more wood and less iron. The carriage will not be perhaps so elegant, but the horses will derive incalculable advantage from the order.

I have, in alluding to horses drawing even heavy weights, strongly advocated the using horses very well bred, as I advocate their use for almost every purpose: but I must beg to be understood as doing so only where the weight is in moderation. I do not mean that a thorough-bred horse is equal to draw a one-horse britska with four persons in and two out, with luggage. Where we really want ponderous weight to

be drawn, we must have ponderous weight as well as strength to draw it; but most unquestionably two nearly thorough-bred galloways would beat the one *elephantine* animal hollow, would cost no more to buy, and very little more to keep, independent of going faster, and making the carriage follow so much more smoothly to those riding in or on it; for where one horse is only employed in drawing a heavy carriage, it is exemplifying the old saying, "no longer pipe no longer dance:" the moment the *immense* animal ceases to tug at the *immense* carriage, it partially stops; and when he steps up to his collar, he gives us the same pleasing shock we experience when a railway carriage behind gives the one we are riding in one of its forcible *hints* to move on. With two horses this is not the case, for one or the other keeps it going. Now in a gig, I could tell with my eyes shut, if I was riding in it, whether it was drawn by one horse or two tandem. In the latter case a jerk is seldom felt; in a gig it occurs constantly. What is it makes drawing boats or barges so truly distressing to horses but the everlasting weight on their shoulders from there being of course no declivities to relieve them? So it is in a mitigated sense with the one horse in heavy draught: he is always (or comparatively so) at work. When he ceases to be this for the shortest period, the great effort he is forced to make to carry on the carriage again gives the shock I have described, and clearly proves the greatness of the effort. Now this shock bringing sometimes noses close to each other may be pretty fun enough if a gentleman is sitting on one side and a very lovely pair of lips on the other, if he is good *marksman* enough to catch them; but as in the absence of the "cherry ripes"

one might be seated *vis-a-vis* a pair of moustaches, I could see no fun in playing battering rams, thick as my scull may be—and in good truth its thickness has been pretty well tried in more ways than committing its fugitive thoughts to paper.

A very great error existed for a long time as to the proper application of weight to horses in two-wheeled carriages : with some it probably exists still, though certainly not so generally as it did some years since. This error arose from a perfectly evident conclusion, that the more weight we throw on the horse's back, the less there must be on the wheels ; and to effect this a much greater portion of weight was put *before* the axle in old gigs than in modern ones. Nothing certainly could be more absurd than to suppose this was advantageous to the horse ; and yet many sensible men entertained the idea. There can be no doubtbut if we take, say a hundred-weight off the wheels and put it on the horse's back, the wheels would certainly make a hundred-weight less impression on the road, being that much lighter ; but it by no means follows that the change is in favour of the horse : in fact, common sense tells us it is the reverse ; for if the changing the hundred-weight was advantageous, it must follow that if we could pack the two persons, their luggage, gig, and all on his back, it would be better still ; and so on, till, in lieu of a horse *drawing* a ton of hay, we should be making the experiment of trying how he *could* carry it, in which I rather imagine we should fail. That weight hanging back so far as to cause any exertion of the horse to keep it down must be a useless expenditure of labour, is quite certain ; in fact, the desideratum is to give him if possible increased hold of the ground ; but the putting

any portion of weight on his back that he can so much more easily draw is preposterous. A fact has been often proved on the other side to this: put a load behind a horse which he cannot move, and then put an 18st. man on his back, he will draw it. This only shows the effect of increased weight against weight; but it would be a rather curious manœuvre to put an 18st. postilion on one of a pair of horses in order to facilitate his going ten miles an hour in harness, even allowing we took the 18st. from the carriage. Still in many ways are the powers of horses wasted in nearly as ridiculous a manner from want of consideration. It is quite clear, that whatever presses against the front part of the axle has a tendency to drive the wheels back, while whatever acts upon its back part has an opposite effect. If the hind-wheels of those enormous machines the omnibusses were placed a yard further backwards, every jolt would act with a retrograde effect, whereas now each jolt that gives the body a swaying motion actually appears to be kicking the axle (and consequently the wheels) forwards, and to a certain degree does so. Place an elastic perch between two sets of wheels, namely, the fore and the hind ones, and let a weight fall on the centre of the connecting perch, the hind-wheels will be found to move backwards and the fore ones forwards, which shows that pressing behind one axle and before the other produces the effect I have stated: make the perch perfectly stiff, no effect on the wheels as to propelling backwards or forwards would be produced. It may be said the body of an omnibus is not elastic: granted; and place that body straight on the two axles, the two pair of wheels would each move forward in the same degree if the carriage was pulled,

no matter whether the hind-wheels were a yard farther more backward or more forward; but as the elliptic springs before and behind allow the carriage the liberty of pitching forwards and backwards, or in other words up and down, when the hinder part dips, it in a certain manner gives a forward impetus to the hind-wheels, and the carriage progresses. Carriages are specifically lighter without a perch than with one; but if we were to place the hind-wheels of such carriages very far behind, the body being on springs, I have no doubt but that, notwithstanding the additional weight a perch would be, such carriage would run lighter with one than without, as it would, by connecting the two axles, prevent the inclination backwards given to the hinder one by the pressure of the weight before it. If horses could talk they would very much enlighten us as to where we *do* and where we do *not* apply weight to their advantage.

To enable horses to draw weight with the most ease to themselves, it must be quite evident that the means by which they draw being so adjusted to enable them to work with the greatest comfort and advantage ought to be most minutely attended to; but it is a lamentable fact, that in our own country this is less attended to where the greatest labour is often required than it is where less exertion is called for; and I must with sorrow but candour confess, I do hold the lower orders of my countrymen, when they appear in the character of omnibus drivers, postboys, horse-keepers in coaching stables, carters, grooms, with a long string of *et-ceteras*, to be the greatest brutes possible to horses. The very wretch who owes his livelihood to an unfortunate ass or miserable pony uses him ill, and hundreds of animals are daily working in

torture, where one shilling out of the many his brutal master spends in brutalising himself would remedy the evil; but, without alluding to suffering occasioned by such wanton neglect and brutality, many horses work to great disadvantage from mistaken notions in their masters, arising from not knowing how to order things better, or from a wish to be thought stylish, knowing, or fashionable. A few years since it became the fashion to have a collar made so light-looking that the part over the withers was not wider than a pair of tweezers, and the lower part under the throat about the size of the coral necklaces then so much the fashion with ladies. This minute appendage was all right and proper on a beautiful neck, any part of which it amounted to profanation to hide, and which was intended and let us hope destined to be pressed by some favoured and thrice happy lover; but its copy became a sad source of suffering to the neck of an animal destined to labour in our service in drawing heavy weights; yet for years animals were compelled to suffer thus in gentlemen's carriages, and more especially in hackney-coaches. Stage coachowners were the first to get sensible collars, and the late mania for imitating stage-coaches, stage-coachmen, and stage-harness, first brought gentlemen and others to use proper collars: thus hundreds of the best educated and most enlightened men of their age were set right by some man who probably had never learned his A B C, but, fortunately for horses, possessed common sense. What has been the result? instead of shoulders frightful to look upon, we now see hundred-and-fifty guinea horses in harness during a portion of the year without a hair disturbed or the vestige of a collar-mark. The present

roads have, I allow, a good deal to do with this, but this has nothing to say in extenuation of our former folly; indeed only proves, when by a very simple process good roads have been made, what a set of apes men must be who for centuries have been contented with bad ones! Sir J. M'Adam stands just in the position of Columbus with the egg: the making good roads was only a happy hit, but a hit that has rendered the public his everlasting debtor.

It is now a universal cry, "it's of no use to load a horse with harness." In this I fully agree. Then comes the addenda, "the less he has the better." This as a general maxim I must pertinaciously deny. They will say "harness heats horses;" no doubt it does; so can a man walk more pleasantly without an umbrella over his head than with one, but a good soaking rain makes him congratulate himself he has one with him. So we need not encumber a pair of horses with breeching to take a drive round the Regent's Park; but I should not think I consulted their comfort during a tour in Wales, if, to avoid their carrying a pound of leather each, I obliged them to hold a carriage by their necks down Welsh hills. The same thing would hold good in single harness, nay more so, for going down hills in two-wheeled carriages is the only place where they are disadvantageous to the horse.

Driving a journey without bearing-reins is decidedly a great relief to most horses; so, because men who are coachmen are seen doing this *on the road*, every yahoo who takes a pair in hand does the same thing through the streets of London with two horses with mouths like bulls. Even 1845 *Commercial Gentlemen*, who now daily drive wholesale warehouses on wheels

about the street, eschew a bearing-rein: they would probably say it is "*dem'd* slow" to use one; so on they go with a boring brute that they can only pull up on his nearly taking an inside place in the omnibus before him. I must be *dem'd* slow, for I maintain there is not one horse in twenty that can be got through a crowded street (properly) without one. To thread a throng of carriages smoothly, and without any pully-hauly work, will keep a good coachman on the *qui vive*, and to do this the horses must be on the *qui vive* also: when they are (to use a Snip's phrase), we can shove them through an eyelet hole —when I say *we*, I should rather say a coachman can.

Reverting to the article of the collar, on which so much of the comfort of a horse depends in drawing, I beg to make a remark or two on breast-collars. They are great favourites of mine under *certain* circumstances; but I should be very sorry to condemn the wheeler of a coach to work in one, though over a light stage I think them good things for a pair of leaders: they are light and cool: I like them for a very light buggy for the same reasons: but if they were used where a fixed splinter-bar is necessary, they must cut horses' shoulders to pieces. This requires but little explanation. Leaders draw from a loose bar, consequently, on the advance of each shoulder in stepping, the end of the bar on the same side can advance also, leaving the breast collar stationary on the breast; but where each trace goes to a fixed splinter-bar, the trace on that side being also immovable, the shoulder advancing must be galled by the collar passing from side to side over it, and thus, if the weight to be drawn was heavy, the

friction would be greater than any skin could bear, It may be said our forefathers used them to their carriages: they did; but those venerated gentlemen never heard of ten miles an hour. The friction on a locomotive destined to move a plough three miles an hour would not cause much wear and tear: it becomes somewhat different with one going fifty.

If used for gigs (where these collars answer very well for fast going and light vehicles) care must be taken the bar is left full motion, so that the ends to which the traces go may advance and recede several inches. Now here is an error daily made by the best coachmakers, and which not one owner of a gig in a hundred ever thinks of rectifying. Why was a movable bar first used to a gig in lieu of the old small trace-hook fixed inside the shaft? It adds nothing to the neat appearance of the carriage, adds a trifle of weight, and moreover generally becomes soiled by the horse, and then has a dirty look. Its introduction arose from a wish to avoid any unpleasant motion being given to the carriage by the alternate advance of the horse's shoulders, to give those shoulders more freedom of action, and consequently to lessen the probability of galling them; and so it would if it were permitted to act like the swingbar of a leader: but coachmakers in their wisdom first fix it to the cross-bar by a strong leather, six inches wide, so as to render it a fixture; and then, from fear there *should* be any chance of its *only* utility taking place, they add two more straps near each end, so that it is just as immovable as the splinter-bar of a four-wheeled carriage, consequently would be far better removed altogether out of the way; for, as it is, it is merely an inconvenience: but many such

inconveniences are in daily use, from many of which horses suffer.

In assisting horses in drawing heavy weights up hill, a very great deal may be done in a way that is very little attended to; namely, by a proper hind shoe. I have pointed this out to many coachmen when sitting beside them, and I only recollect one who had ever given the thing a thought; though, on my pointing out the disadvantage the horses worked under from its neglect, they always promised they would take the hint.

I make no doubt many of my readers, when riding on a box and going up hill, have observed the leaders (who are or ought to be called upon pretty freely at such times); if they have, they have also remarked the twisting of their hocks, and indeed the whole leg, from side to side: this chiefly arises from the bad form of the shoe. It is quite clear that in going up steep hills the toe of the hind foot takes the first bearing on the ground; indeed, some horses on these occasions hardly press it with the heel at all. It must be quite evident that the greater expanse of bearing we give a foot on the earth the firmer must be the tread, and as the hind foot is the great fulcrum by which a horse gets up hill with a load, too much attention cannot be given to effect the firmest hold for it. The toes of shoes are very generally made round, or nearly so; the consequence is, the horse's toe comes to the ground on a very small segment of a circle — in fact, on a pivot — the effect of which is, the foot turns to the right and left, and the legs and hocks naturally follow the turn of the foot: this of course produces the twisting of the hocks I allude to, and the leg not being able to be kept straight, the

horse loses a large portion of his powers: spavins, curbs, thorough-pins, and strained ligaments are the future consequences, and fatigue the present one. The shoe should be made *square* at the toe to the very *extreme verge* of the foot: it then comes to the ground with from two inches to two inches and a half firm hold; whereas in many instances it has not half an inch, indeed sometimes (if newly shod) less. Surely it is worth the trouble of seeing a horse is properly shod when we can increase his powers and comfort so mūch by doing so!

The want of proper attention to both greasing or oiling wheels, and afterwards the way they are put on, is often a sad increase of labour to a horse. A man might think, if his gig or carriage had just come from a coachmaker's, any care in this particular must be uncalled for: now this is *just the time* when it is *most* wanted, particularly if *he made it*: if he did not, and it only went for some repairs, and he was desired to look to the axles, they may then rattle away to their hearts' content. He will tell you they are either a bad sort, or the arms or boxes are worn out: his business is to get to put in *new ones*, not to make yours go well: but if he has made the carriage, my life on it he screws them up tight enough then, and will put the *screw* on the purchaser too pretty well as to price. The latter part of the business does not affect the horses, but the former does terribly: one turn of the winch too far makes a carriage a horse heavier in point of following; so, to make certain a pair of axles shall run still to do credit to the maker, horses are often half killed. I have many times had the wheels tried when coming from a coachmaker's, and found they could scarcely be got round. It is a common

thing for them to say, "they will work themselves *easy*:" they will in time; but they would work my horses *hard* before they did so. The weight of a carriage, like that of a man, is always quite enough, without its being made more distressing by our inattention or want of judgment. Neither men nor carriages are feather-weights to horses, but they are equal to these when all is properly arranged. Want of judgment, want of attention, and want of consideration are the *welter-weights* that *kill!*

EDUCATING HORSES.

"'Tis Education makes us all." — ZARA.

THAT the term Education may appear misapplied, or at all events inappropriate, as regards horses, I am quite aware — it is for this very reason I have adopted it, hoping by so doing to awaken ideas on the subject somewhat at variance with the general term of *breaking* horses.

If horses were, what Wombwell's showman assures us the laughing hyæna *is*, "a hanimal *untameable* by man," we may take great credit to ourselves when we can say, as he does, notwithstanding the "hanimal being *un*tameable, this one you see *is* parfectly tame." Now to show "the most woraciousest beast in the forest, wot entices the young children into the woods by his cries and then dewours them," as he says, "parfectly tame," does credit to the tamer; but horses are neither *untameable*, difficult to tame, nor "woracious" (in a general way): so I consider the term *educating* implies the mode of treatment required by most young horses better than the hackneyed one of *breaking*; for we must always annex the ideas of force and violence to the latter term, and in nineteen cases in twenty neither the one nor the other is required, or *should be used*, towards colts.

The system of education advocated and described by friend Jean Jacques Rousseau as very proper for his *élève* might lead us to imagine the Island of Utopia

was the *locale* the tutor had in view as the residence of his *protégé*. His idea, taken as a whole, was perhaps visionary, and the picture too highly coloured: but if we made a copy, and softened down the tints a little, we should have nearly a perfect composition: we only then want a perfect engraver, and posterity would derive much benefit from the efforts of the two artists.

In giving hints or offering ideas on any subject, it may very naturally be expected that the person doing so should confine himself to the subject in question; but I never could bear confinement in any way: I must "run loose in my traces," or I cannot *work at all*. In writing, this erratic habit actuates me in double force; but as I have not vanity enough to suppose that in treating on any particular subject I can so interest a reader as to make him consider my quitting it of much consequence, I feel apology would be useless, as I am aware I should sin again and again.

In corroboration of what I have said, I now offer a few hints on *breeding* horses. This I allow has nothing to do with educating them; but it strikes me forcibly that before we can *educate* them, we must *get* them somehow, and as before we can get them they must be bred, I shall venture a few ideas on that process, though they will not be many, and, for the further advantage of the reader, the means of conveying those ideas shall be made as short as possible. I ought to have mentioned something about breeding in the title of this paper, but I did not, and I never alter anything I have written. If it was better, it would be worth this: but as it is, its only merit (if any merit it has) is the coming before the public *as it*

is: not but that the public is entitled to the compliment of full dress, but I have tact enough to be aware, that as men who have nothing aristocratic about them in appearance never look better than in a shooting-jacket, so I consider my scribblings would lose by laying aside their homely garb.

The first thing to be considered by any one contemplating breeding is the purpose for which he intends to breed: and even then (to use a figurative expression) to breed to the purpose falls to the lot of very few breeders among the many. By considering the purpose for which a man intends to breed, I mean he should first consider whether he means to do so for his own use or for sale — in other words, for himself or the public. If he breeds for his own use, he has to consider the nature of the service to which he means to put the horse, and then to endeavour to breed the best sort of animal for that service. In considering what is the best description of horse for different purposes, the only true guide is what is held to be so in the opinion of the majority of competent judges. This I allow a man need not attend to if he breeds for his own use, and is arrogant enough to think he knows better than all these put together: and in truth I am led to imagine something like this opinion does actuate many breeders, when I see the number of queer animals produced, and considered by their *owners* as *promising stock*.

There can be no doubt that among the best judges a little difference of opinion may exist as to what is the best sort of horse for different purposes. This difference will, however, chiefly be as to size, and one man preferring them more highly bred than another: in other particulars most good judges think pretty

nearly alike. On one point they *all* agree; namely, that of his *class* all horses should be of a good sort, and have good action. These two qualifications should never be overlooked or disregarded, whether we want a horse to carry a jockey or draw a plough. Breed, or try to breed, *everything* the *best of the sort*: middling stock of any kind cannot pay — at least cannot pay well — and it is worse than waste of time and trouble to breed such.

If a man breeds for his own use, and has any particular or singular opinions about animals, he has of course a right to breed in accordance with those opinions, be they right or wrong: but if a man breeds for the public, even allowing his ideas to be more correct than those of the public as to what is the choicest animal, it would in this case be highly injudicious in him to breed to please his own fancy; for if he breeds to sell, the commonest sense must tell him to breed what *will* sell; and he may depend upon it, let him think as he will, it is the *best* that will do so. A man may be a better judge of any given thing than five thousand other men, but the public is a better judge than probably any one man living. If a breeder is *modest* enough to think that he knows more than the public, and can consequently lead that public, he is the very man to breed as *he* likes and what *he* likes; and (to try his strength) I would recommend him to get a cross between a whale and a cameleopard, and enter him in a Produce stake. If he gets high up in the betting, I will allow my present deference to public opinion to be wrong; but till this event comes off, I most strenuously recommend every breeder to consult public taste and opinion: I think of the two he will find it the safest speculation.

I beg the reader will not for a moment suppose me

guilty of so great presumption as contemplating the giving *instructions* on breeding or instructions on anything. I merely venture a few opinions on producing the animal before we educate him.

We will take the race-horse first, as the highest class of animals bred; in the breeding of which we have not only to consult the opinion of good judges and of the public, but *fashion*. There is perhaps no animal known over whose value *before* trial "fashion holds such sovereign sway" as it does over the racing colt. In the breeding of him the owner has three things to consider (he will find by-the-by that he has a thousand); but in allusion to the first three, let him determine whether he intends to breed to *run*, to *sell*, or to take the chance of running and selling.

If a man means to breed with a view to running his horses, we naturally suppose he would wish to run and win. I must make, however, a little digression here, for I see the word *we* has slipped under my pen. Now this word *we* includes myself among those who I state might naturally suppose a man as wishing to *run and* WIN. Now, without knowing much, I am really not such an ignoramus as this; it would therefore be very *un*natural if I and many others supposed that a man would wish to run and win *always*. We will therefore only say, we conclude if a man breeds to run that he wishes to breed such horses as *can* win *when* they are wanted to do so. I have made a short *bolt* in the last few lines, but have, by doing so, got into *straight running*. I hope my reader is not hoping to see me *shut up*, for I am quite *within my length* as yet. I am, however, lying a little too far out of my ground, so will *run up* to my subject again.

In breeding to run, the first thing is getting mares of *running* blood, whether they could run themselves

or not. The next is to get sires of running blood also; if good runners themselves, so much the better; but with a particular mare it is sometimes quite judicious to select for *her* a sire that may as a race-horse have been inferior to many others, for that horse may in a very eminent degree happen to have the very quality in which the mare has been found deficient: whereas we might get a mare that had won many races, and a sire that had done the same, and yet have very little chance of getting a winner from them: for though both might have won many races at particular lengths or weights, if whatever failing the one had the other possessed also, we should, by breeding from them, probably be laying the foundation of that failing being perpetuated in the progeny in an *increased* degree, while we might only get their best quality in a very diminished one. The great desideratum is therefore to endeavour to perpetuate the good qualities of both sire and dam, while by a judicious cross we endeavour to at least neutralize the bad ones. To do this, therefore, a man does wisely, when breeding for his own use, to forego a fashionable stallion for one that with a particular mare may give fair hopes of producing a runner. What I have said on this subject, be it correct or erroneous, or partly both, is sufficient to show what I mean by breeding to *run*.

Breeding to sell I hold to be quite a different affair. The man breeding for himself has only himself to please: I will bet long odds he does not do *that*. However, he is not bound to try to please any other person. Now the man breeding to sell must please himself but in one way, and that is, by pleasing the public: if he can do that he will be sure to please

himself, for his stock will *sell*, and probably pay him. If the blood does not please the public, that is, is not *fashionable* blood, the produce will *sell* also—but at about ten pounds a head as yearlings. I don't think it *very* probable these will pay him. Breeders, like other men, have their predilection for certain blood, and fancy this sire or that; but a man must indulge in no fancies who breeds to sell: it does not matter what *he* likes or does not like, it is what *others* like that must guide him.

A friend of mine asked my advice some time since as to the best sire to put a mare of his to. I knew her well: she was in fact once mine. I mentioned a sire; he asked if I liked the horse? I said—what is the truth—that I hated him. "Did I then think he was likely to get a good runner with the mare?" I very candidly allowed I considered it all but impossible, knowing the mare as I did. He of course asked my reason for recommending a horse I disliked, and moreover did not think would suit the mare? I replied in very few words: "I dislike the horse, and always did: but the public like him: he is fashionable, and that is enough. I know he is the last horse in the world to suit the mare as to the probability of a runner; but the public do not know this. It is only particular circumstances that make him so bad a horse for her; for as regards the blood on both sides, there could not be a better mixture than the two. The public know this, and your object is to *sell*, not *run*, and the produce will sell, bred as it will be."

The man who breeds to both run and sell has more to consider than either of the former, for he must not only try to get good ones, but *fashionable* good ones. What I should call a fair good horse,

whose blood may not be fashionable, may go away and win his master money, which is all the man who breeds to run wants; but such a horse will not bring a long price: he may be good to *use*, but not to *sell*. Those bred to sell are or should be sold *untried*: so they may be very good to *sell*; but if one out of ten of these prove really good to use, the man is fortunate who gets him. The man who runs his horses, and sells if he can, must get good ones, or they will not sell. He must, still more than either of the other breeders, breed so as to get as far as possible great strength and size: he can then save himself a little with bad ones, for a very bad or at least a very slow one, if big enough and strong enough, will command a certain price for other purposes; whereas a middling-sized light race-horse that cannot run is worth comparatively nothing. Thus, in this breeder's case, a good deal must be sacrificed in the choice of blood in order to select such sires as generally get *large* stock. I should say large and strong; for large horses without strength are sad speculations. They may run two or three times as young ones, but are then good for no purpose on earth.

Hunters, like all other horses, are of course sometimes bred for a person's own use, and at others for sale. In the former case, a man breeds or tries to breed horses adapted to his particular country or particular notions of excellence; acting on these principles, of course different persons produce stock of very different qualifications; and so long as a variety of opinions among men exist, these different sorts of stock are useful, and will sell provided they are good of the sort, and the sort is good. The low strong weight-carrier will be sought with avidity by many

men and for many countries, and is a very safe horse to breed. The taller, higher bred, racing-looking nag has also his admirers and his particular country; but in either, symmetry and muscular power must be the great aim of the breeder if he means his horse to be at a proper time worth educating. It is true, if a man happens to have bred a light ten-stone hunter, if he is clever there are ten-stone men to be found to buy him: but such a horse will not in one case in a hundred pay half his expenses when sold. With a colt likely to grow into such a horse, it would be economy to send him as a present to the kennel: you would be sure to get thanks for him; and you will be sure not to make a guinea by him if kept: in short, he is certain (I may say) to prove a heavy loss—that is, if reared in the way and at the expense a colt must be reared if he is ever intended to make a fine horse.

We have hunters, from the regular half-bred to the thorough-bred horse. I believe most men will allow that for the pace hounds go now the breeder must act upon a very different system, if he means to *sell*, to that pursued fifty years since. We must have very high breeding to *get the pace*, and great strength to *support* it. The pace, that is the speed, is very easy to get; but speed and strength, combined with all the knowledge, care, and expense we may use, must only be expected in a very few out of the number of colts we may breed. It is the loss on the others that renders breeding so expensive, and its realisation in the few that causes those few to bring such enormous prices as they do.

In breeding the half or three-quarter bred horse, different men go on different principles. The ge-

nerality put a half-bred mare to a thorough-bred sire, a mode that I should say is mostly attended with the best success. Some use the thorough-bred mare and half-bred sire, while others breed from sire and dam half or three-quarters bred. I have in several instances seen the experiment tried of putting a direct cart-mare to a thorough-bred sire, and *vice versâ*. I have never yet seen this answer. The produce from such a connexion does not, as might be anticipated, possess the strength of the cart parent, lightened by the thorough-bred throughout his general formation, but is mostly a brute with light legs and body, with the head and shoulders of the regular cart-horse; or, at all events, in some parts or other of his form, he will be this kind of nondescript; at least all I have seen bred by such a cross have been so. I quite agree with the opinion of many that the produce generally partakes more of the quality of the sire than the dam. This idea, or fact (if it is so), leads many people into the very great error of being careless in their choice of mares. I think, from what I have seen, the Irish err particularly in this respect; for, speaking in a general way, provided they get a good sire, they put the veriest wretches on earth to him. I am not quite sure but that to this practice we may attribute the fact that Irish horses have hitherto been more cross-made than ours. This peculiarity of form I fancy I perceive to be gradually getting less particular; they certainly are much improved in their breeding; God knows, they *used* to produce three-cornered ones enough; and three-cornered ones are almost sure to come from parents differing so widely in point of quality.

To breed hunters, although I consider they cannot

be too highly bred *if strong*, provided I got a sire of good temper, sound constitution, and with lasting qualities, I should not care one farthing about his having been first-rate as a race-horse. In a general way, I should say the horse that was not would get the best stock as hunters: we want hunters to be flyers *as hunters*, but we don't want *Derby* flying. Elis is a favourite sire, very deservedly so in his way; but I would not put a mare to him to breed a hunter: I could point out many at one-fifth of his price I should greatly prefer. I have all the profound respect for Elis he could wish, but I should not like his prototype for a hunter. If horses are high bred enough, be the blood what it may, if they are *big* enough, they will generally be *fast* enough (for *hunters*). I like a hunter with racing speed; personally I do not call a horse half one that has not. I mean, by racing speed, racing four-mile speed. A race-horse may be able to go over the Beacon Course under his eight minutes, but not be one to win many general races; yet I should like him mightily as a hunter. It is not running four miles in a very short time that wins races: a horse may do that, and be found wanting in *finishing*; it is the extraordinary *extra* exertion of a few strides that wins races. This many good and honest horses *cannot* make, and are beat by less *intrinsically* good ones who *can*. This is not wanted in the hunter, but the four-mile *stamina* *is*, and regular good honest *slares* of race-horses are the sort to get hunters. Speed is occasionally perpetuated, but by no means to be calculated upon as a certainty: I really think *constitution* is, if found in sire and dam. Constitution is a great desideratum in a hunter, both as regards lasting for the day in severe

long runs, coming out again in reasonable time, and also in condition. I have no wish for fat horses, but I hate a frightened, harassed, staring-coated looking wretch, which ill-constitutioned ones generally are. I do not mind horses being, like myself, light in flesh, but I must have them looking, what I do not, *blooming*. Clipping will of course give a short coat; but if from want of constitution we want condition, the coat will still *stare*, and only represent the hard shoe-brush instead of the blacking one. To please me he must look like that accommodation for the destitute, a silk hat, where a fine gloss is to be had for ten shillings: condition is rather more expensive. On the other hand, I never wish for this hard constitution in a race-horse; in fact, I think it objectionable; for with a horse of this sort we must bring him out too high, or knock his legs to pieces, and his energy too, to get him in proper form. Here geldings have the advantage. Most men are too sanguine as to what their colts are likely to do to cut them: they might regret having done so by one colt in fifty: I should say this would be the maximum: this is, however, matter of opinion among men: I have mine, and as probably no other person would have it, I intend to keep it.

There are some thorough-bred sires that almost invariably get large bony stock. To some of these, from objectionable blood or want of racing qualities, I should never put a racing mare under the idea of getting a race-horse; but such are the horses to put mares to to get hunters.

Breeders of race-horses have now a great advantage over those of by-gone days. Now with a colt of favourite blood that can run a bit, the foreign

market is a sure one, and at a large price if the colour is what they like; for though we care little about this, some nations make it a very considerable object. The Russians, for instance, will not give a farthing for a horse with much white about him, and other nations have their predilections and fancies; but, rich as John Bull boasts himself (and boast he is sure to do if he is so), he is comparatively parsimonious in the price of horses. This foreign market is certainly a wonderful encouragement to breeders of *fine* horses, and so far does good as an encouragement; but though I hope I am not in the generality of things illiberal or ill-natured, I am a little so in horses. We have, take them all in all, the finest breed in the world; and my pride in them is such I should wish to keep them to ourselves. I do not exactly see that letting our best mares and sires go abroad is likely to effect this; but as they are permitted to be sent, of course I am wrong.

The other great advantage the present breeder of thorough-bred or first class horses possesses is this:—if a good-sized thorough-bred one, cannot race, he may now make a steeple-racer or hunter. A hundred years since a thorough-bred hunter was not seen; his being thorough-bred would have prevented his being tried as one: consequently in those days a race-horse, or rather a horse bred for racing that could not run, was positively worth nothing to any one, except at a later period to Mr. Tattersall's grandfather: to him they were worth a good deal when he went to Newmarket to sell them; but now, should a good-sized thorough-bred one not be likely to make even a hunter, if his trotting action is good, he is worth more for harness than our worthy grandfathers gave for their best

hunters! while, on the other hand, I am afraid it is a fact, that with our fathers and their friends hunters brought on an average longer prices than they do now, though show and harness-horses not so much. But Hugo Meynell, during the whole of the Billesdon Coplow run, did not cross one railroad! If he had, "the iron would have entered into his soul." Now the *taking* blood and pedigree is Show, by Trade, dam by Railroad out of Smoke; grandam Steam, by Boiler out of Stevenson's Burst—Scaldings, &c. No better blood than this. They have all a turn of speed, can go long lengths, and are *sure to win*, because they are *always* lucky enough to get a *walk over*. This will *do*: but they sometimes get a *turn over*: how do ye *do* then?

If I bred horses for first-rate harness-horses, I should prefer breeding from sires and dams both highly bred, but neither thorough-bred. I think by this better harness action is got, and action—that is, *knee* action—sells horses for show purposes. For *this*, to get a distant cross with that superlative beast of beasts, the Hanoverian, is no bad thing. I hate them when genuine; hate them from head to tail; in fact, the tail is the only bearable part about them: any particle of their blood does harm if we want a good horse; but they make a *show*, and this is what all the world is aiming at, and leads to so many being *shown up*. These horses—like friends, members of parliament, and many great men—make a great fuss about what they intend to do, but when really called upon, will, and very often can, do *nothing*. This is why they are employed in funerals: they can just manage *that*; they are very well for the *dead*, though good for nothing for the *living*, and when employed for the former are not often, I presume, employed for

him twice; and, indeed, latterly only one of them is frequently used for such purposes, in lieu of two or four, so their merits are properly appreciated *at last*. They are very properly and appropriately used by our Sovereigns when they go to express their royal and implicit confidence in what great men *will* do; and here they are emblematical! for you would suppose them equal to all obstacles and difficulties, but will probably fail when put to the test. They are equally appropriately used by the same august personages when they go to thank the great men for what they *have* done. Here they are quite in place, for they also get much praised and admired for doing very little. Their colour, at least the colour of those used on these two occasions, is somewhat emblematical also: we read of the *cream* of a joke; we also *hear* of the *cream* of the good things of life: surely the colour of these animals was not fixed upon to infer that all the *cream* of these good things goes to support a few, and the skim milk is left for the many! These Hanoverians are, however, very handsome (I mean the *horses*), but Germans cost a good deal in being supported.

Though I have stated my dislike to the *genuine* German—that is, Hanoverian—horse for English purposes, I am quite clear that a cross would turn out well if a good coloured, good-shaped sire was selected; for notwithstanding their high action, some of them are really fast (for short distances), and this is all that is wanted in show horses. They almost invariably carry themselves well for harness purposes. We value hunters and race-horses for their merits, but Hanoverians are far better for show and state purposes. For this reason I recommend a cross with such a sire, and am quite sure it would answer.

If a man wishes to breed hacks, there are two sorts to breed—the blood-like galloping hack, and the trotting hack. By the first, I should say, a man *must* lose money, because there is seldom merit enough in them to command remunerating prices; for the really clever galloping hack seldom has high action, and most people (be it right or be it wrong) prefer those which have; consequently, the latter are the safest to breed *for market*. Good action in a hack will always sell him; and we certainly run a much greater chance of getting this if we breed from trotting stock, independent of sometimes getting something *uncommon* as to pace, when of course he will bring a very long figure, and is a trump card. We must also consider that if the trotting bred colt has good action, his pace is to be wonderfully improved by practice; and, provided we do not deteriorate that action, the more we increase his speed the more valuable he becomes. This is not the case with the galloping hack; if he goes smoothly, safely, and handsomely, we can make him no better: he is fast enough *for a hack*; and if by training we increased his speed, he would be worth no more, nineteen times in twenty not half so much; for we should spoil him as a hack, and as a hack only we want him. To breed hacks I should select a low compact very highly-bred mare, a trotter herself, and put her to a regular trotting sire; not that we *insure* a trotter by this, but we put ourselves in the way of it, and must then trust to our good luck; and I am quite clear that good luck and chance have much more to do with getting *goers* in any pace than is generally supposed: I am sure they have with race-horses; in proof of which how many scores are bred where every care and judgment has

been used in choice of crosses and blood likely to tell, and how seldom anything extraordinary is produced! and when it is, it is often a produce from which the breeder expected the least. It is of course always wise to do that which is most likely to produce what we want, and to breed from *going* blood; but we all know how very general is the disappointment when all this is done. A horse must be thorough-bred of course to be anything like first-rate as a race-horse; but if he *is thorough-bred*, and the blood not radically *bad*, I still must say I consider chance is not to be despised as a friend, and is often found so.

I think trotting in a general way is more perpetuated in its breed than galloping; for in breeding from a certain strain on *both* sides we may pretty nearly insure a trotter more or less; and trotting being (at least I consider it so) a more artificial pace than galloping, if we get the action we can always increase the pace of the trotter in a greater degree than we can that of the race-horse. The speed of the latter I consider to be increased by training *more* in reference to speed as to a *distance* than for a few hundred yards. This arises from improvement in wind and condition. It is not impossible (though I am far from saying it is the case) that a two-year-old in fair state as to flesh might be able to go a quarter of a mile as fast before he went into training as he could afterwards, some perhaps faster; but even for that distance the speed of the trotter may to all but a certainty be very greatly increased; in proof of which all butchers' horses get faster than they were when they bought them, not only for a distance but for two hundred yards. A very fast thorough-bred hunter in fine hunting condition will be made somewhat

faster by training; that is, he will be able to go a greater distance when quite extended than he could before; he will also go two miles somewhat quicker than he could before; but training will not increase his speed for a short distance in the *same* ratio as practice will that of a trotter. This induces me to call *extraordinary* speed in trotting more an artificial capability than that of speed in the gallop, where each have the natural gift of going in their different paces; for this reason I would with under-sized horses, which the hacks should always be, aim at getting a trotter by breeding from trotters. Should they not ride quite as we wish, they are worth long prices for harness: if the galloping sort do not ride well, they are worth literally nothing: the Penny Postboys would not like them, and they are fit for no one else.

In breeding, I believe the fact is not absolutely yet proved as to whether the produce partakes most of the qualities of the sire or dam: I have ventured my opinion that the former predominates, if I may be allowed to give my further impressions on the subject, I should say, I think looks, speed, manner of going, and temper are chiefly perpetuated through the sire; constitution, through the dam. Vice and peculiar habits and tricks I think we may generally trace to the former. Some mares take a dislike to a sire, why or wherefore they can best tell; but I have seen instances of it. However favourable I might think the cross, I would never permit such a connexion. I am quite sure in animals the mind or predilection in favour of or against the sire has its influence, and I am certain aversion has a very great one. I will mention one instance of predilection in the case of dogs.

I had a particularly good and very beautiful terrier bitch: at a proper season I had her carefully locked up, wishing for a breed between her and a choice terrier in my neighbourhood. Unluckily she scratched her way out, and a progeny, for which I was indebted to a tailor's dog close by, was the consequence. This little beast was a kind of half-spaniel, half-turnspit nondescript, with a tail like a fox's brush turned over his back: the swarm was produced, some seven or eight in number, every one with the identical curling tail, and things like the fins of a turtle for legs. I need scarcely say they were all in a bucket immediately. On the next occasion I did secure everything so as to prevent the tailor again obliging me, and also secured the dog I wanted. There was no possibility of mistake here: in time, three, and three only, puppies were produced, one only the colour of the dog, the others precisely that of the tailor's, but one and all with the accursed curling tail. I condemned the lot for I would not have had the best dog in England with such a terminus. My groom, however, surreptitiously kept one, and put it out to nurse: he was rewarded by the veriest little cur that ever walked. I tried another dog; the result was better; the produce were like the sire, but the tail, like "the flag that braved a thousand years," waved triumphant still. I gave her away disgusted with her bad taste. If, therefore, mind or predilection had such influence when in favour of a sire, I have no doubt it would have a bad one where aversion existed.

There is one description of thorough-bred sire that I certainly never would select except under very peculiar circumstances; this is, the regular mile-horse. If I found his produce were almost invariably horses

of *transcendent* speed, I might choose him for a good honest hard-constitutioned four-mile slow mare, under the hope of getting a race-horse; but I certainly never would use such a horse in breeding hunters: for what is it that stops these flyers? It can proceed but from one of two causes, or both — *want of wind*, or *want of stamina*. It may be said such horses may go at such a pace as it is impossible they can "stay at it." I know they can; for such velocity produces such increased action of the lungs that a horse would, technically, choke; and if we *tried* to get such a horse to do a mile in (say) 56 seconds, we need not wonder if he stops short completely exhausted; but if he has only led other horses for a mile, however *tremendous* the pace may have been, and they are within a length or two of him when he stops, and they, or at least some of them, go on, however slow they afterwards go, it is quite clear that want of wind, strength, or constitution stopped *him*. Now, though the perpetuating speed is in no way to be *depended* upon — indeed the chances are very much against it as a *general* result — the perpetuating want of stamina or constitution is much more certain: at all events I should not consider it judicious to put ourselves in the way of perpetuating very great imperfections. I have said what without explanation may appear as somewhat contradictory to this when I stated I did not wish a race-horse to have too hard a constitution: but to explain this, I do not mean that a race-horse or any other horse can have too *sound* or *healthful* a constitution; I merely mean, I would not wish a race-horse to have that kind of hard constitution that tends to throwing up flesh, or rather fat. Some animals will look well and get fat on comparatively anything.

This would be a most desirable thing in a bullock or a poor man's horse, but really an imperfection in a race-horse. Throwing up fat is not always a proof of health, and it is health, not flesh, we want in a race-horse. In a mitigated sense the same thing is wanted in a hunter, and without sound constitution we cannot get health.

Although I have said vice and various tricks are hereditary from the sire, under particular circumstances I should be tempted to breed from a vicious sire for a race-horse, as vice is less objectionable in him than in horses for general purposes. It is very objectionable in a race-horse, and for this reason it would be only in very particular cases that I would risk its being transmitted to the produce; but nothing should induce me to use a vicious sire for horses intended for other purposes than racing.

Blind sires are objected to by many: I would certainly be shy of using one: whether I did or not would depend on circumstances. If I could trace bad eyes back to any other of the family, I most certainly would reject such a sire at once; and, supposing this had not been the case, if the horse had naturally suspicious eyes—that is, a description of eye likely to go blind—I would reject him at once also. Training and severe racing must show its effects *somewhere* on *all* horses, in some of course more than in others; and that effect (barring accidents) will certainly be shown most in the least perfect part of the anatomy, be it eyes, lungs, constitution, legs, or feet; therefore any constitutional weakness I would certainly avoid the risk of having perpetuated.

Roaring is a disease upon which I have heard a variety of conflicting opinions. There can be no doubt

that a vast number of race-horses have been bred from sires that were roarers, they have, and it is also certain that great numbers of race-horses have become the same. Whether those that have done so were or are chiefly the progeny of roarers, I do not know; but I for one would under no case breed from a sire that was one. There is one certain fact relative to roarers that I never yet found a man who could at all account for; this is, the great number of very large-sized horses that turn out roarers; while, on the other hand, we rarely see a very small horse or pony that is one. If all large horses were treated like race-horses, we might impute this to the treatment: but it holds good with every description of horse. That fast work and *dry* feeding combined tend to produce the disease, I think may be fairly inferred from the fact that it is by no means common with cart-horses, though broken wind is. That the latter can be in no way hereditary (whatever roaring may or may not be) I consider quite clear, as broken wind, with very few exceptions, is solely the effect of treatment: still I would not breed from a broken-winded mare, mainly from the presumption that whatever oppresses must tend in some measure to lessen the vigour of the constitution, and, by so doing, at all events *risks* lessening that of the progeny. When therefore there are so many constitutionally sound sires and dams to be had, I certainly would very rarely indeed breed from either that was not so.

One of the great things to be desired in a brood mare, after having properly selected her, is to render her perfectly familiar and quiet: she should be brought to be as tame as a pet sheep. A great deal more depends on this than many persons think, and

it is very seldom sufficiently attended to. Nearly all mares, by kind and gentle treatment, may be brought to this. The being perfectly free from alarm produces a general placidity of temper and feeling that is highly desirable in any breeding animal as to their well doing; fright, we all know when in this state, has often most fatal effects both on mother and offspring: reasoning therefore on analogy, if absolute fright is often fatal, constant alarm or apprehension must be at least prejudicial. Independent of this, mares galloping about, to avoid being caught whenever they are approached, is highly dangerous: and, after the foal is produced, he naturally follows the mother: if she is wild, the colt becomes so, and learns from her to avoid man as his enemy, whereas he should be taught to hail him as a friend. The mare should be induced to come up to man the moment he enters her paddock or pasture, from always gaining caresses and indulgence when she does so. A little corn from a sieve or a carrot from the hand will soon teach her this; and, if when laid hold of she gets this and caresses, and is never suffered to be alarmed, she will come as readily and willingly as a favourite dog. What, then, is the result of the tameness of the mother? the foal naturally follows her either to or from you, and from constantly approaching man he becomes familiar; and, as a matter of course, never being hurt or alarmed, he in a few weeks has no more fear of him than of his dam, and will suffer himself to be handled in any way you please. As soon as he is able to eat, he should get something from the hand, he will from this watch for the approach of man, instead of (as most colts do) galloping away to avoid him. A flock of sheep follow the shepherd from habit, and finding him their friend. A herd of deer, from want of habitual intimacy with

man, avoid him, but a tame deer is as tame as any other pet; and so will mares and colts be if properly treated. Even supposing there was an inherent vicious propensity born with a colt, by beginning thus early with him it would in most cases be eradicated; if not, it would to a certainty be most materially softened.

This is beginning to *educate* horses: instead of which we let them contract bad habits, and then trust to the breaker to get rid of them. I hate the term *breaking* as applied to horses: treat them properly from the first, they will then only want practice to *teach* them how to carry us, but will want no *breaking*. We never begin teaching or educating colts half soon enough. The yearling should be an old horse in point of docility and confidence in man. I fear most of us who tread the thorny path of life get weary of the way long before we have completed our allotted journey; but it would be cruel to damp the youthful traveller's hope by telling him, what he will after find, that the soft and balmy morning of his setting out is but too often the prelude to the coming storm. Thus horses, I fear, have generally reason enough to dread man in their progress through life; but there can be no reason to teach or allow them to dread us from their birth, this dread to be further increased by the general usage of them. It may be said, that, however wild the colt may be, work will tame him, and if he gets vicious or troublesome propensities, punishment and consequent fear may prevent his practising them. To a certain degree this would probably be the case; but if the inclination remains, some unguarded moment on our part will afford the opportunity of showing the ruling passion, and fatal will probably be its effect. But suppose we do make an animal submissive through

fear, brutal must be the mind of the savage who would not feel more pleasure in the services of the confiding and willing servant than in those of the detesting and crouching slave.

It is something like this with hounds: it is perhaps as natural to the fox-hound to hunt hare as fox, though actuated by different motives to chase both. We may and do leave the whelp to contract what habits he likes at his walk; and certainly afterwards coupling him up to a gate, and one or perhaps two whips flogging him nearly to death, will afterwards awe him from habits we have permitted him to learn. How far this is to be reconciled with any idea of justice or common humanity, I do not say; but this I know, I have often shuddered at such a sight, and trust I ever shall do so while I hold the name of man. If we see a few fine fellows knocked over in the field of battle, all run the same risk, and it is in a "glorious cause!" We exclaim, "there goes poor such-a-one:" the mind has not time to dwell on the subject; and after-reflection tells us we must all go, and it matters little what may be the messenger it pleases Providence to send for us: but torturing to all but death an animal for following a natural propensity that we have permitted him to indulge in, until for our own *pleasures* we determine to break him of it, produces a feeling of disgust and contempt towards its perpetrator. I should say by whelps as I do by colts—begin their education early enough; a stroke with a switch will awe a whelp of two months old: couples and two hunting whips would not then become necessary afterwards. Horses, dogs, other animals, and men, have all duties to perform. Those duties must be performed, and enforced; but when we can get those duties better performed by education

and kindness than by force and fear, interest alone should induce us to adopt the former mode.

No man of sense conversant with horses will deny that where the generality of them resist, fear, not vice, is the cause of it. Fear, then, is the very first thing we should do away with in the colt, and nothing but beginning with him from his infancy will do this.

We have frequently a great deal of trouble in shoeing a colt the first time it is done. How, in the name of common sense, could we expect any thing else? A goose naturally often chooses to stand on one leg: I have had to do with some thousands of horses, but I must say I never saw *one* voluntarily stand upon three, unless in great agony with the fourth. The actual fear of falling will make the colt resist being held in, to him, an unnatural position; yet the animal is expected to allow a smith to hold him by force in a position for a quarter of an hour together that he never before stood in for a minute in his life. He perhaps kicks at this; when, to re-assure his fears, he probably gets a stroke with the hammer. This is enough to make a horse troublesome to shoe for life. Many horses hate smiths: some will not approach a forge. This does not proceed from the *kindness* they have received from such men or in such places. Some horses will not permit a smith to come near them in his sm̄ith's dress; put the groom's stable dress on him, and the horse will allow himself to be shod. Can any thing speak plainer? The animal does not resist your wishes, or care about being shod; he dreads the smith, not the shoeing. Horses have no natural antipathy to smiths or forges, but they have to ill-usage. A colt has no more natural objection to permitting you to touch his hind leg than his head;

and if from the first his hind legs were as often handled as his neck, he would no more kick at you for doing this than he would bite or strike at you for handling his fore-quarters. It is the novelty of any act that alarms the young horse, not the act itself. Why is it that vicious horses seldom hurt children? they kick, bite, or strike at man, because man has ill-used them: children have not. Surely this shows that vice is not the leading and natural propensity of the animal! The child has probably never done any thing to challenge the *attachment* of the animal; he has merely never done any thing to injure him. Even this he repays by gratitude and confidence. What would he then not do for those who would take a very little trouble to win his attachment and sooth his natural fear of man! *Any thing* that Nature had given him the power to perform or the instinct to comprehend!

In advocating as strenuously as I do the utmost gentleness towards animals, and most particularly young ones, I am not on this occasion doing so as merely advocating the cause of animals: a pretty widely-extended intercourse with mankind, and a somewhat close investigation of the feelings and disposition of the generality of my fellow men, have been quite sufficient to prevent me attempting so Quixotical a campaign; nor do I possess sufficient moral courage to brave the sneers and ridicule that in this my enlightened country always have been so bounteously bestowed on any one who has particularised himself as the friend of animals: at least, such has hitherto been the meed bestowed on those who have thus stood forward in this cause from the *majority* of those from whom we might have expected better things. I there-

fore take another "line of country," and one that always gives a glorious run, — the line of man's *interest*. Here every one is *wide awake* in a moment, tries to get a good *start*, and is anxious to keep in the *first flight*. It is true, many take the wrong way to do either; but they all *try* at it. May every heart of the *right sort* find itself in that place ere the grim Huntsman we must all obey gives his deciding who-whoop!

The breeder who has a valuable brood mare of course wishes to keep her as free from accident as possible. In no way can he do that more than by rendering her as tame and quiet as possible. The same rule holds good with the colt while running with the dam; and when the time arrives that he will be wanted for use, I believe most persons will agree with me that the less trouble he gives in learning his duties, whatever they may be, the better it will be for his safety and for the pocket of his owner. With the generality of colts, treated as they mostly are, their wildness is the first stumbling block in the way of the breaker. Till this is got over, no good can be got from them. Then their natural timidity has to be assuaged; for though a horse may be *made* to do *some* things by *force* and punishment, we can *teach* him nothing while in a state of alarm. So long as this lasts, all his energies are employed in resistance, or endeavouring to get away. The hare, as timid an animal as any in nature, can be brought to fire a pistol without evincing or probably feeling the slightest alarm; but at the commencement of her tuition, all the punishment we could inflict would not induce her to remain quiet at the slightest flash of the pan. We have no greater right to expect a colt to permit even a surcingle to be put on him without resisting, or being alarmed

at it, if done for the first time, unless he has been reared in that confidence with us that he never expects injury at our hands. This the colt brought up wild naturally does expect, and as naturally resists.

Cows, with now and then an exception, are all tame: even when we find one that is not, depend upon it some extraordinary circumstance either in her rearing or after-usage has occasioned her to become otherwise. The calf, on leaving the mother, is as tame as herself, and would remain so if the same treatment was continued: but if it is suffered to remain in a pasture instead of being daily brought into intercourse with man, it becomes wild. Probably, from having been accustomed to follow the mother home, it still wishes and attempts to do so. How is its wish to continue on good terms with us rewarded? It is driven back with shouts, and, should it succeed in joining the herd, its attempts at domestication are probably repaid with a hedge-stake to prevent a recurrence of them. Can we wonder if it afterwards both fears and hates man? yet the moment the time comes when this same animal is wanted for his use, it is expected to stand meekly to be milked by perhaps the very savage it has such just reason to dread: if it does not, it is tied up, and probably the hedge-stake again applied. Need we be surprised at seeing so many of these animals with knobs on their horns or a board across their faces? I do not mean to say this drive-about system is permitted to be practised with valuable colts; but, *mutatis mutandis*, it is in pretty general use with ordinary ones. No wonder, then, breakers are wanted when this is the case. But though none of this is allowed with the high-bred colt, or any thing done to purposely frighten him, not one-tenth part is done that ought to be done to render

him familiar. Horses are by nature more active than cows, and more disposed to gallop about. This only arises from galloping being less trouble to them than to the less active animal: but the antipathy to or the fear of man exists no stronger in the one animal than in the other when in a wild state. The highest bred, the hardest pulling, and most determined filly that ever bolted with a jockey when in a state of irritability and excitement—the very frequent result of severe training and racing—can be made, if properly treated when permitted to lead a life of quiet and repose, as a brood mare, as familiar and as docile as the veriest cow in existence, and the colt as tame as any calf that ever lived the pet of a cottage family. Such, I maintain, is the state to which *all* mares and colts should be brought, and most particularly valuable ones.

If the mode I advocate as the best in rearing horses was attended with great extra expense or trouble, some objections on that score might be made; but *it is not;* for the utmost it could cost is a very small additional portion of the time of the man in charge of the stock: and even this in most cases would be no loss to the employer; for if the man did not spend this little additional time in the paddocks with the mares and foals, he would most likely spend it in the public-house with much worse company, or in idleness, which is nearly as bad.

I have seen a man giving mares their oats in their paddock-sheds: when I say man, I should say men, for I have seen many of the same sort—I trust I need scarcely say, they did not live with me:—these men, on opening the paddock, walk towards the hovel with their sieve: the mares, seeing the latter, come up to

it, and in this case up to the man, probably the only occasion on which they would do so. The colts follow, and, in the little playful mischief of colts, poke their noses into the sieve. In reward of this familiarity, they should have been allowed a mouthful, if old enough to eat; if not, they should at least have been permitted to satisfy their curiosity or whim: but no! a smack on the nose with the back of the hand will be all the notice they get. They naturally run round to the other side of the dam; she, aware something is the matter, draws back too, so both are repulsed. We will suppose the man has entered the hovel, the dam and colt after him: in her impatience to get her feed, she probably forgets her colt's treatment, and thrusts her nose into the sieve or manger before the corn is properly spread in the latter: for this she gets a blow from the hand, or perhaps sieve: she bolts back, incurring the danger of hurting her colt, or, likely enough, rushes out of the hovel at the risk of hitting herself with one or other of the door-posts. I do not say such is the conduct of all or the generality of men intrusted with stock, but it is that of many, while it never ought to be that of *any*. There is nothing atrocious or really cruel in it; but it is the very reverse of what it should be: it is not, at all events, the way to make a colt permit us to use freedoms with him (to which he has been unaccustomed), from having no fear that we shall not do any thing to hurt him. I have mentioned this incident as step the first to spoiling a colt's temper. If any proof was wanting of the perfect domestication to which the very highest bred horses may be brought, an Arab tent and its inhabitants, with the mare among them, would be sufficient.

Some persons may ask, what is the great utility of rendering colts so docile before we want to make use of their docility ? and may add, that breaking and work will make them tractable. I will answer both the query and the remark by referring to Van Amburgh, or any other Lion-tamer and his beasts. A Lion-*tamer* is not a proper epithet to distinguish such performers by; for the fact is, their beasts are not *tame* or *tamed:* they are *awed* sufficiently to make them crouch before their master, and reluctantly to obey him. To a certain extent they have been reduced to a state of helplessness; and, when *in* that state, have felt that master's superiority; so when in a certain degree of liberty, from habit the dread of him remains: but let him carelessly turn his back on them, and his eyes from them, they would make him into minced meat for their supper. This system of terror is well enough to produce all that is wanted for exhibition; but we want domestic animals to serve us *willingly* and *cheerfully*, because we want them to do this *pleasantly:* and pleasantly they will not do it if the fear of punishment is their only incentive to do it at all.

We have daily proofs of the gratitude and docility of domestic animals when properly and kindly used; and to show that I do not recommend this kind of treatment too strongly, I will mention some instances of the bad effects of its opposite; and, in doing so, shall prove that if horses are so sensible of kindness, they are equally so of ill-usage. Some meek horses, like cowardly men, will through fear patiently submit; but the high-spirited animal, like the proper spirited man, will bear unkindness or injustice to a certain point from those he loves: but oppression, if carried

too far, rouses the lion in him, and turns him from the forbearing friend and servant to a lasting and ruthless foe.

Mild and gentle as is the natural disposition of the horse, I can assure my reader I do not know a more terrific animal than a thoroughly enraged one. I would rather face half a dozen tigers in succession; these would spring on you as the cat does on the mouse, not in rage, but to get a dinner. A blow or two would probably cow the tiger, because he might prefer foregoing his meal to getting a repetition of them; but the attack of the horse is rage, and, when thus excited, his attack is like that of the maniac, which nothing but death or the being rendered powerless can restrain.

This most fearful kind of rage and antipathy to man I saw in two horses, both sires and both Arabs. What made one of them so I do not know, nor did the man in charge of him; he only knew the horse was so when he first saw him, and remained so to the day he was shown me. The moment the half of the box-door was opened, he rushed towards it like a tiger at the bars of his cage, and would have attacked any man living who went near him. He always wore a very strong head-collar; to this was attached a rope, passing through a ring on the manger, and then brought along the side wall of the box and out behind. When any thing was wanted to be done to this savage —feeding, watering, or any thing else—by means of this rope his head was brought to the manger, and secured there while the man was in the box. If wanted to be led out, a long strong iron bar was fastened to the head collar: by means of this he could be brought round: his head was then fastened to the door-post,

and a bit got into his mouth : by this and the long bar jobbing against his jaws if he got unruly, he was managed : a pretty animal this to breed from !

The other Arab belonged to a friend of mine. Now this horse was originally perfectly quiet, either in or out of the stable and to ride, till on one occasion he unfortunately got loose : he ran after a mare, which very severely kicked and bit him : he retaliated, and, to get him away, some very but necessary harsh measures were used. On getting into his stable, the man very imprudently and improperly beat him unmercifully, till he turned on the man, who was glad and lucky enough to escape from the box, and shut the door. From that day no one dare approach him : the moment he saw man, his eyes positively glared like those of a wild beast. The way they managed him was curious enough : they had a stout ash-pole about eight feet long, at its end a hook like those used by shepherds : with this they caught him by the head-collar, and brought him to the half-door ; then fixed a rope to the opposite side of the collar ; and, thus held by two men, each out of his reach, he was led wherever they wanted him to go. Shoeing, physicing, dressing, or touching his mane or tail was all out of the question—so he looked like, what in fact he had become, a very demon in a horse's shape.

I have mentioned these to show what the horse can be. I will now state an instance or two that will prove that he is sensible of and will sometimes retaliate lesser injuries.

A dealer, of whom I have bought a horse occasionally, had one he kept for his own hunting. I had for some time wished to purchase the animal, and got the refusal of him, if he was ever to be sold. He had ridden this

horse one season. At the commencement of the next he very imprudently took him out before he was fit to go; in short, fat: the consequence was he could not carry his master in his usual way. He foolishly thought the horse sulked, and punished him a good deal with the spurs, till he fairly shut up; in short, knocked up. His master went the last thing at night to look at him; the moment the horse saw him, he ran at him open mouthed: fortunately the door was open; but so near a thing was it, he left a small piece of his flesh and the whole of the back of his coat in the horse's mouth, right glad to get off so well. Now the horse had offered no injury to the man who had dressed and done him up, though he remarked his being very irritable in being cleaned; but he remembered master, and would not let him come near him. I saw the horse two days afterwards, went up to him as I always had done, and found him perfectly good tempered. I then bought him. Some weeks afterwards I rode him into his old master's yard: he of course came towards me. So soon as he was within a few yards of me, the horse laid his ears in his poll, and would have run at him had I not checked him: and it was remarkable, but a fact, that ever afterwards, at least so long as I had him, the moment the door of a stable or box where he was standing was opened, he looked instantly at who was coming; and, I make no doubt, but two years afterwards, when I sold him, had his old master gone near him, he would have run at him if he could.

The next circumstance was very similar, and I bring it forward that the first may not be thought a solitary instance of a horse knowing his oppressor. I purchased a mare to carry my wife: she was one of the neatest and most perfect fencers I ever saw, and a

child could ride her with hounds. During the summer, however, chiefly, I believe, from the extreme thinness of her skin, she was so troublesome when flies were about, that my wife most reluctantly consented to her being sold. The first time the hounds met, I desired a helper I had taken from a steeple-racing stable to take the mare out, and mention my determination to part with her. On his return, I found the mare spurred from shoulder to flank. This I well knew she never wanted. I asked no questions, but told the man he should go at the end of the week. The next morning I desired him to give her half an hour's walking exercise, and prepared to see it done. She was brought out: with the greatest difficulty possible we held her till he got up: she then set to plunging, bucking, and kicking so violently, that, though a good horseman, she sent him over her head, then lashed both heels at him, and a narrow escape he had. Nothing we could do could induce her to let him come near her again. I put a friend then on her, but she sent him spinning in a very short time. I then took off the saddle, doubled a rug, put on a surcingle, and jumped on her: she plunged and kicked till she was as if ridden through a pond. I never even spoke harshly to her. At last she got perfectly quiet! I got off, had her dressed, and brought out again saddled; she carried me as quietly as ever; but the moment the man approached her, she began again. I then put a boy up who was accustomed to ride her at exercise; she carried him with perfect good temper. I tried her several days afterwards, but she would carry no one but me and the boy: my wife, as a matter of curiosity, desired her saddle to be put on. I saw the mare meant well; so my wife got up: the poor mare went just as

quietly with her as ever. This is almost like reason. When I first got on after her ill usage, a fear of its repetition made her plunge with me: had I punished her for it, she never would have carried me again; but finding I did not, she got confidence. She had never been hurt by my wife or the boy, so she was quiet with them; but she had her suspicions of strangers roused, so she would not carry them: I sold her to a friend, who acted like a reasonable man: he begged the boy of me; took the mare home, and began by feeding and caressing her for several days before he attempted to mount her, and then got on her in her stable: she carried him as quietly as she did the boy, but she never would let any stranger mount her ever afterwards without trying to get him off. She gradually got better, but never could bear any one she was unused to.

I bought a mare for a friend some time afterwards, and was warned that, though perfectly quiet and good tempered, if struck in the stable with a stick, the water-brush, currycomb, or even the hand, she would lash out immediately. This was the case: a man might give her a pat on the haunch if he wanted her to move over in her stall, and spoke to her to tell her what he wanted; but a smack with the back of the hand, even as a correction, sent her heel or heels flying in a moment. No doubt this all arose from having been beaten in her stall.

Having shown the effects of improper and ill usage of horses, I will give one of the effects of fright. This occurred also to a mare my wife used, but in a pony phaeton: her great merit was her perfect docility and good temper. I was riding her one day; a carriage came behind us, knocked the galloway down on her side, sending me under the feet of the horse that drew

the carriage: neither of us was hurt. She was put next day in harness, and went as usual; but the first carriage that came behind us set her going, and had I not been in the phaeton, a regular runaway would have been the consequence. I pulled her up: she was trembling with terror, and did the same thing several times before we got home. She showed no vice, no attempt to kick: but her terror could not be got over, and I was most unwillingly compelled to sell her. Here was an inestimable little animal in its way spoiled by being once thoroughly frightened. Vice may in many cases be cured, or, at all events, many (though not all) horses may be awed from showing it, because the act is voluntary: but the effects of fear cannot be controlled: they are as involuntary as the start nervous persons give on any sudden alarm: I never knew a horse overcome a thorough fright.

If, therefore, ill usage or fright, and both, will thus affect matured horses, if either is practised towards young ones, we are in fact teaching them propensities contrary to their nature, which it will probably cause us a world of trouble to eradicate, and which we shall as probably only effect partially after all, for the animal is only prevented practising these propensities through fear; the germ of them is still in the disposition. This germ, if even natural, should have been gradually extirpated instead of being strengthened, for while the root flourishes, the branches will shoot, somewhere, somehow, or at some time. The reflecting and scientific gardener is aware of this, and acts accordingly; the blundering labourer only lops the branches, and possibly in doing this causes them to burst forth at some season with tenfold vigour.

The usual and proper *general* treatment of mares and young stock has been treated on by many so much more able pens than mine, that I do not mean to inflict on my readers the repetition of them: it would be useless. The quoting superior authorities in corroboration of our own opinions is quite fair, and evinces a proper modesty of feeling: but the obtruding upon the public AS OUR OWN any opinions on any subject that can be recognised as a mere gathering from abler hands and heads, is merely offering a bad copy to those who have the original: at least, I am quite sure such would be the result if at any time I was guilty of such plagiarism. There is a meanness in the thing that no one likes. It is better by half to write like the veriest schoolboy; for if any thing at all like a man's *genuine* ideas are thrown out, an indulgent public will in such a case always make a liberal allowance for all faults and feelings in the author, who, encouraged by this lenity, will in time perhaps achieve better things.

Our colt having been produced, and itself and mother properly attended to till weaning time, we have nothing farther to do with the latter, who returns to the seraglio, and our *Emile* must now occupy our attention.

Whether the horse was intended by nature as a granivorous animal matters little at the present moment, or for my present purpose: it is, however, quite clear that the domesticated horse has for generations been accustomed to be so fed; and so far inherits a grain-fed constitution from his ancestors, that, to render the animal suited to our present ideas of perfection, corn is as necessary to him as the water he drinks. At no very remote period, corn was as unknown to the colt prior to his breaking in, as Cayenne

pepper to a Greenlander: it was thought not only unnecessary, but would have been held as detrimental to him; for, going upon the principle that whatever is contrary to nature must be injurious, the horse being an herbaceous feeder, it was then thought that the greater quantum of natural food that could be got into the colt, so much the better for him. This might be all very well if we were content with the horse in his natural state. He was doubtless a fine animal even in such a state; and to render him so, the ordinary feed of the plains was sufficient. The wild flower is pretty, and to the eye of the savage beautiful: for this Nature has supplied sufficient nourishment: but the eye accustomed to prize pansies, anemonies, and dahlias, becomes more fastidious, and to rear these the hotbed must come into use: so if we want a Plenipo, or a Harkaway, the oats and (comparatively) the hotbed must be used too. I may be told to look at the American Indian living in a state of nature in its simplest form, and to remark his activity, strength, and hardihood. We will look at the three attributes. That he is more active, strong, and hardy than a journeyman tailor or an effeminate man of fortune, is of course fact; but this does not arise from the absence of the soup and made-dishes, but from the active life he leads. Feed him on beef and mutton, and let him use the same exercise in the same air, he would be just as active and much stronger than he now is; for it is a pretty well-known fact that a hundred of our jolly tars are nearly as active, and *decidedly stronger*, than an equal number of the average race of savages, and almost, nay perhaps quite, as hardy. Show me the savage equal in bodily strength to the fighter entering the prize ring:

I suspect Mr. Adam would have made a poor stand against such a man; and if Johnny Broom, in training, had been substituted for master Abel in his match with Cain, the fight would have turned out differently. It is not the high feeding that hurts man or horse, but the want of work with it. To enable either to withstand inclemency of weather, I allow exposure to weather is necessary; but then beef-steaks and mutton-chops will enable a man to endure this much better than vegetable marrow. But this description of hardihood is not that which we want: it might be desirable in a post-horse of Tobolsk, but we do not use sledges in Leicestershire, or run across the flat in a deep snow (though by the by I once saw that done): so, in fact, hardihood is about the last thing we want in the high-bred colt; and such is the nature of the horse, that, if we were determined to get it, it would unquestionably be at the expense of size, shape, and beauty. Then as to *natural* food being taken into consideration, we might just as well say it was intended man should go naked. This might or might not have been the intention of nature or providence: if it was, it was only because pilot coats were not then made. If I were obliged to state in *three* words what quantity of grass I would daily allow a racing colt, and was not permitted to add exceptions to that quantity, I should use the three words—*none at all.* If in general terms I was asked when I would allow a colt or horse his full feed of grass, or, in more vulgar phrase, his bellyful, I should say, *never*—never from the day he could bite it till the day of his death. Now when I answered the first question by saying *none at all*, I only did so from supposing I was limited to words, and it would be the safest reply I could

make; for had I said "what he likes," he would shortly be good for nothing. Had I said, "only ten pounds," that for three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five would be ten pounds too much: so, by giving none, of two evils I am satisfied I should choose the least: though an evil it would be, but most decidedly a fill of grass of any sort should be unknown to the racing or hunting colt.

Many persons may say, by feeding colts so early and so much on corn I should be sowing the seeds of many disorders in the future horse. If that assertion came from one among the many who knew better than myself, I should bow with deference to their opinion; but if it came from one who does *not* know better, I should say I do not at all think this would be the result; for with proper air, exercise, mashes, and physic, with a little green meat given at my discretion, and not taken at the colt's, I trust I could keep him tolerably straight, notwithstanding warmth and oats; and I am quite sure I could not do this without a free use of both—or, in perhaps more proper terms, *I think* so. But to avoid argument, and not to rely too much on my own opinion, supposing high-feeding even does produce a predisposition to certain disorders, men will hunt and race—at least I trust in GOD they will continue to do so as long as we are Englishmen; and while they do this, they will have horses fitted for both. That we cannot get these by rearing a colt in any way bordering upon a state of nature is quite indisputable: therefore, supposing the arguments against artificial rearing brought forward by those in favour of a more natural mode are correct, it just amounts to this, we must go without hunters and race-horses, or we must run the risk

of those diseases alluded to. This is putting the thing in its worst light, and in a diametrically opposite view to the one I take of it, so far as my humble opinion is concerned; for, in that humble opinion, distending a colt's bowels by grass, rendering him gross and plethoric in habit, dull in himself, and energetic in his temperament and movement, is likely, when we want to call for his exertions, to produce results ten times more fatal to our hopes than all the excitement of constitution produced by the opposite treatment. A debilitated habit, which the grass-reared horse comparatively has, when opposed to the one artificially reared, it would take years to work up to that necessary for the race-horse and hunter; but if we find we have got the full tone in the instrument, and half a note too high, there will be no great difficulty in bringing it to concert pitch.

That green meat is *occasionally* useful, and indeed necessary for all colts, and indeed all horses, no one will dispute; but I should wish it to be considered merely in the light of an alterative, not as a part of the daily sustenance. Considered as an article of general food, I would never let it into a stable; I would as soon be forced to make half my dinner on pickles.

Warmth, we have been told so often, is congenial to the horse, and necessary to him to meet our purposes, that I believe there remains no doubt on that head. I feel quite certain it is as necessary to his growth as a colt, as it is to his condition as a horse; and for this purpose, Nature in all countries furnishes the clothing of the animal in accordance with the climate. All Northern animals have long coats: this shows that Nature from the FIRST furnishes the covering fitted to the temperature of the climate or at-

mosphere in which the young is BORN. I have, therefore, no doubt in my own mind, that if a mare was kept out during the winter, and her colt dropped in this situation, and so left, he would have given to him the roots of a rougher and longer colt than one where the mother was kept, and her colt dropped, in a warmer temperature. It may be said, however rough the mother or colt may be kept, that when the latter as a horse is kept warm, his coat will become fine: fine it certainly will comparatively become: but will it become *as* fine as that of the one born and matured in the warmer atmosphere? We know that Northern animals brought here lose a *part* of their shagginess: the North American bear does; but he is still a bear: there are the roots of his shaggy covering still: those roots were given in his *youth*, and are of a very different description of course to those given to the Ethiopian animal. We cannot, it is true, bring an African or Asiatic climate here; but our hot-houses, forcing-houses, or conservatories, show we can by art do what quite answers (as a substitute) for the vegetable kingdom: so we can, in a limited sense, for the animal. The Arab colt is born in warmth; the seed or roots of a coat fitted for the atmosphere he is destined to breathe in is given him: so are those of the Cossack; and I make no doubt but being born in a mild or cold atmosphere lays the foundation in a very great degree of the description of after-coat the horse will carry. I do not mean he should be foaled or kept in a hot-house; but even that would be far better than frost, snow, or keen winds.

It may be urged, that, by bringing up a colt in some measure in an artificial state, as in the case of forcing him by corn, he might be rendered more sus-

ceptible of complaints than one brought up more hardily: he certainly would be more likely to take cold than the latter, if both were to stand for hours daily under the shelter of a hedge by way of a stable; but we do not want hunters to stand under hedges or even in cold stables. The man of wealth would probably take cold if he ate his dinner, as the labourer does, in the field in winter; but he never does eat his dinner there; and we do not find that a horse properly warmed in every part (to which he is of course accustomed) incapacitates him from facing a soaking day with hounds, or an intense cold one if snipe or duck shooting; nor do race-horses or hunters take cold one bit oftener at THEIR work than butchers' or bakers' horses do in theirs. But, as I said by feeding, if we WERE to render horses tender and liable to colds, with all their baneful results, what are we to do? It is better to risk a horse occasionally getting unfit to work, to having an animal that *never* is fit for it; and this would be the case, as we go now-a-days, if we treated colts or horses as they were treated a hundred years ago. It is useless to talk of Nature or Nature's rules where things are to be treated contrary to the rules of Nature. Clipping will of course get off a long coat, but it is far better, if we can, to prevent its getting on. I hold a clipped horse a beastly sight. All we can say of it is, a horse will be better, and go better, and is not *so* beastly a sight clipped, as a horse with a long coat. A man whose head has been shaved is not so beastly a sight as one whose hair looks as if it was a preserve for game for a Liliputian *battue;* but the bare poll does not set him off to advantage, or look well beside a well kept Brutus; yet I would as soon see it as a clipped horse.

Notwithstanding this, if I could not get a pair of scissors, I would haggle off a horse's coat with a pair of blunt shears till he looked like a ploughed field, rather than have a long coat on him. Of one thing I am quite sure—since clipping became so universal, hundreds of horses show long coats that formerly would have had fine ones; that is, among those trusted to servants, such as carriage-horses and London hacks. Why should John or James strap to keep a horse fine when clipping will do it? In fact, the rougher he looks in the proper season, the better for them: "Master will be sure to have him clipped."—*Mem.* I believe they do not usually clip in Arabia or Persia.—So much for warmth!

Having stated the kind of treatment that I consider will render the foal docile, good-tempered, and fearless as a foal, and also that as likely to force him up into a fine horse eventually, I will now mention the treatment I would venture to recommend when he has left the mother.

As every man who breeds has not the same conveniences for his mares or stock, in the shape of paddocks, hovels, &c., all each can do is to afford them the best accommodation he can: and indeed, provided the colt is kept secure, dry, comfortably warm, and moreover in a healthful situation, it matters little where he is kept: nor indeed have I any intention of recapitulating those general or minute directions for breeding that have been better given by others than they would be by me. My only intention in commencing the Papers on Educating Horses was a wish to induce persons intrusted with the care of them so to familiarise themselves with them, and so to lead the animal on by habit into the meeting our wishes,

that, when called upon to perform his destined duties, they shall neither alarm his fears, rouse his anger, nor call forth his powers of resistance, the doing of which in the colt is I am quite certain the cause of our finding him in after-life disposed to vice.

I trust it will be ceded to me, that, although the kind old nurse who has fondled us in our infancy is ever associated in our minds with pleasurable remembrances and grateful feelings, the schoolmaster is seldom sought for by his pupil in after-life from feelings of regard. The latter may be aware, and of course is, that to the former he owes the knowledge that he finds so useful and necessary; but the manner in which that knowledge was imparted to the pupil rankles in his mind; and that being on whom we have ever looked with terror never can, never is, and never will be regarded but with feelings very nearly bordering on hate and a desire of retaliation: and people very much deceive themselves if they consider this feeling confined to the human species.

There is no doubt but that a different kind of instruction will be required for different horses, varied in accordance with the different description of servitude to which each is likely to be applied; but whether he is to race or draw a cart, the system should be the same in one particular, namely, accustom him *from the first* to something like the duties that will afterwards be required of him. The horse has no natural objection to do any thing that does not hurt him, nor has he any natural objection to letting you do any thing *with* him that does not hurt him; it is merely the novelty of what is done for the first time that makes him fear he WILL be hurt. The colt objects to a saddle being put on his back: it is very natural he

should; it is new to him: he will equally avoid a hand being placed there the first time it is done, because that is new to him also. This shows, what we must of course know, he does not resist the saddle because it is a saddle, but because he never had such a thing on before. He will equally resist *every thing* that has to be done to him for the *first* time. The great thing to do therefore (and which is *seldom*, perhaps *never* done) is, so to accustom him by gentle degrees to all we shall in future want of him BEFORE we do want it, that, *when* we do, it shall be as A B C to him, and there will be no after-fight for the mastery. All this should be taught him by the *nurse*, of whom he has or ought to have no fear: the schoolmaster may finish his education; but, if properly brought up, he will have no occasion to use severity; so even his lessons will rouse no angry feelings; and where they have never been brought forth, there will be no vice.

The great thing with a colt is never to do any thing that really alarms him. Now I have said he will be alarmed by every thing that is done for the first time: so he will to a certain degree. The hand put on him does so, or rather he avoids it; but the alarm is so trifling, that, distract his attention by a carrot in one hand, he forgets or does not notice the other is resting on him, but quietly discusses his morsel, and then looks for more. Now, if on the contrary (though it might be done in kindness), he had received a good hearty pat on his back, it would perhaps take a week before he would suffer any one to handle him again. He had been alarmed; at least nineteen out of twenty colts would be by such a thing. Can we then wonder, if, when they are intrusted to men of coarse habits or bad tempers, or, what of the two is worse to boys, that we so often find them wild and unmanageable.

Of all earthly things, a boy is the last that ever should be allowed to go near a colt, or indeed a horse, unless some one is by to watch him. There is not one in a hundred that can be trusted: either from folly, their little petty tyranny, or their cruelty, they are sure to be in mischief. We often see a very quiet pony advertised for to carry a boy: it would be more in character to advertise for, what would be much more difficult to find, a quiet boy to ride a pony. My life on it, whenever Master Jackey gets hurt by his pony, instead of his being petted by mamma, and the pony abused as a "vicious creature," the justice of the thing would be to give pony an extra feed for not hurting Jackey worse, and give Jackey a good horsewhipping for hurting pony as much as he did. Boys are very useful in stables when well watched; they must at the same time have it impressed on their mind that there are ash-plants in the stable as well as horses; for, however fantastical may be the tricks of colts, the boys will beat them hollow if they get a chance. Colts are tricky from play, boys from mischief.

The racing-colt doubtless requires less educating than other horses. He is not so domestic an animal; and for the purposes to which he is applied, if he is good-tempered, will ride quiet, go where we want him, and face a crowd, he will in a general way do. The fact is, they run so young, and are consequently obliged to be saddled and ridden so young, that, when we see them running at two years old, they are just quiet enough for that (and many barely so), but totally unfit for any thing else. In short, like many other precocious young gentlemen, they enter life when they are more fit for the nursery. If, however, young horses

or young gentlemen are to be put in the situations of adults thus early, the earlier must their adult habits commence. Eighteen months old, it may be said, is surely soon enough for any horse to have a saddle on him. If a man is to be added to the saddle, it is certainly a great deal TOO SOON for the animal's future well-doing; but we have two-year-old stakes, so the horse must be prepared for them. This being the case, though I allow a saddle, a man, and a race is taxing the powers of a two-year-old somewhat unnaturally, and that training, and consequently sweating, is not likely to improve his legs, still I consider that every colt long before that age should be quite accustomed to have every thing done with him that is done with the horse, excepting doing the work of one. For any purpose but racing I certainly never would put a two-year-old in a state to want a scraper; but I would answer for it that a yearling of my rearing should stand perfectly quiet if I wanted to use one, merely from having from his birth been accustomed to be handled in every way. Long before I might want to shoe him, he should give any leg he was told to lift without fear or hesitation; and long before he ever should be ridden by a man, he should have had a saddle on scores of times; and I will answer for showing him eating his oats with a boy on his back apparently unconscious of his being there.

The breaker, in an ordinary way, gets a colt as wild as a hawk, and in a month he has got him to carry a saddle, and himself on it. It may be depended on, if he tells the truth, he has not done this without alarming the colt, and having had a fight, or perhaps several fights, for it. He lunges the colt before he backs him, to take a little of the keen edge off him. He must do this; for he has not had time to make him, or rather

to teach him, to submit to what he wants from habit; consequently he makes him do it by fatigue and intimidation. No one is pleased to be made to do what he dislikes, nor does he like the person that makes him do it. The colt in an ordinary way does not like the saddle, still less the breaker on it; so it amounts to this—we may fairly suppose the colt says, "I will get you off if I can," and he certainly would if he could: whilst the breaker says, "I know you would, but you shall not if I can help it." Observe a colt, and a breaker on him: the looks of both show their suspicion of each other: there is no confidence between them; they are both prepared for a *set-to*, and this should never, if it can possibly be avoided, take place. Now none of this caution on one part, or attempt to resist on the other, takes place on giving the colt his corn or hay:—why? because he has been accustomed to that from his earliest days. From as early an age should my colt be accustomed to every thing else; and it as easy to use a colt to walk along, and let you hold him by the tail if you wish, as it is by the head. If he is accustomed to have a boy get on and off him for months together, he will become as accustomed to that as to have his feed, and will no more resist the one than the other; but he will fly from a sieve full of oats the first time it is offered to him.

This I consider the rudiments of educating horses. I hope some will think it better than bringing them up wild, and then *breaking* them. If I understand what is meant by the term *colt-breaker*, it means a man to cure a colt of bad habits, and to make him quiet. Now if we do not allow the colt to contract bad habits, he will not want being cured of them. If we bring him up quiet, he cannot be quieter than quiet. Who is so proper a person to do this as he

who has the charge of him from his birth? They or he should be the colt-breaker, or rather the colt-teacher.

Now the riding-master is quite a different person, and a very necessary one — not to make the colt carry quiet, for this he ought to have done long before he takes him in hand, but he is wanted to teach him to carry himself handsomely, to do all his paces in the same way, ride to a good mouth, get accustomed to be ridden in crowds, go in company with other horses, face all sorts of strange sights, and hundreds of other things that his age and the situation he has hitherto been placed in rendered it impossible to teach him before. None of this will require any severity on the part of the rider: on the contrary, merely encouragement and practice: nor to effect this will it be necessary to strike the colt in anger with whip or spur during the whole of his tutelage, no part of which should be made fatiguing, or, in short, even unpleasant to him. Whether the riding-master may be wanted at all will depend on whether or not the owner has capability, patience, or inclination to act the part himself; if he has, so much the better for the colt. Some colts are naturally fine goers, and as naturally carry themselves well. With such very little trouble will be required; but as many do neither well, they will require a considerable quantum on the part of the rider of that sovereign panacea for perfecting horses in any thing — *patience*. This with many horsemen, and I think I may say with all colt-breakers, gets exhausted much too soon. A man might ask, if he had had patience for a considerable time with an uncommonly awkward colt, "how long am I to have patience with the brute?" The answer

would depend on what he said he wanted to effect. If he had got hold of a restive one, and had tried all that caressing, patience, and gentle urging would do to induce him to go one way, and he still insisted on going another, I should say, try the whip and spur, and try them *effectually*, or *not at all*. Make him do it, and never leave him till he *does*. Every thing in such a case must be sacrificed, or at least risked, for he may as well be killed as left master. Thus it will be seen I have no overwrought feelings of kindness where kindness is thrown away. Still even here we should not be acting *quite* justly either; for depend on it this would not happen had the colt been well brought up: but as he is, we must act a little unjustly for interest's sake. We will say that by such severity we break the restive habits of this colt; but depend on it he will never forget it, nor will he ever be the even-tempered animal that the colt will be that never required such usage.

Now if the colt was merely awkward or stupid (and there is a wonderful difference in the capacities of different horses), and the question had been asked of how long patience was to last, I should say in two words, *for ever*—ay for ever; for patience will eventually teach any thing the animal has capacity to learn. The whip and spur severely applied will TEACH NOTHING: they may *force* him to do *some* things, and, if only used as a hint, will assist in even teaching: but the most severe use of them will neither make a colt go pleasantly nor safely, prevent his shying, render him indifferent to noise, bustle, crowds, or excitement: they will never make him a neat, cool, and perfect fencer, moderate his pace, nor stop if told to do so, or in fact obey the voice in any thing except

increasing his speed. The rest are only to be taught by *patience*, and of course good judgment and good riding.

One of the first desiderata in a horse is a good mouth. I need scarcely say, patience and judgment can alone produce this in the grown horse; for if the colt has not this naturally, these alone can bring him to have one. If he has it naturally, the want of either will spoil it. As I would put a saddle on the mere foal to use him to bear it, and the being girthed at the earliest period, so should the bit be put into his mouth equally early; at first with merely a head-stall on it without reins, and he should be allowed to champ and in fact play with it. This makes the mouth lively, and does away with all tendency to that abominable habit of bearing on the bit. In proper time the reins may be put on, and of course very loosely fastened. Walking about with this, slight as the restraint will be, still it is restraint, and, without being irksome, accustoms the colt to submit to the bit. From this, the transition to submitting to the hands is very small; that is, of course, supposing the hands to be as delicate as the colt's mouth. But I have a much more cogent reason for beginning the bitting thus early: all horses intended for the same purpose are not made alike, yet with the exception of the race-horse we wish them all to carry themselves alike or nearly so.

With the race-horse, provided he goes in a way that is likely to make him go long and fast, we need not give ourselves much trouble. We do not value him by his pleasantry, or even safety to ride, by the pleasing style of his going, or the elegance of his carriage. He may bore like a bull, and be worth

2000*l*. If he goes fast, it would be most injudicious to risk altering his style merely to make it a handsome one. But the difference of carriage and mouth in the hunter, hack, lady's horse, or harness horse, increases or diminishes their value perhaps three-fourths. With them, therefore, we cannot take too much trouble, or exercise too much patience, to bring about the desired and indeed indispensable qualifications of going handsomely, safely, and pleasantly.

I have said that all horses are not made alike. Now the way in which a horse would in a natural state carry himself depends wholly on how he *is* made; and how he will carry his head depends on how that head is put on to his neck, and how that neck is put into his chest and shoulders. The mouth in its natural state has of course nothing to do with this; but when we take him in hand, it is by acting on the mouth alone that we must trust to bringing the head and neck in proper position; and indeed it is acting on the mouth that enables us to perfect the general carriage of the body, and to alter, if necessary, the whole style of going. A man totally unused to horses might think the mouth could have nothing to do with the action of the hind-legs: men who are judges of the thing know it has everything to do with it. It may be said that the mouth has nothing to do with the natural formation of the neck: this is true; but it has a great deal to do, not only with the way in which that neck is carried, but in positively (to a certain degree) altering this natural formation. The muscles and ligaments in this early stage are yielding, and muscle will contract or expand from use or disuse. Those muscles or ligaments that tend to bring the head to an undue elevation, or its reverse, can be

wonderfully altered by their tendency being counteracted in very early youth; but, if left to become firm and rigid, are fixed and immoveable; and then let the mouth be as good as it may, and the colt as willing as we could wish him to obey the bit and hand, he can no more carry his head in the position of some other horse than he can make himself the same colour if he is a different one. By beginning as early as I recommend putting the bit and reins on, we perceive their probable effect, and see at once the tendency the colt has to any particular carriage. Taking it in this early stage, we may bend it to what we like: the very bones in their sockets may be brought to unnatural pliability by beginning early. Any itinerant tumbler daily shows us this; but the beginning must be made in the nursery, as I would make it with my colt.

By getting the colt so early into use—though of course I do not mean into *work*—we get a corresponding early knowledge of his propensities, be they good or bad, whether they relate to temper, mouth, or action. To get this it is by no means necessary to require any exertion on his part unfitted to his age. The being accustomed to feel a bit in the mouth is none; nor is it, to learn to bear being lightly borne up, or standing a short time on the pillar-reins; but all this makes him amenable to restraint; and that restraint being slight and of short duration, and brought on by almost imperceptible degrees, he learns to submit to as a matter of course. I am quite aware that numbers of horses are ruined by being put to work too early; but this arises, not from being put simply to work, but from being put to *improper work*. There is a degree of exertion even the yearling is capable of; and if the two, three, and four years old

colt only got work apportioned to his years, so far from proper exercise (and his work should only be exercise) injuring him, I am quite satisfied he would be in every way better than if allowed to remain in perfect idleness: the muscles and frame altogether become more firm and developed by moderate work. Three or four journeys in a stage coach would perhaps ruin a three-year-old, so might probably a few days' hunting with twelve or thirteen stone on him; but an occasional airing in a light gig, or carrying a light weight for the same purpose, would do him no harm on earth; and at that age, if he had been properly brought up, he might stand in the place of some other horse for such light purposes.

Let us reason a little from analogy. We encourage boys of seven or eight years of age to take strong exercise, like to see them play their game at cricket, and of late years gymnastic exercises have been invented, and are recommended to call into play all the sinews and muscles of the youngest boys. We all know that a game at cricket, played as boys play it, is about as hard work as they could be put to; and gymnastics try every sinew and muscle to the utmost: yet we see youths thus brought up stronger, more healthy, and more vigorous than those who pass their time without similar strong exertion. Provided such exertion *is* used, whether it be for our own gratification or for the advantage of others, so far as it relates to the benefit or injury of the frame, it amounts to the same thing; so, whether the colt chooses to gallop about a plain to please himself, or is trotted round a lunge to familiarise him to obedience, could make no possible difference to him on the score of work. It may be said, that as boys will voluntarily take strong exer-

cise, colts would do the same left to themselves. This is, however, by no means the case. Boys take such strong exercise as they do, not with a view to its beneficial effects on their health or constitution, but in the pursuit of amusement of some sort: you would never make a boy take a six-mile walk alone and on a dull road; he would rather play at marbles in a room; so the colt, not having many inducements to make exertion, would, left to himself, scarcely make any. The mere exercise of grazing would be sufficient to prevent sickness in him; so would a gentle walk in a garden with the boy: but the boy so brought up would never exhibit the robust frame of the one accustomed to repeated strong exercise. If we find this accelerates the growth and invigorates the health and muscular power of the boy, why should we doubt its having an equally beneficial effect on the colt?

It may be said that Nature would teach the animal to take as much exercise as would be requisite for his general well-doing: doubtless he would in a wild state find inducement to do this; but I am quite clear he would not in a domesticated one. But, besides this, we do not want an animal, that, when in a mature age, will only have to use exertion sufficient for his *own* wants and purposes: we want Vivians, Lotterys, Harkaways, magnificent chargers, and cab-horses: therefore we must do everything in our power to force horses into these, and not trouble our heads with what *Nature* might teach horses to do. She doubtless did and does teach them to do all that is necessary to make them such horses as she requires; and if she rode steeple-chases or drove a cab, would doubtless know how to make a horse for her purpose: but as *she* does not do these things, and *we* do, great

and admirable as her work in this way is, we must improve upon it, or at all events *try* to do so. I have heard old-fashioned men say that they would never wish to see a horse do a day's work till he was five years old; others have said six. If by this they mean a real day's work, comprising long-continued exertion to the very utmost of the horse's powers, they are right: but I have heard men go much further than this, and say, that, putting economy out of the question, they would let a colt run at liberty till five years old. This, with deference to others' opinion, I consider would be the very means to prevent his ever being capable of the exertion we want in horses in these days. Whether from such a mode of bringing up he might live longer, I will not say: put to the kind of work horses were a hundred years ago, possibly he might; but I should say he would not, in technical phrase, "live a day in Leicestershire *now*." The muscles, from want of early use, would have become fixed, and that elasticity necessary to speed would be found wanting. A horse wanting in elasticity will never make a jumper: he may *get* over a stile or a low gate, and he may be a very safe one at small or blind fences, but he will never be able to give the bound that is to carry us from field to field. A horse that will poke half-way down a ditch, and then get over, is very well at certain times, in certain countries, and for certain people; but I must confess I do not in a general way admire this mode of jumping by instalments: it is a very convenient way of clearing a debt, but a deuced slow one of clearing a fence. It is better than tumbling into a ditch full of brambles; but give me the India-rubber jumper that gets out of harm's way by clearing the trap and landing me in the next field.

A regular vaulter, be he man or horse, must accustom the springs to early action.

Where horses are wanting either in proper carriage or good action, unless it arises from absolute malformation, it proceeds from a want of tone or strength in those ligaments or muscles, or both combined, that should otherwise produce both: for instance, if a colt does not in his gallop bring his hind-legs well under him, if we let him go boring forward, he will always go in the same way; and if this is continued till the muscles and tendons become rigid, no power can ever after make him a good galloper: but if in early life we throw him on his haunches, and force him in his pace, we shall bring the propelling powers into action. This will produce strength and elasticity in them which were before wanting, and that want increased by the bad way of going to which I have alluded. I need scarcely say that no pains should be spared to rectify it as far as possible in the colt; for I can safely affirm I never saw a horse that was really clever or good for any one purpose to which we put horses, unless he had his hind-legs well under him. Whether in his gallop or trot, he cannot go unless they are so; and as to jumping, the man who could make an elliptic spring out of a flagstone might make such a horse a jumper, but no one else could.

Whatever may be the failing we may perceive in young horses—or indeed in any horses, but of course more especially in young ones—whatever those failings may be, whether in temper, courage, or action, the first thing to be done unquestionably is to endeavour to find out from what cause that failing arises; and having ascertained the cause, the next thing is to apply the remedy. Unfortunately for horses, they

are very generally put into the hands of those who give but little consideration to either cause or remedy, and, when they do, often hit upon the wrong cause, and still oftener fail in hitting on the proper remedy. One thing may be depended on as fact, in nineteen cases out of twenty violence and punishment will be resorted to as the remedy, while it is an equally certain fact that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred it is the wrong one.

One of the most material things in teaching men, children, or brutes, is to make them perfectly *understand* what it is we want of them, and this I suspect is not always done in either case. Children, I am satisfied, are often punished from our fancying them unwilling or obstinate, when in truth their not completing their task arises from our fault in not making them *comprehend* it: with horses I am quite certain this is a matter of *hourly* occurrence. We are too apt to fancy that easy which we *know ourselves*, forgetting that A B is as difficult to learn as a first lesson as solving the most difficult problem in Euclid is at a maturer age, or in more advanced education.

It certainly requires no great exertion of the instinct of the horse to stop when we cry "who-ho;" but till he knows what "who-ho" means, we have no right to expect him to stop at the word, or be surprised or angry if he does not. With some horses, repeating the word twenty times, with a corresponding pull at the reins, will teach this lesson; with others, we must do so a hundred or five hundred times before he will perfectly comprehend our wishes; for, as I will by and by instance, there is as much difference in the capacity to learn in the horse as there is in man, and for this difference there is seldom a

proper allowance made. If one colt learns anything we wish him in a few days, and another does not, the failure of the latter is at once set down to obstinacy, and the poor brute is punished for not doing that which he would willingly do if he really knew what we wanted of him. We will say a horse has been cried "who-ho" to many times, but does not stop: the rider fancies the horse *ought* to know his wishes, and consequently will also fancy that he *does*. What would the generality of breakers do on such an occasion? Why, give a violent snatch at the colt's mouth, accompanied with a "who-ho" loud enough to frighten a drove of oxen, probably with the addition of "and be d——d to you" at the end of it. Could any thing be more absurd than this? and what would be the probable result of such conduct? Not assuredly that which was wanted, namely, to make the colt quietly stop; but on the contrary, the violent pull would make him throw up his head if he had liberty to do so, or run back or plunge if he had not; in short, it would make him do any thing but what he was wanted to do; and he will get punished for committing a fault of the rider's own creating. Now, if a colt had learned his lesson, and had constantly stopped on being spoken to, we should then know that he understood our wishes; and if he on particular occasions did not obey, a *properly proportioned* punishment for his disobedience would be allowable; but we should be perfectly satisfied on this head before we administer the punishment, however slight it might be, for, wrongly applied, it would undo what had been done before.

I am very much afraid that punishment is often had recourse to, not as a painful alternative that the future well-doing of the objects compels us to inflict,

but as a means of gratifying the irate and savage feeling of the inflictor: when this is the case, he is the greater brute of the two, and moreover a fool for his pains.

I remember once seeing a horse that had been left standing in a cart at a door walk quietly away, which gave the driver a run to bring him back. Getting up to the horse, he beat him unmercifully: on my remonstrating with him on his conduct, and stating the horse could not know why he was so abused, the savage said, he did not care for that; he had had the trouble of coming after him, so he would "take it out of him." I fear many such feelings bring punishment where the cause of it is as little known to the animal. I merely instance the very simple process of teaching a horse to stop at the word of command as perhaps the most simple of any lesson we may have to teach him.

We should always consider, before we attempt to punish any animal we may be teaching (that has only instinct to guide him), that the punishing a rational or irrational animal are two very distinct things. We may flog, imprison, or transport a man for any given offence, because he is *told* and *knows* the punishment is the consequence of such offence: to the irrational animal, we must make the fear of punishment or the anticipation of reward also evident, or either the one or the other will have no effect. We cannot *tell* the horse what he is to expect, so it is only by repeated results we can teach him the consequences of any one act of his. We might cane a boy if he refused to move from the fire-side, or another if he was riotous to an unbearable degree, and should by such means procure the desired end:

so we might use the whip and spur to a horse that nothing else could rouse into activity, and here we should also succeed: but if we used the same means to make a hasty hot horse go quietly, we should, as a matter of course, make him ten times worse; and why? simply because he would not know what he was whipped and spurred for: yet I have seen many sapient people adopt this course; and many equally absurd things are done in the common way of educating, or I should say of *spoiling*, horses: such men want educating more than they.

But to revert to my stating that action may be most materially altered, particularly with colts, I shall bring forward a case in point, and where I completely altered the action of a young horse.

And here I must implore my reader, in any case where I may be guilty of the egotism of stating what may have occurred to *myself*, not to attribute my doing so to any improper self-estimation, but mainly to a wish to show, that, where I venture opinions on any subject, I rest such opinions on practical experience, and not on any fancied ingenuity of my own.

A friend of mine had been for some years in the habit of breeding horses for his own riding on the road: he showed me a particularly handsome well-made four-year-old horse, but who unfortunately had no action: in fact, though his legs were capital and well put on, he used them like a pair of stilts. My friend assured me that but for this he would have been invaluable as a hack.

This reminded me of an acquaintance who had pleased to take as a *chere amie* a lady who was as crooked as (allowing a foot for each turn the height of the human frame will admit of) she could be: he,

however, always gravely asserted, that *but* for being *crooked* she was the finest woman in England. This possibly was the case: the gentleman ought to have been the best judge, and the quantum of attraction the lady possessed was much in favour of his *being* and *remaining* so. She stood, however, very high in his estimation, and so in truth she did in that of every other person; for if one could have *straightened* her out she would have been about six feet two in her shoes, the sight of which, had the little gentleman been of a reflective turn of mind, would have been enough to have damped his ardour, for they looked uncommonly like two coffins ready for his use, and a capital fit.

Now, though the last gentleman I allude to did not object to the crooked legs of the lady, my friend did object very much to the straight ones of the horse, so much so that he offered him to me at any price I chose to name. I, more in joke than anything else, said ten pounds. "Done!" said my friend, and Straightlegs was mine. I now resolved to try my hand with him. He had been in the riding school with good riders on him, and I understood they had done him some good, but could make little of him: he seemed to have no joint in his knee. I was neither vain enough nor foolish enough to fancy I could do him any good by riding, so I did not attempt it. That the knee was formed to bend like every other knee, lifting up the leg ascertained: it was then only wanted to be found whether the animal could bend it *himself*. This I found out in a few minutes. I led him to where some timber had been felled, and made him begin by walking over a small tree about a foot in diameter. This he did some twenty times with

ease. I then got him to a larger; and by preventing him *jumping* over it, which he attempted to do, I got him to lift his legs as high as the most lofty action in a trot would require. It was now clear he had the power of lifting his legs. The desideratum then was to make him do so in his paces: this I determined he should do if patience and perseverance could make him.

Near my house was a common on which the ants had at some time thrown up hills from six to eighteen inches high: they were grown over by the grass, and become so tough that breaking them was out of the question: they were moreover so thick in places that there was merely room for a horse's foot between them: in short, parts of the plain were like a green cloth table with inverted tea-cups all over the surface, with an inch between them: the turf was soft as velvet, so there was no fear of broken knees; and this I fixed on as the school in which Master Straight-legs' education as to action should begin. I put on a cavesson, and led him in every direction among the hills: he was on his nose certainly twenty times in the first hour: I perceived, however, he began getting more careful, and after all this tumbling about, and seeing him from fright and exertion in a profuse sweat, I concluded lesson the first.

In this way he was taken out twice and three times a day for six weeks, daily improving, till at the end of that time he marched like a soldier. During the whole of this tutorage he had only been walked, and no one on his back. I now mounted, and found, during an hour's ride on the high road, he maintained his newly acquired style of walk during the whole ride.

I now adopted the same mode with him in his trot. In this pace he blundered about at first as he had done in the walk, but in one month his trotting action was so high that I thought it unnecessary to proceed further with him: he was, in fact, perfect. A London dealer bought him of me, and sold him at a long price to carry a nobleman.

Though this was not the first time by many that I had altered a horse's action — whether the same mode would succeed with *all* horses I am not prepared to say; but I infer it would, and for this reason. Placed in a similar situation to that in which this horse was placed, they, like him, must either stand still or lift their legs over the obstructions in their way, and being made to proceed, they would have no alternative but to do as he did. I do not mean to say this horse on the road lifted his knee as high as he did among the ant-hills; his action would have been ridiculous if he had: but he had got so much in the habit of going high during his schooling, that he retained quite enough of it to make his action as grand as could be desired. With colts I am quite clear the same effect, more or less, would invariably be the result of the same proceeding, or a proceeding on the same principle.

In some corroboration of this opinion, I can mention an instance in a friend's horse. He was a favourite, but, though not unsafe to ride, always wore away the toes of his shoes. My friend had occasion to go into Wales for a few months: in those roads the horse really was unsafe, and blundered most continually; added to which the jar occasioned by hitting the ground with his toe was most unpleasant to the rider. I conclude it was so to the horse, who, I suppose, began

to find his toes were made of softer materials than the roads: at all events, he found out a better way of putting his foot to the ground, and became as safe a horse there and elsewhere as ever was ridden. This horse was ten years old when he went into Wales.

Not to assume to myself any ingenuity for adopting my ant-hill plan with horses, I will mention what first put me on it.

We had an orchard at my father's well stocked with apples, pears, cherries, and one remarkable fine brown greengage tree, to which fruit my mamma was particularly partial: so was I, but I was also very partial to mamma. Now these two partialities suited (in sporting phrase) my book to a nicety, for, God help her! I took care she ran no risk of cholera from the quantity she got of the greengages. Between these and the other produce of the orchard, how I escaped the same complaint I know not: a more worthy scion of the same stock would have died of it. In short, no pastoral poet, no enthusiastic admirer of nature ever felt or feigned more devotion to the Arcadia of his imagination than I did to this said orchard; so did a large pig we had; and, odd as it may appear till explained, his predilection for fruit gave me a hint as to accustoming a horse to bend his knees. Loud and bitter were my invectives against this pig for poaching on my especial manor: many a race had I after him; many a grip had he from my dogs on that part of his *corpus porci* that was the nearest to his pursuers; many a touch of whipcord had the same part felt from my hunting-whip; for all which attentions he expressed his proper appreciation by a continued strain of harmony, that, if railroads had then existed, would have made the neighbours look

out for a locomotive. He knew me at last so well, that on my appearance, though the place was surrounded by a thick quickset hedge that would have stopped even the Scotch Greys, he charged it in any part: through he went; the hedge closed up, and he was gone. In short, with me behind him, he would have broke the ranks of every regiment at Waterloo from La Papelotte to Hougoumont. I had not made up my mind whether or not the fun of ejecting piggy was not an equivalent for the fruit he plundered, when it was decided for me, and a yoke was put on him. This opened a new field of sport to me, for piggy, not being as good a judge of the possible and impossible as "Capability Brown*," at every step endeavoured to lift his legs over the yoke in the most ridiculous manner possible; while I, on observing he did this the more the faster he went, kept him in pretty strong trotting exercise in order to witness his performance. After the fruit was got in, the yoke was taken off, and piggy set at liberty; and I, finding no more fun was to be got out of him, let him alone to recruit himself for next season. I saw, however, that, though unyoked, he had got so habituated to his high action that he kept it up. This in after-times gave me the idea of trying to alter the action of a horse, and, as I have shown, it succeeded.

In educating horses, we have, it is true, instinct to fall back upon; that instinct in some particulars almost amounting to reason we must allow, but it requires a very considerable experience of the attributes of horses to judge accurately when and how far we may trust to their instinct. I will endeavour to show where instinct will, and where it will not, serve the animal.

* A celebrated and eccentric surveyor of the last century.

We will suppose a horse has a trick of hanging back in his stall when not rack-chained up: flogging him and shouting at him, which I will answer for it most grooms would do, would certainly cure him of doing so when they were present; but the moment the stable-door is closed, back he would come. All they would teach him by this flogging would be, that if he hung back while they were present, he would be flogged. This is not teaching him that the hanging back in itself produces inconvenience. I had a horse that did this: I never allowed him to be struck or rated for it. Why frighten a horse, and make him vicious or dislike one, when we can make him punish himself for his ill-habits! I got a deal rafter, and had it well clothed with strong furze, which I fastened behind the horse so as in no way to inconvenience or confine him. I watched him: he shortly stepped back plump on to the furze: this gave him, I conclude, about five hundred sharp hints to jump forward, which he did with a movement quicker than he ever made in a stall before: he looked back, and appeared a good deal astonished: I thought he seemed disposed to give a kick: I went up to him, and made much of him, that he might not be alarmed or get angry; for in either case I knew he would have sent the whole concern flying. I made a man stay in the stable all day, with directions, whenever the horse got pricked, to speak kindly to him. I did not want to frighten him, but to make him feel that whenever he did a certain thing he hurt himself. A few days effectually cured him. The simple fact was, he forgot the trick, and did not attempt it afterwards.

This reminds me of a lady who had a favourite large fat pet spaniel: this dog would not have been

prevented jumping on any chair he liked, but he took a fancy to a very splendid one, covered with very beautifully worked satin: he could not be kept out of this if left for a moment in the room by himself: he was off in a moment if he heard any one coming, but on their leaving, up he was again. This chair was generally covered with a white net. I undertook to cure him of this promising not to beat him. I took away the satin cushion, and under the white net I placed some regular old strong furze. I watched, unseen: up my gentleman was in a moment but down he was much quicker, and set up a yelping that I knew would bring his mistress down in a minute. "Poor Rover!" said I, "I think another lesson will about do for you:" so I gave him a toss on his side on my newly invented patent anti-comfortable cushion: he bolted off, out of the room, nearly knocking down his mistress at the door, who then flew after him into the garden. I made my escape, having first the precaution to desire the servant to tell his mistress, with my compliments, not to sit on Rover's chair. She passed my house the next day, and shook her finger at me, showing me Rover's head at the carriage window: he would not even look at the anti-comfortable chair again.

I have shown in the instance of the horse hanging back where instinct will teach him to avoid what he finds gives him pain: I will now mention a case where it would not. We will suppose a horse had fallen in harness, and got his legs entangled in the spokes of the wheel, had kicked over the splinter-bar, or in a stable had kicked a hole in the boards of his stall, and got his legs in that: in either case we might conclude, that, finding kicking or struggling hurt him, he would stand quiet: this he *possibly* might do if he was a very

quiet horse, and was neither frightened nor enraged: but if he was either the one or other, he would probably kick till a broken leg would be the result; for in cases of fright or anger it seems one of the attributes or weaknesses of the horse that he loses all instinct. We can then do nothing with him, and can only apply brute force to brute force. The horse with the furze behind him did not resist, because the punishment was not severe enough to alarm his fears or rouse his anger: but if, instead of the furze, I had put a row of sharp spikes behind him, the pain would have had the effect of producing both: he would have kicked at the spikes at once, and the oftner he was wounded by them the more violently would he have kicked till he was too far maimed to kick any longer: his anger would have been roused, and then, though instinct would make him try to kick away the object of his fright or anger, it would not teach him that, by standing quiet, the object would not again injure him. Passionate men often do that which their reason, if they gave themselves time to exert it, would tell them must injure themselves: still do they it: Are we to expect more reason in a brute?

It might at first thought appear injudicious, even cruel, to tempt anything to do wrong, when the commission of the offence would lead to certain punishment. It would be so with a rational being in most instances, because we could *tell* him that such would be the case; but even in this case it would sometimes be judicious, nay merciful, to make him feel all this. For instance: if a boy would be constantly venturing on the bank of a river alone, it would be perfectly kind to allow him to fall into it when some one was at hand to get him out: if a child would play with

the fire, it would probably safe his life to allow him to put his finger on a hot coal, because we cannot make him understand or fear the consequences of such habits but through his sense of feeling. Thus it is by irrational animals: one lesson that come home to their sense of feeling does more towards preventing their doing wrong again than all the punishment we can inflict. The punishing a horse after committing an offence I suspect has much more to do with making him tremble the next time he has committed it, *after* it is committed, than it has with *preventing* the committing it. A careless, lazy, or awkward horse blunders over a fence with us with the evident chance of breaking our necks: not being hurt by it himself, and blundering over being less exertion to him than clearing it handsomely, he naturally does the same thing again. What is usually done to punish, and, as it is supposed, to prevent him doing this again? The whip is laid about his ears, and the spurs crammed into his sides, so soon as being firm in his seat enables the rider to do it. Now what can the horse infer from this if he has any powers of inference? (If he has not, punishment is useless.) He must suppose he was punished for not coming on his nose, or for going off in his gallop so soon as over the fence, or, in fact, anything but what the rider meant he should feel he was punished for: and the only consequence is, that at the next fence, *as soon as he is over*, he naturally expects to be punished for he knows not what, but that he recollects he was whipped and spurred as soon as he was over the last, and supposes or expects to be treated the same at every jump, or rather *after it*. This is as bad and truly absurd as flogging a horse *after* he *has* stumbled.

No horse ever was made better by this, but *all worse*. I may be asked, what, according with my views of educating horses, I would do with such a horse, or whether I would let him blunder over all his fences as he pleased? This I certainly would not do, for, though not particularly choice of my neck, I should not like to have it broke in so unhandsome a manner; and to prevent it I should consider what made such a horse so bungling a performer. If it proceeds from ignorance and not knowing how to do better, *teach him*, which is easily done; but for mercy's sake do not punish him for ignorance. If it proceeds from sheer laziness and sluggishness, rouse him before he comes to it, and clap the spurs and double thong to him when he ought to take off: this will teach him to be on the alert, and not to blunder over from the want of exerting himself. If it is from carelessness, here is a case where we must make him feel the consequences of carelessness; and one in which I would *tempt* him to do wrong to show him the result. Lead him over a few places, where, if he is careless, he must go in, and *then* flog him till he gets *out: when out*, if you do any thing, caress rather than again strike him, for it would not do to punish him both *in* and *out*. Such a horse would never become careful till he had personally felt the penalty of carelessness. We should recollect the horse does not know it is wrong to blunder, or to get into a ditch; therefore till by experience he finds that if he does not take care he will get into a ditch, and that when he *is* there we take care it becomes a most uncomfortable berth to him, he will not seek to avoid that from which he anticipates no inconvenience, but when he has found the inconvenience he will avoid it.

A friend of mine was so hasty in his temper, though not a violently passionate man, that on the least supposed offence from man, woman, or child, he constantly said in reply many things he much regretted afterwards. No man felt more hurt than he did on such occasions, and on his once saying he would give a thousand pounds to any man if he could cure him of this habitual hastiness, I volunteered to give him a receipt for nothing that should cure him if he pledged his word to strictly abide by it for twelve months. He gave the pledge, and for the benefit of hasty persons I give the receipt as I gave it him. "Whenever anything is said or done that particularly irritates you, count a hundred before you make an observation upon it." My friend became an altered man. I introduce this, because it is just what I would wish instructors of any thing to do before they give way to temper, that is, if theirs is a hasty one, and they have any thing to do with horses.

I hope it is understood, that, in alluding to the blundering leaper, I allude to an animal that ought not to be found—namely, a horse having arrived at a hunting age, and being taken with hounds without having been properly taught his business: in short, not *educated*. My three-year-old colt should not commit such an error—why? because, if I found he wanted it, he should have been in a dozen ditches before I ever got on his back; then he would be wise enough to keep out of them when I was.

A farmer in Essex, well known some years since in Lord Petre's hunt, had an entire horse, a remarkably clever jumper. I often tried to coax him out of the horse at a strong price. "No," he would say,

"it is as much as my neck is worth to part with him." The fact was, the farmer was a determined goer in the field, but a much harder one in a public-house, and frequently, when it was so dark the horse could hardly see, and the master not all, he used to start off across the fields home: somehow he stuck on, and the horse went home as straight as gun-shot. I once saw him take a gate with his master on the saddle and his arms most lovingly round the horse's neck. I told him he would be found some night, horse and all, in some of the Essex ditches. "Nay," says he, "there is not a ditch in the country we were not in the first year I had him: he knows them too well now to get in again."

I have endeavoured to prove, what I am bold enough to say I know to be fact, that the action of horses is to be wonderfully altered by placing them in situations where they must alter it of *themselves*. It would be an endless work to enumerate all the imperfections of the horse, or the mode by which they may be counteracted. A little exertion of consideration will lead any man of common sense to be able in most cases to ascertain the cause of the deficiency: a little ingenuity will point out to him the most probable mode of altering it: and a great deal of patience and command of temper will generally succeed in effectually, or at all events in partially, doing this.

There is no horse which requires such variety of action as the hunter. There is no doubt a peculiar action that tends to get a horse along with the most ease to himself in peculiar situations. Even with the same hunt the country has often, we may say, two faces. To come near London, for instance. With a

fox found at Chipstead, and killed in the Oxted country, a man to be well carried would want two horses of quite different pretensions, or one which could vary his style of going, from that which would do on chalk hills to that required in deep clay. The same may be said of the Downs about Goodwood, or getting over in the Petworth country. Horses accustomed to flat countries cannot live with hounds in hilly ones. Why? Not because the hill-country horses are better, but because they adapt their style of going to the country. Ride a Leicestershire horse in a close hilly country two seasons, he will become a different horse to what he was when he came there: he will be no *better* horse than he was, for nothing can be harder work than crossing a Leicestershire pasture when it rides deep, taken as work; but climbing up and down hills is still harder to *that individual* horse, because he is not used to it: till he becomes so, a much inferior horse would beat him. The same propelling powers are not equally called upon in going up and down hills, and on a flat; consequently those powers that are most wanted in the one situation, not being in the habit of being so much exerted in the other, become distressed when they become the chief propellers requisite.

London servants will run up and down stairs all day without being fatigued: a straight two-mile walk over a down would tire them. Country servants will knock up in going the height of four-pair of stairs till they are used to it: the calves of the legs and back sinews are here called into unusual play, and they cannot bear the tension till habit strengthens them: then Dolly will trip up as quickly and coquettishly as the London Abigail.

If, therefore, it is allowed to me that horses do so change their mode of going in one way, they will in another; and if we begin *early* enough, and have *patience* enough, a bad style may be made into a good one, and by very simple means (generally speaking).

We will say a colt is a good galloper, but goes with too long a stride for a general hunter. No undue severity, no severe labour, or cleverness on the part of his master is required to cure this: the horse need not even be rode: put a cavesson on him, a mouthing bit in his mouth, and bear him up to either a cross or his saddle or surcingle: get him into an amphitheatre circle if you can; if not, into a riding school; or, if neither are near, a rick-yard or any small inclosed place: let your leading or ringing rein be about 25 feet long: begin by thus forming a lunge of 50 feet diameter: have an assistant with you: force your colt or horse into a canter: it is pretty clear that a horse cannot stride very long round such a circle, which you may daily decrease till it comes to, say 40 feet. Now, what is the simple effect of this? The only severity we use, if severity it can be called, is forcing the colt to canter and then gallop in a space that is awkward to him at first, but the result will be he finds he cannot do this (in the situation we have placed him) with a long stride; he has therefore, no alternative but to take a short one. By this simple process you might bring him to canter round a dining room, if such a thing was wanted.

Let us now reverse the case, and suppose a colt strikes short, goes too high, and, technically speaking, fights in his gallop. Ringing such a colt would of course make him ten times worse: he must be ridden, *unaccompanied* by any other horse, and in a place

where he can neither see nor hear anything to stimulate him: put a light steady boy on him, and on a retired exercise ground let him go *long* and *very slow* gallops with as easy a bit in his mouth as he can possibly be held with: he will shortly learn to lean a little on this, and, having nothing to animate him, will in a few lessons get into an even stroke, which he would never do so long as he lived if ridden in company, ridden fast, or in confined situations.

Half the persons who breed or buy colts seem to think that if the animal has any particular fault or faults, it is a kind of dispensation of PROVIDENCE that they are to have a colt with such faults: that it is, in short, their lot, and also the lot of the colt, to pass through life with the failings he possesses. I suppose, if we gave one of these fatalists a chair with only three legs to it, they would sit on it all their lives in a most uncomfortable position to keep it on a balance. Now as I like to sit easy, and being moreover a bit of a carpenter, the first thing I should do would be to mend the chair. I certainly could not make as handsome a job of it as an upholsterer could, but I certainly would put on what should answer the purpose of a leg, and enable me to sit comfortably: at any rate the chair should not remain with three, that's poz. So with the colt: I could not make a bad goer perhaps as good a one as if he was naturally so; but I will answer for it, be a colt's fault what it might, if I did not effectually cure it, I would make it better. People not attempting to do this is one reason why we see so many brutes of horses in use as we daily do see.

I will now venture a few remarks on the education of horses destined to harness, and I believe most

persons will agree with me when I say there is no purpose to which we put the horse where a proper education is more necessary or more wanting than to the horse intended for harness. It is quite true, that in a proper carriage, with strong tackle on him and a commanding bit, a coachman—that is, a workman in this way—with plenty of nerve, will drive anything; but as nine-tenths of the persons who do drive are not workmen, many have not nerve, and very many have not temper, the rendering a horse perfectly quiet in harness is really a matter of vital importance. A horse with a rider on his back can only kill or maim that one rider, save and except sundry men, women, children, porkers, muttons, King Charlie's spaniels, or other as useless curs he may meet on the road; but the harness-horse has often the head and sometimes the tails of a whole family entrusted to him, so he can make wholesale work of it if he sets *to*, as an old fat aunt of mine did when she sat *down*.

I had a hen hatching some pheasant eggs for me, and I had put some of the hatched in flannel on a library chair beside the fire: in comes aunty, and down she plumps on the chair with a swash, such as I have heard and seen a boat make when lowered from a vessel's side. Though not a man of hasty temper, candour makes me confess I rapped out an oath against the offending part that she never forgot or forgave. She got up as quick as the tight fit would let her, and came out like a cork from a bottle. Expecting the next time she came she would seek the easy chair, I determined to make it a little more easy for her especial gratification, so I stuck a sharpened knitting needle in the cushion. She came again, but, confound her! she would not go near the trap,

so my needle stood harmless. If she had sat down on it, I could have found it in my heart to have clinched it, and kept her there for ever as a hecatomb to the departed spirits of my murdered pheasants!

In educating horses for draught, the great thing to teach them is not to be alarmed at objects *behind* them: their being thus alarmed is the cause of more accidents in harness than any other circumstance likely to arise with horses devoted to such purposes. The colt should therefore, long before he is intended to be put to any vehicle, be accustomed to wear harness, and to be exercised with trappings hanging about his hocks and heels. A horse that has never felt a rein under his tail will probably kick the first time he feels one there. It may be said such an accident does not often occur with a good coachman: granted; but with a *bad* one it is a matter of frequent occurrence; and though we may say a bad coachman has no business driving, still, as such *will* drive, broken bones and a smashed carriage is too severe a penalty to allow them to pay for their imprudence if we can avoid it.

In putting a young one first in harness, it is most desirable to prevent anything touching his hocks or hind parts lest we might set him kicking. Why is this precaution so necessary? Because the colt has not been properly prepared: if he had, he would no more mind anything touching his hind parts than his fore ones. Some persons may say, "we have gone on very well for centuries with horses broken to harness in the usual way." Such persons invariably dislike any innovation on an old custom; but in answer to the going on "very well" I must be permitted to remark, that we have certainly "*gone on*," whether "*very well*"

is another affair: but, supposing we really have gone on very well, is that any reason we should not try to go on *better?* Our forefathers thought we got on very well when they, as mine always did, contrived to *actually* get to Demezié's at Hartford Bridge to sleep, but to attempt the remaining twenty-five miles home the same day never entered their contemplation. We of 1830 thought we went on very well in doing ten miles an hour; but now we call twenty-five slow travelling. We now get home from New York in little more than a fortnight: depend on it we shall not stop at this: so going on very well is, like most things, but comparative at best. "Let well enough alone" is an old and homely adage; a safe one I admit to a certain extent, but not one calculated to improve our pursuits. It may also be urged that thousands of horses are daily going quietly in harness put to their work in the old way. I allow that thousands are going thus quietly, but I must take the liberty of adding, that scores are daily kicking and running away; and I am tempted to infer, from the opinions I have heard of those who have been the unwilling participators in such exhibitions, that once in a man's life has quite satisfied him of their unpleasantry; and indeed many have been found after such occurrences in a state that has precluded them ever giving an opinion on the matter. Horses going quietly while all is going on right, is something like railroad carriages going fifty miles an hour: so long as *they* keep on the line and nothing breaks or strains, they go as safely at that pace as at twenty: but *if* something *does* go wrong, GOOD NIGHT! So it is with horses if nothing unusual occurs: even a vicious horse

will probably go quietly; but if something unusual *does* occur, where are you then?

I remember, when a boy, my father driving me in the curricle from Guildford to Cobham: in the middle of Payne's Hill the nut that fastened one of the swing bars to the carriage shook out: luckily he had driven these horses some years, and though high-couraged ones, they were perfectly good tempered and used to their work; so no harm happened: but suppose they had been young ones, with only the tuition young ones generally get, is it to be supposed such a horse would have borne a bar banging against his hocks without being frightened, and in all probability starting off and kicking every step? These horses had been so accustomed to feel the pole and splinter-bar of a carriage against their quarters in putting to and taking off, that they thought nothing about it; and what horses thus learn from casual events during length of time, I maintain a colt should be taught in a few weeks, by habituating him to it by degrees and gentleness: that is, if he is intended to be put into the generality of men's hands.

I think I hear some very knowing and self-opinionated amateur coachman say, "But why all this caution to guard against the consequences of a contingency that never may occur?" There can be no possible occasion for it certainly, I should reply, if only you or I were in the case; because, excuse my being personal, it might not matter to any one whether our necks were broken or not: but if a man's wife, child, or children are brought home only once in his life, killed, maimed, or senseless, I think the question is answered. It matters little that they have been drawn or carried safely for a thousand days, if

on the thousand and first they are immolated by a half-educated horse.

I have in another place stated that I have by choice driven at times determined kickers. I did not show my sense in doing this; but why I drove them by choice was not certainly because they *were* kickers, but because they were horses or mares of extraordinary capabilities, and were driven in vehicles adapted to such customers, and fastened down and held by tackle, they could not break, and then no valuable lives were risked behind them: but even with this, the folly or foolhardiness of one man is not to be brought forward as an example to others.

I remember once overtaking Probyn (well known as Captain Probyn in the Driving World) on the Hounslow road with a mare in a Stanhope. "For God's sake," cried he, seeing me, "don't come near us, or she will kick like thunder." This was all very well for Probyn; but give such a mare into the hands of a man who was not a coachman, who would have let a rein touch her loins, where would he be? True, this was a kicker; but unless a *good-tempered* horse is taught to bear the ordinary casualties that are likely to occur in harness, the probability is, *fear*, if not temper, may show that he can kick too.

For some proof of what little trouble it takes to accustom young horses to bear anything that does not absolutely put them to pain, let any man notice cart-colts. Now these, unwieldy as they may look, can, when they please, show an activity and quickness of motion that would surprise persons unaccustomed to observe them. Often have I seen cart-horses take a high gate when hounds have run by. Few horses are more playful than cart-colts when in

high condition; yet these horses, from being accustomed to the thing, will walk with a heavy stretcher banging against their hocks, and chains hanging about them in every direction. Nor does this proceed from sluggishness; for the same horses will often jump, squeak, and play in harness if a carriage passes them on the road, and, unless stopped, would set off in a gallop with the waggon behind them. Still, if the backband of the cart should come unhooked, a thing that constantly occurs, the same horse will quietly support the shafts by the hame-chains, though the fore part of the cart rests on his quarters. Why does he bear this? Simply because he is used to it, and is not alarmed at it. A racing colt might be made just as good tempered (though from his high breeding not probably quite so steady) if taken early enough, and before he had been brought into a state of unnatural excitement by the high feeding, galloping, sweating, consequent scraping, and we may call it teasing, that a horse in training must undergo before we can bring him to the proper state necessary to fit him for his peculiar work.

It seems the general idea among the majority of persons, that all that it is necessary to guard against in horses for harness is *vice*, when, in point of fact, with nine horses out of ten it is the last thing we need fear, inasmuch as any resistance they may show, or any uneasiness they may evince, very rarely proceeds from any vicious propensity, not even when they do kick or run away. The animal feels a something behind him that *alarms* or incommodes him: he as naturally sends out his heels to kick it away, as we strike our own face if we feel any insect alight on it. Most persons would do this even

if they thought it was a bee or a wasp. Now the sensible thing to do would be to remain quiet, when, after the insect had taken his promenade over our countenance, he would take himself off. It would be more sensible in the horse not to hurt his heels or hocks against a carriage; but as in both cases neither the man nor horse do act sensibly, the result is, the man gets stung and the horse hurt, which in the latter case probably leads to the passenger being hurt also. The horse, finding he *is* hurt by something, tries most energetically to knock it away, and, finding that he cannot do this, he then tries to *run away* from it. All this is set down as vice, when it is only fear. Having been thus hurt by a carriage behind him, the animal, as a matter of course, will kick at or run away from the same object of his hurt and alarm the next and probably every time he finds it behind him. He is then a confirmed *kicker*, but not a *vicious* horse: call him a *frightened* one, and we should be much nearer the truth. Nothing can more show that it is not inherent vice than the fact that many horses will kick in single harness, and go quiet as lambs in double, and sometimes *vice versâ*. This clearly proves that the animal kicks from having been hurt or alarmed by being placed in one of these situations; for, if it proceeded from vice, he would equally show it in *both*.

People are frequently led into great difficulty and danger from a circumstance that naturally may induce them to feel confident that they will neither meet with the one nor the other, which is, a horse (as it is termed) taking "kindly to harness." There is no circumstance more likely to lead to danger, and for this reason: if a horse, on being first put in, shows

evident uneasiness or resistance, he will of course be put into the hands of some one who understands what he is about, and he goes through the regular (though generally very imperfect) routine of breaking; but should the horse (I may say *unfortunately*, if his owner is not a good coachman) go quietly, he will probably the next day be put into some carriage, and then ten to one something occurs that did not occur the day before: he gets alarmed, and a milling match is the consequence. This is not vice: for, if it was, he would have kicked the first time he was put in; but he *did not*: why? because the placidity of his temper made him willing to do what was asked of him when not alarmed; but his placidity is not proof against his *fears*. Hence the great stress I lay upon harness-horses being accustomed to every casualty we may expect to occur in harness: when he has by experience found such casualties do not *injure* him, they will not *alarm*, but, till he has, they assuredly will.

We should always bear one thing in mind that ought to disarm our anger when horses show what we term vice. When horses kick, plunge, or run away in harness, they do not do so with any intent to hurt *us* personally: probably they are in no way aware we are behind them; and if, from speaking to them, they became so, how often do we find that (when not *too* much alarmed or irritated) the soothing voice of one to whom they are accustomed, will calm their irritation, and re-assure their fears.

If any one wished to convince himself how opposite to the nature of the horse it is to injure man unless *provoked* to do so, or *alarmed*, he need go no further than to any place where our houshold troops are employed

to keep the multitude in order. These horses, though in high condition and full of spirits, suffer themselves to be surrounded by crowds, and in fact leaned against by men, women, and children, without ever attempting to lift a leg in return. I must mention an act of docility on the part of one of these horses, and of kindness and gallantry on that of one of these fine corps, that did great credit to both.

At one of our public processions, a lady had inadvertently got mixed up with the crowd: being seriously alarmed, she attracted the attention of the soldier, who, as the readiest and only mode of extricating her from the difficulty, desired her to take hold of his horse's tail: she had sense and resolution enough to do this: he rode forward, thus clearing her a passage out, when he left her in safety.

Probably the same docility and goodness of temper might make this horse draw quietly if he was tried; but it by no means follows that he would do so. He had no fear of a crowd, because he was habituated to be in one; but he might kick violently at a gig to which he was *not* habituated. This would proceed from alarm, not vice. I think I have read that the Egyptians in some cases made their cattle draw by their tails, and there can be no doubt but that, accustom a horse to do so, he would draw any light carriage as willingly by his tail as by his shoulders. It would be rather a novel, and I conceive a useless exhibition here; but there can be no doubt that if a horse was by degrees accustomed to feel a carriage touching his quarters, instead of such an occurrence being scrupulously prevented, he would be all the safer for it in case by any breakage such a thing *did* occur. It is true we cannot habituate a horse to

every thing that *possibly may* occur, but we should do well to teach him to bear without alarm all that *probably will* at times happen.

People should carry this truth in their minds, that a coachman may be able to manage and drive a restive, resolute, or really vicious horse; but if he *is* a coachman, he will tell you he cannot engage to manage a frightened one. Nothing can therefore be more erroneous than the idea, that because a horse shows no vice he is safe to put into unskilful or timid hands: he is by no means to be depended on: he will be quiet while all goes on right, but the only truly safe horse is one that will remain quiet when things go wrong.

The action of kicking, independently of its arising quite as often from fear as from vice, very frequently arises from playfulness: it is one of the horse's manifestations of high spirits. Turn him loose, he *kicks*; does not kick at any particular object, for in the middle of a field there is nothing to kick *at*: he kicks, as boys run and kick up *their* heels, from mere wantonness and a sense of liberty. He jumps, squeaks, and kicks if any one passes him suddenly on the road from the same cause. Two horses will gallop and kick at each other: this is not vice; it means no more than two boys or men sparring at or hitting each other in passing: the two horses will probably be seen in ten minutes standing together licking each other.

I have mentioned in another place that I never drive in single harness without a good strong kicking-strap. This I do with horses that I know have no earthly inclination to kick; and for this reason: I like horses in high condition, and horses in such condition are usually in high spirits. A fly stings a horse severely

or a coach comes galloping behind. A horse in such spirits is very likely to give a squeak, and (as he means) a playful kick. This, when he can get his heels high enough, probably brings one or both of them in contact with the shaft or bar. This is a thing we cannot well accustom him to bear, so he probably gives a second kick: and if he does, you are lucky if he does not go on; for this reason I am an advocate for kicking-straps, which, if properly put on, prevent the *commencing* kick.

With the same pair of horses I mentioned as being so perfectly quiet as one of them to bear a loose bar knocking against his heels, we once went for the first time to see the New Forest; and, being Summer and the days hot, were going from Lyndhurst to Lymington when nearly dark. To our great suprise the horses began pulling and going something like fourteen miles an hour. My father, as he expressed himself, wondered "what the devil had got into the horses!" They were, in short, half mad. On getting into the Inn yard, and being stopped, they both began to kick, and one got over the trace: however, we got them out and into the stable: when there, the men could not get near one of them; he kicked till he actually kicked the bar-standard out of the saddle. This was nothing but the forest flies, to which they were unaccustomed, and, being delicate-skinned horses, could not bear, though these flies only crawl, without stinging. In the middle of the night we were forced to put two posters to the curricle, and have our horses led; nor did we stop till beyond the haunts of the forest flies. Thus the quietest of horses may become unmanageable if that occurs to which they are unaccustomed: two less thoroughly trained

to harness would probably have smashed the whole concern.

I can mention another instance where a most good-tempered and perfectly trained cob would have done mischief, if not held by main force, merely from fright. I had bought him for my wife, knowing he had been constantly driven by a lady. Driving out one day, a violent hail-storm came on: my wife got under a large tree, and was perfectly sheltered, but it did not cover the cob's head, or the man standing at it. She thoughtlessly desired him to take a large oil-skin gig umbrella, and hold it over his own and her cob's head, who instantly became ungovernable: the man, to hold him the better, threw down the umbrella, and the moment he had done so, the cob became perfectly quiet: it was merely the hail rattling on the oil-skin that alarmed him; he had not been taught to bear this, *but he very soon was*: perhaps this hint may be useful to some lady similarly situated.

I had a horse that would let one do any thing when on him that is usually done, but *one* thing he would not permit, which was, to take a letter or indeed any paper that rustled out of the pocket: he would go away with any man living who did—it set him frantic. I conclude some one had let a letter blow out of his hand, which had possibly alighted on the horse's head, and given him a fright. He was just the same in the stable: even show him a white sheet of paper, he would plunge most violently. Not wanting to read on his back, I did not take the trouble to reconcile him to this, as I could make him understand my wishes by other means than epistolary correspondence: still, the not teaching him to bear it might, if he was sold to any one without apprising

him of the matter, be the means of getting a man's neck broke. I should also mention that you might useany coloured pocket-handkerchief you pleased when on him, but a white one he would not stand. I sold him to a gentleman in Warwickshire who was in the habit of patronising the white cambric; but though I told him the horse would not allow it, and my man assured him "he wouldn't have it at no price," the gentleman thought he would; and thinking so was the cause of his losing a day's hunting, his hat, and nearly his head into the bargain.

He sent the horse on to meet the hounds. After mounting him for the first time, he had occasion to use the cambric: away went the horse, and for the six miles along the high road home he never got a pull at him. Going under a brick arch across the road, and being met unluckily by a carriage, the horse took the foot-path: his master just saved his head by the loss of his hat, and found himself at his house after perhaps a better burst than he would have had with the hounds.—*Mem.* an agreeable airing this would have been in harness; yet I am quite satisfied, from his good temper, he would have drawn quietly enough *until* something *alarmed* him. "It is *pace* that kills" the HORSE; but it is in most cases *alarm* that kills the the *master* when horses are in harness, and sometimes out of it.

It is by no means an uncommon practice with persons in the country who wish to break a horse to harness (as I have often heard them express themselves) "to put him into a strong cart, and then he can't do any HARM:" perhaps he may not, but the chance is, that, by this mode of commencing his harness education, he will do no GOOD. This may be *break-*

ing; it is not *teaching*. The horse is not accustomed by nature to propel any thing with his shoulders: the act is therefore unusual to him; his natural act would be to recoil from it if he could. Of course, therefore, the heavier the weight he feels against him is, the more disposed he is to recoil from it. A good and well-trained cart-horse will pull twenty times running at an immovable object, for this reason: he has been accustomed to find that by increased exertion he has *generally* succeeded in moving any object to which he has been attached; he therefore always expects to be able to do this, consequently will *try* to do so: but the novice in harness, if he feels a great weight behind, will most probably do every thing but what he ought to do, which is, to resolutely set his shoulders to the collar. The fact is, in this as in all cases with horses they should never, if possible, be put to do that which it is likely they will refuse to do: it is quite natural a horse should at first refuse to face a collar with 500lb. pressing against him: none would refuse to do so with 5lb. The 500lb. therefore should never be tried till we know he will draw the 5lb., and then increase the draft by degrees. Neglecting to do this is one of the great causes that produces jibbing, which is the almost certain result of injudicious treatment. I can bring a case illustrative of this.

A friend of mine knew I was fond of experimentalising on horses in breaking, or, as I have termed it, educating them. He brought me a horse that had been tried in all ways in harness—in gigs, breaks, carts, waggons, and ploughs—and had been punished in every way an unfortunate horse could be punished. I should mention, the carter had first taken the horse in hand, doubtless on the "good heavy cart" system:

he could make nothing of him: as a last resource, he had tried a plan sometimes adopted by these gentle and scientific breakers; namely, that of putting the horse next the shaft horse with the traces crossed, and then putting two strong horses before him: the consequence is, as soon as they draw, the cross traces come against the quarters of the pupil in the form of a wedge: of course the more he hangs back the more he gets to the narrow part of the crossed chain: so, to avoid his quarters remaining in a vice, he is sometimes induced to get forward. It is, however, a brutal mode, and seldom succeeds: it did not here; for the horse threw himself down to avoid the punishment. He was then given to a proper breaker, but the mischief was done: he could not make him draw. Now this horse had no vice in him: the only thing was, he would not face a collar, or, in stable phrase, "draw a hat off a man's head." He would not kick, but would stand still, and, if urged forward, would put his fore legs out as two props, and, if whipped, would plunge and then lie down. I did not of course say I *would* make him draw, for it was very possible I might not; but I engaged to *try*.

With this horse, as with all horses when they refuse to do *any* thing, the first thing was to consider and endeavour to ascertain WHY he would not draw. The probable causes in this case were, either that from having been put to a heavy weight at first he he had not drawn it, and consequently did not know that he *could*; that pressure on his shoulders hurt him; or that he had been so tormented and punished that he had become sulky: in either case punishment could do no good, nor was it deserved.

On the horse arriving, instead of beginning putting

him *in harness* as the servant who brought him expected I should, and intended waiting to see, I put him into the *stable*, where I let him amuse himself by looking at the empty rack and manger that day, the whole night, and till noon the next day, about twenty-seven hours. My man wondered what keeping a perfectly quiet horse without food had to do with his drawing. Possibly he thought a good hunting whip would be more likely to effect the purpose; I should have deserved one had I thought so. After this fast, I put the harness on with a breast collar, to allow the free use of his neck. I had a very light shooting-cart drawn into the middle of a field, and there put the gentleman in with a cavesson on, and giving a rope of some ten yards long into a man's hand, desired him to sit down, and take no notice whatever of the horse, but to let him stand still till night if he wished to do so. Four hours had elapsed, and there stood the horse still as a statue. He shortly, however, began shuffling about, and looking about: at last, hunger and the tempting look of the herbage induced him to put down his head: he got a mouthful; and finding the salad quite to his taste, he ate all he could reach (without moving) till he came to the bare earth. He stretched out his neck, felt the traces tighten, and recoiled: presently he tried again, and advanced a step, then another, and another; in short, began regularly grazing as if loose. It was not my business to let him satisfy himself, so I had him taken out, and treated with the bare rack and manger till morning. He was then put in again, and at once set to eating like a Trojan. The man's sitting still was now at an end, for during the day the field was walked over and over in all directions.

I now got a sack or two of oats into the cart, and the horse went on with that. I then loaded it as heavily as it would bear, and still the horse walked away with it. I had now only to get him to draw without the temptation of grazing. This I did by making a man walk before him with a bundle of sweet hay. I got reins on: and now in about five days this horse that it was said no man could make draw, without any cleverness, coachmanship, or dexterity on my part, was as well disposed as any animal living. He had practically been taught that he could draw without inconvenience, and that a vehicle behind him was not always the precursor of punishment and ill-usage: consequently, the poor brute was quite willing to do that which he found, so far from injuring him, procured him gratification, which I conceive food to be to a hungry stomach. Of course nothing like this is usually required: I merely state the fact by way of showing that a little patience and invention will do that which brute force cannot achieve. This grazing plan may never be wanted; but as a system I am quite clear it is a rational one. I have mentioned the anecdote certainly as an extreme case, but in illustration of an opinion I must retain, that *inducing* horses to do what we want by in fact outwitting them, is the surest mode of succeeding with them. In this case I do not believe any powers on earth could have made this horse draw; for the more he was urged to do so, the more resolutely he would have resisted: he was, in point of fact, forced to draw, because he was obliged to do so or starve; but there was no *apparent* means used to do it, so the act was in one sense voluntary on his part.

Whenever we attempt to punish an irrational

animal for doing any thing he should not do, the punishment should be made so fully apparent as the *result* of the *act* that he cannot by any possibility mistake its being so. This is by no means always the case where the whip or spur are resorted to: at least the punishment does not always deter him from committing the act again: it is a punishment that *follows* an act: the true thing is, where we can, to make the act itself punish the committal of it if we wish to insure its not being again committed. I will instance this difference.

We will suppose a horse has that abominable vice of biting people: he gets well flogged for it: this may deter him in some measure from doing so; but if it does, it only prevents his doing it when we keep an eye on him; it does not cure his *inclination* to do it; nor would any thing but finding he actually hurt himself by the act itself.

A boy quarrelsomely and savagely disposed will strike boys weaker than himself: he gets soundly flogged for it: he will not do so again where there is any probability of his being found out; but he has the inclination still in him. If, however, he was fool enough to strike a sharp stone wall, depend on it he would feel no inclination to strike walls again.

I never knew an instance of a biting horse being cured of the vice, and for this reason, we have never hit upon any expedient (at least I never heard of one) that would make him, like the boy striking the wall, hurt *himself*: if we could find any mode of making him do so, he would be cured at once. A somewhat curious mode of doing this appeared in the public prints; namely, the giving such a horse a hot roast leg of mutton to seize. Absurd as this appears, it is

really not so much so as many things that are done towards horses: in fact, if a horse was addicted to biting legs of mutton, it would be a rational and certain way of curing him of the propensity; but as legs of mutton do not often come in his way, and arms of men frequently do, unless he was stupid enough not to be able to distinguish the one from the other, I fear the mutton plan could not avail much. Now, if we could cover a man with a coat of mail with invisible spikes standing from it, two or three times seizing the man would I doubt not radically cure the horse, not of his *disposition* to bite, but of *attempting* to do so: but as we cannot well do this, I believe a short stick and keeping an eye on him in approaching or quitting him, is the only thing to be trusted to. Flogging him after he has bitten will tend to increase his propensity to do it, for this reason: it is either dislike to man or fear of man that makes him bite: he seizes us to prevent our hurting him, or in revenge for having been hurt; consequently, punishing him only confirms his fear and hate: so probably, if we do this, and he finds he dare not *bite*, he tries the efficacy of a *kick*.

A friend of mine had a favourite mare that was exceedingly troublesome to dress, and bit terribly. What made it worse was, she would on no occasion bear to be rack-chained up; she would rush back, and throw herself down. When she had the muzzle on, she would run at the manger, rack, and man, so the blow was nearly as bad as the bite. It happened the groom had killed a hedgehog the day before: seeing this in the stable, it struck me I could turn him to some account: so I got him skinned and fastened the skin to the bottom of the muzzle, of

course on the inside. I put it on the mare, lengthening the head-strap, so as to allow about three inches between the skin and the mare's lips, and offer her no inconvenience but of her own seeking. I begged the groom to strip, and dress her. The moment he touched the roller-strap to unbuckle it, she rushed at the rack-staves as usual, but not the usual result did she find. She ran back to the end of her collar-rein, snorting: he commenced dressing her: she went at him as usual: he was quick enough to meet her muzzle with his arm, giving it a hard blow against her nose: she did not try that game again: she had a *go* at the manger; this was worse: after a few trials, she contented herself with squealing as usual, kicking and flying about the stall; but she kept her nose from coming in contact with the man or anything else: she found she punished herself, and had sense enough to leave off doing that which produced punishment by the *act*. The man punishing her never had, or ever would have produced the same effect. Could the groom have worn a hedgehog strapping-jacket or shirt, I dare say she would have been cured of attempting to bite him. The lesson of course only prevented her biting or trying to bite when the muzzle was *on*: when off, she would do as she always had done, for then she well knew a man's skin was not a hedgehog's. This we will call *practical education*, and is in accordance with the system of education I advocate.

I will now mention a case where what I term brute force became necessary to oppose brute force; but even in this case it became necessary, or at least it was wanted, to do that in two hours that two months would have been a very short time to effect so as to produce any lasting good. A horse was shown me

that the owner had been most particularly anxious should go in harness from his being a perfect match for another he had. This horse was so determined a kicker, that he had gone on from kicking in harness to refuse being put in, and from that to being so vicious that he would not allow the harness to be put on. I had no inclination to experimentalise with so hardened a pupil, fond as I always was of such things; but a little bantering on the owner's part in having produced a subject that set at nought my general opinion that patience or contrivance of some sort would beat almost every horse, gave me all but a determination to see what could be done here. A champagne dinner from the owner for twelve against a chop and a bottle of port settled it, I merely engaging to put him in single harness, and make him draw the vehicle and myself in it. I must add that I was told he did not refuse to go when in, but would kick till he got himself out by breaking every thing to pieces if possible: but the great difficulty was to get him *in*, for he kicked as furiously at the harness as when in the vehicle.

I got the winker-bridle on, then the collar: even this he did not relish, and his tail began going. I got him out of the stable, and put a false martingal to the collar; fastened this by a surcingle to prevent the collar rising; then made a smith turn the ends of the grains or prongs of a stable-fork into two eyes, measured the length wanted, cut the handle to that length, and made a hole through it to allow some strong cord to pass. The horse's jaw was placed between the prongs, a strap passed through the two eyes, and buckled over his nose: each prong was then tied to the cheeks of the bridle. I made two

men elevate his head as high as he could raise it, and then tied the end of the fork-handle to the collar, so there the head was fixed. Every one knows that, if we lay a stick across a chair, we cannot elevate one end without depressing the other, unless it be a bending cane. This a horse's spine is not, or at least in a very small degree. Consequently, while the head was thus elevated, the rump could *not* be elevated at the same time, unless the spine was whalebone in the middle. We next got the harness on, crupper and all: he could lash out straight with one hind leg at a time, but kicking was out of the question. He began shaking his head from side to side to try to loosen the gag: two side reins beat him on that tack: he stamped with rage, and no pig undergoing the pleasant operation of ringing squealed louder. We brought the vehicle up; a man's shoulder to each quarter (fixed as he was) kept him straight: in he was in a minute; he wriggled all he could; kicked as well as he could, and well he fought; but it was no use: trot of course he could not, but I made him most majestically walk, and, as I engaged, draw me. We took him out in a perfect lather: he would not want sweating again for some days to come.

I do not mean to say, nor do I think, this horse could ever have been cured of his propensity to kick. I think it by no means impossible that he might have been deterred from doing so, so as to be driven; but he was too far gone ever to have been worth the risk. Old offenders as kickers, like biters, never lose the inclination; at least I never knew one that did; but if we look to the cause of both vices, they generally, like all ill-manners, proceed from bad education.

Among all the various purposes to which we apply

the horse, there is not one that requires a more perfect education than that of carrying ladies. A lady's horse should be almost born one: their requisite qualifications are so numerous, that unless they are begun with very early indeed, they rarely arrive at perfection. They may do their business moderately, nay very well; but the most careful and scientific rearing and educating is necessary to make them *perfect*. A naturally timid nervous colt, however we may improve the infirmity by proper treatment, will never be a perfect lady's horse. He should be naturally bold and fearless, and, from being properly educated, should not know fear; for as ladies are naturally more easily alarmed than men, so in proportion should their horses be bolder, for if both get alarmed, the danger is imminent. Many ladies would fear to be put on a high-couraged horse; fair ones, your fears are misapplied: high-courage in man or horse is your best safeguard, and will induce both to bend with cheerfulness to your slightest will, while the timid, actuated by fear, seeks his own safety, nor heeds the danger of his fair mistress.

Though no advocate for a riding-school education for a hunting man or a hunting horse, it is the only place where a lady's horse can be properly made. There is a peculiar style of going that is only to be acquired here—a handiness that cannot be taught on the road: turning safely and easily cannot be learned elsewhere. Changing voluntarily the leading leg, so indispensable for this horse, must be practised by the figure of eight to perfect him in it; and till he is perfect in this, he cannot carry a lady safely. She will find it necessary, if riding in crowds, to turn her horse often suddenly to avoid coming in contact with

different objects. Suppose a horse going a quick canter leading with the right leg, something coming suddenly up may oblige his rider to turn quickly to the left. If the horse does not change his leg, it is an even chance whether he does or does not let his legs interfere, and come on his head. Here he may be taught that quite necessary qualification in a lady's horse, to moderate his pace, stop by degrees or stop short according to the voice that directs him: a lady's horse should be perfect in this with the reins resting on his neck. Why this is learned so much more readily in a school than elsewhere is, that the animal's attention is solely occupied by his rider's voice and movement, whereas out of doors it is more than divided by other objects. Independently of this, there is a confinement felt by a horse when encircled by four walls, that he of course does not feel in any open space, that makes him obedient.

In a school there are found, or ought to be found, guns, flags, drums, trumpets, umbrellas, and every other monstrosity to which a lady's horse should be accustomed: it therefore follows that in such a school a horse would be placed in a situation to see more strange sights in six weeks than in ordinary situations he would see in six years. For instance: a lady might ride her horse about Bath, and not see the colour of a regiment once in seven years: in London it might happen she never rode at an hour when regiments were moving; consequently years might elapse, and the first time her horse saw such a sight he would start at it; and so on with any unusual thing that came across him: but in the school a day makes him conversant with any thing of the sort. Let a man walk at fifty yards' distance

from him round the school with a banner, he hardly notices it: get nearer to the man by degrees, and in an hour or two the horse will walk with the banner fluttering before his face without alarm (so with any thing we wish to accustom him to see). The great mistake people make is in thinking that by doing too much at a time they accelerate what they wish, when, in fact, they retard it by such means.

If, for instance, we wish to teach a horse to stand fire—if we let off a gun, we should alarm him to an extent that it would perhaps take a month to re-assure him, if we even did it then. A more judicious man might let off a small pistol with a little powder in it. This is ten times too much. A flash in the pan is too much, except at a great distance. First burn a few grains of gunpowder so as to show no flash while he is eating his corn in the stable: let him smell that: even this will arouse his attention, but, while it accustoms him to the smell, will not alarm him. Begin by clicking a pistol twenty yards from him; then put powder enough in not to make more ignition than the light of a rushlight: go on by imperceptible degrees, and in two days he will hear a musket go off without the least fear, and thus by never creating alarm he may in a week be brought to stand by a cannon without wincing. Absolutely hurting or absolutely alarming produce nearly similar results in brutes as the human race. A person that has been pursued by an infuriated ox, has the same dread of an ox as another who has been tossed on his horns; perhaps more, if the latter was not much hurt; the anticipations of the former being probably much more terrific than the tossing of the latter; as, in the ordinary cir-

cumstances of life, the dread of an event is often more horrible than the realisation itself. Many a man, who has worked himself into a fever and high state of nervous irritability during the night from the apprehension of an operation in the morning, has borne that operation firmly, and allowed his fears had greatly exceeded the reality. Fear is a most powerful agent, and, where it is once awakened, a most difficult one to tranquillise. With horses a minute awakens fear that years will not eradicate. We cannot reason with them, or explain away the cause of their alarm; so, if any irrational animal is once hurt by any thing he sees or hears, or is seriously alarmed by it, hearing or seeing the same thing without sustaining any injury from it a hundred times afterwards barely suffices to re-assure his fears of it. Frighten a boy by the appearance of a ghost, he is alarmed: throw off the sheet, and let him see it was his sister dressed up, his alarm is gone; nay, he would probably think less of ghosts in future. We can do this with animals; but, in educating them, nothing but *length of time* can overcome terror; and till terror is assuaged, they have not even the instinct nature gave them.

Ladies may fancy that if a horse has a tender mouth, there can be no fear of his going off with them: he would not on any ordinary occasion or under any ordinary excitement: if, however, he gets frightened, mouth will avail nothing: he becomes totally insensible to pain. The more timid therefore he is, the more dangerous he is; and, *vice versâ*, the more courageous the more safe. Why are veterans more to be depended on than raw troops? Mainly

because the former, from habit, are more collected in moments of danger than the latter. Till therefore the lady's horse, from being habituated to such objects of alarm as he will probably encounter, is in *practice* a *veteran*, he is not to be depended on, nor is he sufficiently *educated*; and very few horses are so for *any* purpose.

SPORTING PRINTS AND SPORTING PICTURES.

"To hold the Mirror up to Nature."

That whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, has been so long an admitted maxim that no one attempts to deny its truth: and that to do any thing well we should feel a certain enthusiasm in its pursuit is, in a general way, a fact equally incontrovertible.

One of the most powerful incentives to reach excellence in any pursuit is the commendation of others at the *present* moment, and next to that is the hope or prospect of our successful efforts being *perpetuated*.

There are three classes of persons who can thus perpetuate our acts, be those acts meritorious or the reverse—these are, the writer, the sculptor, and the painter.

A most common-place circumstance gave rise to the above reflections, this circumstance being no more than a heavy shower of rain. I among thousands have often gratified myself by viewing the different prints and pictures exhibited in the windows of publishers of the former and dealers in the latter specimens of talent. The windows of Messrs. Fores in Piccadilly are a temptation that, be my hurry what it might, always brought me to a dead stop: even the shower I allude to failed to drive me past the fascination of the memorable corner. To the kind

offer of shelter from Mr. Fores was I indebted for keeping a dry skin, and to the urbanity of the same gentleman was I further indebted for as great a treat as a Sportsman could enjoy, always saving and excepting a good run with hounds.

Finding I was a Sportsman I really believe every print that it was conceived would be most interesting to me was paraded for my gratification; nor did the politeness and good nature of the worthy publisher end here, but was accompanied by a cordial invitation to a similar treat whenever I felt disposed to enjoy it. By all the votaries of hunting and sporting, said I to myself, nothing but a Sportsman would make such an offer. Inquiries followed: I found I had made a "good cast," and had "hit off" my man. What "a burst" we had together! Racing, hunting, coaching, breeding, *et hoc genus omne*, were discussed, and then exemplified by the most finished representations pencil could form of every catastrophe by "flood or field" incidental to such pursuits. In heart, and to the very core, the spirited publisher is a Sportsman—need I say I soon availed myself of the permission given?

Let us first notice the portraitures of all the best sires and mares, got up at an expense to the publishers that would astonish those unversed in such matters, and which nothing short of the estimation in which they are held, and the enormous numbers sold, ever could repay. These I do not look at as *merely* objects to please the eye, but as stock portraitures of animals that have been the wonder of their time, to be handed down to posterity as a faithful representative history of the turf. The few prints published formerly have given *a something* to judge by of what an Eclipse, a

Flying Childers, and a Gimcrack were; but prints of those days were not the prints of 1845; for our posterity will know as well every point of a Sir Hercules, a Pantaloon, a Beeswing, and others, as we do ourselves. They will be able to judge to the nicest point how far the racing form of such sires and mares is continued to their progeny, and will gain from this a most correct idea of how far such and such crosses appear to succeed, or the reverse. Thus do I regard the publication of such prints as a national benefit to the Racing World.

The likenesses of the winners of the Derby, Leger, and Oaks, from paintings by that prince of artists in this particular line, Mr. Herring, Sen., must all command an interest with the Sporting World that perhaps no other prints can call forth. Animals that have brought fortunes to some, wealth to many, heavy loss to some, and ruin to others, must ever be objects of paramount interest to thousands. Many, no doubt, in bitterness of heart anathematise the hour they first saw the originals; but, perhaps, as many hail the likeness of the noble animal who has brought wealth and happiness to their very door. A Derby or a Leger is not what a race was in former days, a *pastime:* no; it has now become a business, an event comprehending the interests of thousands; an event that raises many to the pinnacle of happiness, or drives them to the lowest depths of despair. Oh, how tumultuously throb those hearts whose possessors have turned from the warning voice of prudence, and staked their *all* on the efforts of *one* animal—a noble one it is true, and one whose generous nature disposes him to strain every nerve to obey the will of far less generous man! But then to the *initiated* comes the

appalling doubt, will those generous efforts be permitted to avail? or have they not been rendered all but nugatory by rascality? Oh, it is a fearful thing to know we lean but on a fragile reed when we are aware the yawning gulf of despair awaits if that one feeble support deceives us! Watch but the countenances of those so deeply interested on seeing the object of their every hope stripped for the important, the all-engrossing contest: how rise or fall their hopes on seeing him pass in his preliminary canter! That face flushed and fevered by anxiety and hope, and that pallid with fear and fast receding confidence, show the internal struggle is doing its fearful work within.

They are at the starting-post waiting the dropping flag: hundreds scarcely feel they breathe: they wait with the same feeling of apprehension they would experience if expecting some great convulsion of nature. They're off: thousands of eyes take one and the same direction: every change in the race causes the blood to rush tumultuously to the heart, or scarcely to creep on its wonted course. The eventful turn is made: "Here they come!"—"By George it's a fast race!"—"The crack is beat! the Duke, the Duke wins all the way!"—"No, no, the mare, the mare!"—"By Heavens! Lord George has taken up the running. Robinson is shaking his mare; Day is setting to with his horse; both are whipping!"—"The mare, the mare!"—"No, no, the colt for a thousand."—"A dead heat."—"No, the mare wins by G—d! Hurrah!"—Ay, hurrah to the fortunate; but mark that man—that hurrah has struck the dagger to his heart: each muscle of that face is working with despair: its death-like hue tells the sad tale; its wretched owner

pulls his hat over his drooping brow: he seeks, yet fears to seek, his once happy home; and yet he must —for what? to tell his wife and children they are houseless, and he a beggar!

May no such result ever happen to the true Sportsman! Thank God! it rarely does; for he neither allows his imprudence or his greediness of gain to lead him to such extremities. Let us turn, then, to the more cheering contemplation of him who has fairly and honourably won his thousands by the superior excellence of his favourite horse. If there is one brighter moment than another in a man's sporting career, it is the moment when he receives the congratulations of his friends at his success; and cordially and sincerely that man is ever congratulated of whom it is known he *always* "runs to win." To a man thus situated, what price could be too great for a faithful likeness of his winning horse! With what honest pride does he see that likeness decorating the walls of so many of the true lovers of our national sports! Whatever we may do that is laudable in itself would lose half its charm if the celebrity of it was as transient as its achievement. Whilst pride is one of the attributes of the human heart, the having our little triumphs chronicled and perpetuated gives them a ten-fold value in our eyes, and encourages us to fresh efforts; for though Mr. Coriolanus might pretend to be angered at hearing his "nothings monstered," that gentleman being defunct, we may fairly allow a little proper praise, and eke a little well-timed flattery is not always absolutely disagreeable.

That there are numberless men connected with the turf who feel no further interest in the horses than mere pecuniary gain or loss creates, is *true*, pity 'tis

'tis true; but there are many who glory in the triumph of their horse as evidence of good judgment in their favourite pursuit. Such are the men to whom the turf is largely indebted, and it is but a proper compliment paid to them in perpetuating their triumphs.

The rather large gentleman in bronze erected in Hyde Park, with a fig-leaf doing duty for a pair of unmentionables, is not merely a token of a nation's gratitude to the memory of thousands of fine fellows who bled or fell in their country's cause; for though thousands of names of heroes as great in soul as their more fortunate commanders, have never individually met the public eye, the *sons* of such men may look with pride on the trophy and say, "But for such humble names as mine you never had been there." — We thus perpetuate a race of heroes.

Whether it be battles on which depend the fate of nations, or a race on which depends the wealth or poverty of individuals, let the meed of praise be given to those to whom praise is due. We may praise by writing, it is true; but the representation of a hero or an event makes a more lasting impression on the mind, and perpetuates the memory of that event with greater force than all the written descriptions that could be penned. The historian describes, the printer or engraver lays the man or the event before our eyes: one panorama brings the field of Waterloo more faithfully to our senses, than all the writers in Christendom could do if they wrote to eternity.

Though we might describe a Bloomsbury, a Harkaway, or any other celebrated animal for ever, we should form but a very vague idea of him at last. Mr. Herring's talent and the publisher's encourage-

ment lay the object at once before us, and his form will be as familiar to our posterity as to ourselves. We know from records in print what race-horses have done in former days (that is, what a very few have done), and if the animal painter had been as much encouraged formerly as he is now, we should have been able to trace the form of the race-horse correctly from the time when the Beacon Course was first established. Our posterity will in this particular have an advantage over us, doubtless an advantage it will be to them, and a great one.

It is only within a few years that animal painting became tolerable as to merit: formerly the sculptor far exceeded the painter in his representations of the horse. It would be worse than crime in some person's eyes to say a word in dispraise of ancient Masters. Of their pictures as pictures it does not become me to give an opinion; but of their animals I must venture to say, that comparatively in that line of their profession, generally speaking, they could not paint *at all*. Look at an original or a copy of Sneyders—two dogs running, their shoulders looking as if they had been driven back into their ribs, from the animal having attempted to run through some iron-gate too narrow to allow him to pass; a third or fourth lying on his back with his bowels protruding, with a great red open mouth as large as that of an alligator; while two more appear coming up, with their bodies half cut off by the frame of the picture, holding forth two pair of fore-legs in about the same animated position as the poles of a sedan-chair—their only earthly merit being that they look so decidedly and (as Jonathan would say) so everlastingly stationary, that we are under no apprehension of being ever treated by the appearance

of the rest of their bodies. Ward would have hanged himself if by *mistake* he had manufactured such beasts: he might have copied, but he could not have conceived such for the life of him.

Stubbs certainly produced some clever pictures: it has never been my good luck to see one of them, so I only judge from hearsay and engravings from him; but, judging from many of those engravings, they either did him injustice, or *some* of his pictures were very *mediocre* indeed. Gilpin could paint a certain kind of horse, and George Morland was true to nature so far as a cart or butcher's horse went; but I suspect he would have made a queer animal of Charles the Twelfth in training; and, if report speaks true, a queer animal was the painter himself.

Sartorius was at one time the great painter of race-horses and hunters, after old Seymour's time. One merit those artists had, they put characteristic land-scapes to their pictures; but to these they added from two to twenty couples of hounds, and a given number of horses, all (if galloping) resting on their hind legs, and looking as if there they would rest for ever. Look at the print from his (then thought) famous picture of the match between Hambletonian and Diamond. At the finish of the race, when we expect to see every nerve in action, there the horses are, and there they appear as if they had been since the Flood, and there intended to remain for ever, the horses behind them resting in their gallop on the toes of their hind feet, like those we see as toys balanced by a piece of curved wire stuck into their bellies by one end, with a weight at the other, to make them rise and fall without getting one inch forwarder.

As a portrait painter, Sartorius would be content

to take the portrait of a horse from his window, sketch the outline in pencil on the canvass, make a minute or two to this effect—"light bay, one hind leg white half up, the other pastern white, small star on the forehead." With this the ceremony ended: he knew where the lights and shades fell on the generality of horses, so set it down as certain they must thus fall on the one he intended to paint. It was then in most cases considered exceedingly like, and as he carefully marked the nail holes in the shoes, this added to the *white star* being there, the very groom declared it was as "*natural as life*."

Now, as to one horse being more muscular than another, or being more or less so than usual in any one part of his frame, never entered people's heads in those good days; and that, in consequence of such different formation, light and shade would vary, was an idea not even *contemplated*. Horse painters merely then went upon the principle that where there was a convexity there must be a lighter colour to show that rotundity; and when a concavity existed a darker colour must be used to show it. This would be all well enough in painting a ploughed field or a drab driving-coat, or indeed any subject without gloss on its surface, and placed out of doors in a sombre grey light; but a horse in a stable, or under the influence of sunshine, is quite another thing. Then come their *uncertain* and *adventitious* lights produced by the gloss of the horse's skin in the strong light in which we place him. These together set any thing like rule at defiance; and, on any movement of the animal so placed, change like the hues of the chamelion. It might be supposed that black and white, with the intermediate shades to be made by

the two colours, would represent a black horse. By such means the representation of a black horse certainly could be made, but it would be a very imperfect one of the richness of a black horse in blooming condition; nor would black and white suffice for a grey. I remember once pleasing a very indifferent artist exceedingly who had painted a nearly white horse for a gentleman. The horse was *perfect* as nature had made him, and the artist had taken great care to represent most ostensibly *tokens* of his being so. He was polite enough to ask my opinion of his performance, on which I most conscientiously assured him it was a most faithful representation both in colour and animation of a *stone* horse.

To the late Mr. Benjamin Marshall is due the merit of striking out a something new in his profession. This was first introducing those artificial lights thrown on his horses, that produced a gloss and a look of air that no painter had done before him. He fairly brought his horses, or at least the generality of them, *out* of the canvass. They were not mere representations of the animal, but *little horses* standing before us. Nothing shows the force of painting more than the impression it makes on unsophisticated minds. I remember being taken to Marshall's when a boy about twelve years of age. Of the merits of a picture I then knew little; but I quite recollect my perfect astonishment at the pictures I saw, and that, until I passed my hand over the surface of them, I could not be convinced the horses were not absolutely standing *in relief* from the canvass. We have now the art of representing medals on paper, so as to make us often hesitate in deciding whether they are or are not really standing from the paper. This effect

Marshall produced by his style of painting, and in this one particular some of his pictures exceed those of any of the vastly superior artists I have seen since.

Looking at Marshall as a painter, he possessed such glaring faults as would ever prevent his becoming *great* as an *artist*. He had never been taught his art, knew nothing of drawing, or the proper comparative diminution of objects as regards distance. Of perspective he knew about as much as a Chinese: in fact, he never made a picture without some fault in it that no schoolboy who had learned drawing for six months, would have looked over; and when he had made such an incongruity, all the painters together who had ever exhibited at the Royal Academy could neither have made him allow it, alter it, or I really believe *see* it.

I can mention an anecdote of Marshall known but to a few, but which shows the truth of what I state of him.

If any one will take the trouble to examine the old print of Lord Darlington and his fox-hounds, they will see one of the hounds in the fore-ground has actually but *three legs*. Doubtless this was an oversight in painting the picture, and excusable, in fact would not have detracted from his general merit as a painter, being *merely* an *oversight;* but though Marshall was told of this before the picture went to the engraver's, nothing could induce him to put in the fourth leg, nor did he. "There's legs enough among the lot already," said he: "if any body finds one wanting, they may suppose, if they like, the dog is scratching his ribs with it." In this state was it engraved, and in this state sold.

In a picture Marshall painted for a Mr. Baker I first saw the representation of a horse bounding as a deer does in his trot with all four legs off the ground. The portrait of the mare in the fore ground was the particular one I touched to convince myself it was not by some artificial means in relievo: the attitude of the bounding horse was perfect: it was hard to believe he stood still; but in this extraordinary fine picture, this horse, from the size he was painted and the distance he was represented to be from the mare, was about as big as two moderate elephants. Such was Marshall. That his pictures were coarsely done is quite true; but he painted for effect, and any one looking at them close could but wonder how such dabs of paint could produce the harmony they did at a distance. I, by way of joke, made him a present of a minute silver trowel. Ben took it all in good part, and declared "it was the best tool he ever had!"

I am not sure whether I should be correct if I said he was the first who represented horses with all legs off the ground in their trot and gallop: at all events, he had the merit of always painting them so, and I believe that few if any other artists did. Strange that so many much more talented men should have persevered for ages in representing horses in an attitude in which it is a moral certainty they never could have seen them. To represent a horse trotting at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, as Sartorius did old Phenomenon, with two legs on the ground, was absurd. No man living could ever detect a horse so situated going at that pace. No man's eye is quick enough to detect a race-horse at speed with *any* leg on the ground. Whenever they are so, it is for the briefest particle of a second. So horses have ever, till within

comparatively a few years, been represented in a situation in which they were never seen. This at once accounts for the want of apparent motion in animals drawn by old artists.

What led them into this great error probably was this:—in order to see how a horse trotted, they had him put into that pace at the rate of five or six miles an hour in order to give the artist time to make his observations. Having ascertained how the horse went at six miles, they (with the exception of a little elongating the stride of the two lifted legs) represented them going sixteen just in the same way: consequently they looked as if they had hurt their two toes, and were holding their legs up out of the way.

Whether at this day horses at speed are really truly drawn no one can or ever will be able to decide, because their motions are so rapid that we never can catch a sight of *all* their legs in any particular situation. It is fair, however, to suppose the artists of the present day are pretty correct, because the pace, as they now represent it, appears natural, and gives us the idea *of pace*: right or wrong, therefore, it answers every purpose we want.

And here I must mention one as an artist who never ranked high as a painter, but as a sketcher ought not to pass unnoticed, for to his lively pencil the arts, so far as sporting subjects are concerned, are really very greatly indebted. I allude to Mr. Henry Alken. Nearly all of our recognised animal painters of modern date were and are most decidedly superior to him as *painters*, but *none* in the *spirit* he infused into his sketches of hunting and hunters. His pencillings were all *life*, his horses and hounds were all *going*. Why was this? Alken knew how the thing should

be, and his spirited pencil well described the thing as it ought to be. Old Seymour might, and I believe could, have made a better picture as a picture: but he could no more have represented a hunter *going* as Alken could, than I could describe a run like Beckford (and that is saying a good deal). If I am rightly informed, Alken could "*ride a bit;*" if so, this accounts for all.

About the time when Ben Marshall as a painter and Henry Alken as a sketcher were at their best, Mr. Ward was, though a much older man, in the zenith of his career. To attempt to compare Marshall as a painter with Ward would be to compare Peter Pindar with Shakspeare, or Captain Morris with Lord Byron. Still, so far as making a *characteristic* portrait of a *Leicestershire hunter* goes, Marshall would have "beat the crack in a common canter." Ward was no sportsman: he could not confine his energetic pencil to represent a mere quiet looking, but finely formed, animal. Ward wanted fire, vigour, the distended nostril, the flowing mane, and the fiery eye of the war-horse. Old Vivian, with his ragged points and more ragged tail, would to this enthusiastic painter have been a subject beneath his pencil. He could no more appreciate the form of a hunter than I could the beauty of a felucca. Give Ward the horses of the sun to represent, he was at home. The lion roused from his den would call all the truly masterly efforts of his pencil and all the wondrous and glowing tints of his palate into requisition; and in a most masterly manner would such subjects be pourtrayed; but that he would estimate a perhaps plain and sneaking looking horse (though worth three hundred

guineas) as worthy his canvass was a consummation, though devoutly wished, never to be hoped for. Thou King, thou Mammoth of animal painters, *great* Ward! I would not have given thee one guinea to paint a trotting hack, though half a diadem was the worth of some of thy all but sublime productions. One dun charger I once saw painted by Ward was enough to immortalise him: take the *him* for which you please, horse or painter, the picture was fine enough to immortalise both.

This era brought forth another (I believe) self-taught artist — Cooper — a most clever artist, always, so far as my judgment goes, true to nature, and in many, I may say most, of his pictures beautifully correct: a most decidedly better painter than Marshall, equally characteristic, and quite as aware of the points to be admired in the hunter. As pictures his were very superior to the other's, and possessed the great desideratum of all pictures, namely, his objects standing well from the canvass. I never detected in any of Cooper's pictures *any thing* contrary to nature. In most of them I have admired a whole as perfectly natural, and they possessed that most difficult excellence to achieve, boldness with perfect softness.

Notwithstanding all the superiority of many, nay a host of painters, none I ever yet saw came up to Marshall in producing the representation of *hair* on the horse. His horses in the most blooming condition still looked hairy, and like a diminutive horse standing in front of the canvass. It was a knack (to use a common phrase) he had of producing this effect. To show it was a particular knack, though no proof of general fine painting, I will illustrate it.

I was from a child fond of a little daubing myself,

and have attempted many things as subjects, from a windmill to a winner of the Derby. We had a room, and a quaint old room it was, all wainscot, cunningly devised for sliding panels, to let in enterprising Cavaliers to rescue, carry off, or outrage solitary damsels. In this room we breakfasted, and in this said room in a nook hung a key that our old housekeeper venerated as the *open sesame* of her stores of Christmas fruits, sugars, and other appurtenances of her vocation. This was, in fact, the key of her wholesale warehouse, from which her retail establishment was replenished. In an unlucky moment I possessed myself of this key, and by its means filled a minor storehouse of my own with sundry good things, from potted char to orange chips. This key was seldom called for, most luckily for me, for *I lost it:* so, to escape detection for the moment, I painted one on the oak panel, and shaded it to the life: so there, to all appearance, it still hung. The Devil never deserts his own. I found the real key, scratched its *locum tenens* from its place, and, like many a criminal, gloried I fear more in my stratagem than regretted the delinquency that brought it forth.

Mr. E. Landseer is too high in the profession to need comment. I have not the advantage of being acquainted with this Gentleman, and it has been my loss that I have seen but few of his productions. Such as I have seen have delighted me: as we say in sporting phrase, Landseer "for choice" against the field.

That animal painting has in no shape arrived at any thing bordering on perfection must be quite evident from the little attention that was paid to it until within a very short time. It is, in fact, in its

infancy. Landscape is almost as old as the hills it represents, and portrait painting, no doubt, older than any of the very venerable Ladies and Gentlemen *we* see pourtrayed by it. Men were as valuable centuries ago as they are now; the cynic may think they were more so: Ladies may have been as lovely in the same days, though the beauteous faces we *now* see may excuse our being sceptical on this point: and if the days of chivalry were *not* passed, we should be held as recreant Knights if we did not break a lance in support of this opinion, if any of the plumed and grim Cavaliers of former days were resuscitated to offer us a challenge. Whether the first painter was inspired by the deeds of the hero or the charms of the fair, I know not; he must have had very bad taste if it was not by the latter. If such was not the case, I can offer but one excuse for him, and will in charity suppose that —

> "His prentice hand he tried on man,
> "And then" began "the lasses oh!"

Horses not being considered as valuable as men, and as living productions and beautiful objects being so wonderfully inferior to women, they were for ages held to be *infra dig.* of the painter's study; but the Beacon Course and fox-hunting have rendered an animal ranging in price from two hundred to five thousand guineas an object quite worthy to be handed down to posterity; and in doing this, if we were to calculate the value of each animal he has painted, Mr. Herring has perpetuated the images of more money than all other living artists put together. He is a most correct and accomplished draftsman, and thoroughly knows every point of a horse; and, further, he has the facility of catching the character of different

horses to perfection: his colouring and the gloss of condition he gives are both admirable: still, with him and every artist I am acquainted with, Marshall's peculiar point of excellence is wanting, —namely, the perfect look of hair that he gave. Here was also Ward's excellence. The latter artist's, as also Chalon's pictures of dogs and other animals, are perhaps faultless: but, so far as horses were concerned, Chalon never was happy in his productions: in fact, unless an artist is a good judge of a horse as an animal, he cannot paint one from nature: his eye cannot detect beauties or faults in the living animal: this being the case, he cannot detect them on his canvass. Such an artist could copy a picture probably so as to deceive us as to which was or was not the original, because he would copy the portrait of a horse as he would the drawing of a church or a tree; but character is wanted as well as a faithful likeness in painting living objects. This no man can catch who is not a judge of such objects, and here, of course, many artists fail, particularly as portrait painters.

Among the many splendid prints that have been brought out of late years, it is rather singular that no *really* fine print of a chase has been produced, or at least I have not seen one. We have some most magnificent ones of the "meets" and characters of different Hunts, many that, I should say, would cost a couple of thousands engraving: most interesting they must be to the characters themselves, their relatives and friends; but an equally fine print of the Quorn and other first-rate Hunts *in chase* as an accompaniment to the "meets" would be such soul-stirring additions to the walls of a Sportsman's room, that, even supposing such an anomaly as a fox-hunter flagging in the pur-

suit of the glorious sport, would again rouse his cooling passion to that enthusiasm that fox-hunters enjoy more than perhaps any other class of men. Long may such enthusiasm animate such men, and long may such men live to feel it! Let misanthropes rail at mankind in general; let the money-loving and money-seeking soul shrink into itself, and, judging by that self, look on others with suspicion as cold, selfish, and illiberal: grant that the ordinary run of men deserve such epithets, who ever found such degrading feelings in the heart of the true fox-hunter? The very fellowship of the chase forbids it. A brilliant run, like a well fought field, calls forth mutual admiration among those who have gallantly led the van, and binds such gallant hearts in closest fellowship over the bivouac, whether that be in the tented field or in the hereditary hall handed down from ancestors, who, instead of fritting away their fortunes in frivolous pursuits among still more frivolous nations, have nobly used those fortunes on their native soil, and earned for themselves that best and noblest reward, the praise and blessings of their friends and countrymen as the best supporters of their parent land.

Such are fox-hunters, such are the manly and liberal feelings our country sports cherish and keep alive; and next in merit to the patronisers of such sports are those who hand down in imperishable memory such names and such men to posterity. And who contributes more to towards this than the painter, the engraver, and the publisher? True, the master mind and talent of the painter justly ranks higher than the mechanical imitative art of the engraver; but we must not forget that a fine picture only gratifies its pos-

sessor and a chosen few: it is the art of the engraver that enables the object to meet the eye of thousands: he it is who enables the mimic representation to become possessed by foreign nations, and from "Indus to the Pole" silently, but energetically, to show the manly feats that lead to the daring spirit which keeps our hearths and homes inviolate.

In this iron age, who can peep into futurity and say whether the steam-engine that enables us to fly like meteors through our native land, and bring nations as neighbours to each other, will eventually prove a blessing or a curse. Politics are no subject for sporting works, though sporting pictures and sporting prints have ever been children of their adoption: but who can see the coaching scenes so ably and so truly characteristically illustrated by C. C. Henderson, Esq., and by some others, and not feel a sigh escape him for scenes and days gone by? Time was when we should have hailed such specimens of what *was* our country's boast with unmixed pleasure; but now a saddened feeling creeps over us from their very fidelity, somewhat similar to those pleasurable but painful feelings with which we witness the faithful representations of those dear to our recollection, but now no more.

The snorting monster, that we could almost fancy frightens Nature from her propriety in its headlong course, has, no doubt, its great conveniences: but all the pleasure of travelling is gone. Cold must be the heart that could travel through a blooming and a fertile country without feeling an elevation of spirits that we shall never again experience. Time was when the summit of each hill afforded fresh objects for our wonder or admiration; but now we grovel

through the flats and valleys of our country; and those lovely prospects that Nature has presented to us are no more seen by the traveller than by the blind mole which forms her miniature *tunnel* beneath our feet.

The sordid wretch may button up his coat, and chuckle at the idea that he saves his wretched pence by being exempt from the accustomed fee to the servants of *the road:* these, in the littleness of his grovelling mind, he swells into *extortions:* extortions we will allow they were, but they were petty extortions that he might refuse if he chose to be known in his true character, a mean and griping votary of mammon, who would not purchase the cheerful and ready service of the whole world at the expense of the smallest coin in his pocket if he could avail himself of forced assistance without it. Give me the welcome smile of the pretty chambermaid, the bustling readiness of the waiter, when we were in the habit of sleeping on *the road;* the grin of recognition of the horsekeepeer at *the change* in return for the simple shilling occasionally given, with the little flattery expressed to others that we are "one of *the right sort.*" These were all little attentions, purchased if you will have it so, but still attentions that showed we were some one in the scale of existence, and further showed we were "not all deserted on the main"—*road* I must add, to make the quotation applicable; but now it is "Take your seat, sir, *if you please*," or "Now then take your place," the terms and tone depending on the class of carriage we get into: bang goes the door, and then we may go to Derby or the devil for all he cares, to whom we are of no further consideration than the dead pig behind, which travels as fast as ourselves,

and can form about as correct an idea of the country he passes through.

Oh, the delight of a fine morning in days gone by when, intending to go by the Telegraph, the Express, the Tally-ho, or the Tantivy, the soft and pretty voice of the more pretty maid awoke us from dreams, perchance of azure eyes or raven locks, with "Your warm water and five o'clock, sir," — an attention she coquettishly assured each traveller (who passed a compliment to her vanity and an extra shilling to her pocket) was only shown to the chosen few. She trips across the room, and well she kens the meaning of the look that follows a figure many a courtly dame would give her thousands to possess. Down, down rebellious thoughts, if any such arise, and, like unbidden visions, they sometimes would. That sly and roguish smile was well reserved to the moment when the door was closing. Our guardian angel ordered that it should be so, and "Being gone, I am a man again."

Then no bleak and cheerless platform awaited us starving with cold while our conveyance is preparing. No, Boots, the indefatigable Boots had taken care of the *right sort*. "Let them-'ere breakfast where or when they will, I've made all right for *you*, sir." This is something better than companies' servants. I always hated a company's coach where "no fees to servants" prepared me for a dogged reception till it was known I set such rules at defiance.

And then the "Now, if *you please*, sir," from Jem the guard brought Boots with our coat and comforter. "What do you take this morning, Jem?" prevents all danger of luggage left behind. "One minute, coachman, till I look at your team," told as plain as

any promise that half-a-crown in lieu of the bare *shilling* was about the "*ticket.*" This, where one was not already known, insured the —"Tom, put them coats right," and brought the horsekeeper with some clean straw for the toe-board. If known as the *right sort*, all this was done as a matter of course: one, two, three, four, and we were seated. "Are ye right, sir?" —"All right!" The thong lightly passed over the off-wheeler, and tightening the near leading-rein brought us off the curb-stone. The "Dusky Night," "Old Towler," or "The Mail Coach," from the bugle, told the *drowsy* world that we were *wide awake;* the rattling of the swing bars told us that the leaders had not steadied to their pace. "Who-ho!" cried the coachman, and each horse felt his traces. We cleared the town a straight mile of ground before us: no need of "springing'em:" they knew the spot; they were off like four flushed snipes: the coachman's hands gave and took with their determined pull; away they went snapping playfully at each other, as much as to say ten miles in forty-five minutes be .....: it's only a lark to us! Oh the delight of thus careering across a country, instead of being lugged by the tail of a smoking, hissing, steaming, burning devil, who only appears in his element when plunging into a tunnel dark as his native Erebus.

Who can look at the print from Herring's painting of the "Mail Change" without a feeling of inspiration? There they stand the *beau ideal* of what mail horses should be, and *but* for a few *somethings* worth a hundred a-piece. Verily, friend Herring, if coaching was again in its zenith, thy judgment of the right sort would be worth a thousand a-year to coach-owners. Herring, Henderson, Fores and Co., though

no company of coach-owners, are a firm that will perpetuate the glories of the road so long as good taste and the remembrance of by-gone days remain among us.

How far the art of painting has progressed in this country a glance at the productions of our artists of the present day and those of 1700 will at once satisfy us. Look, for instance, at *any* of Seymour's works, and then at the two pictures of Mr. Landseer so admirably engraved, namely — the favourites of Prince George of Cambridge and those of a lady. The former's works were in comparison signs of the Red Lion or the Marquis of Granby to a Sir Joshua Reynolds: and hide me, angels of mercy, while I say the time will come when the long existing mania for old pictures will give place in favour of modern artists, who I dare affirm can paint a picture as *true to nature* as ever came from the easel of the ancient masters. This will never be allowed by those who, like a friend of my family, gave 1500*l.* for a Domenichino. He lived in Spring Gardens, and every Tuesday gave a public breakfast to any artist of celebrity who chose to avail himself of it. He had also a gem, as he called it, a small cabinet picture purchased at an enormous price. No powers on earth could have persuaded him any living man could have produced its fellow: but it unfortunately happened an uncle of mine really brought the *original* with him from Italy at about one quarter the price the rich merchant had paid for the copy.

Many connoisseurs are, I doubt not, in the same situation; but to attempt to persuade them they are so would be about as vain as to attempt to persuade a man infatuated by a mistress that any one shared

her smiles with him; (it might not be so difficult to rouse his suspicions against a wife;) but, though the world might know that his beauteous Emma lavished those smiles on an army, "pioneers and all," the pale chaste moon and his and *only his* Emma are but prototypes of each other in his ideas—*tant mieux pour ceux qui savent projiter d'un heureux moment!*

The different modes of engraving are so various that to compare the merits of prints with each other it is quite necessary that we compare prints engraved in the same manner. To instance: we will take the Quorn or Bedale meetings, and a most clever print lately come out of a Scotch terrier, entitled "Out of Luck." No comparison could be made between the merits of the prints. Of course the two former are more elaborate, expensive, and beautiful specimens of art; but the latter little gentleman is so perfectly true to nature, so perfectly a puppy of nine months old begging, that in the former we have a most valuable representation of men, horses, and dogs, but here we have *the dog* nearly as much so as if we had given a couple of guineas for him of one of those gentlemen in Tattersall's gateway, who, of course, are not to blame if dogs *will* persist in *following* them—though, strange to say, they have lately much left off that propensity since they have read the new law.

I know not whether I am wrong or not in my opinion, but I must allow I have always entertained the impression that the art of colouring engravings, wonderfully improved as it has, has not improved *so* much as the art of engraving itself. This, however, depends in a great measure on the style of the engraving. The terrier dog to which I have alluded is most beautifully coloured, and gains much by it. Whoever

engraved or coloured it must be *artistes* of the first eminence. I do not know who they are, but their production speaks for itself. Having seen the picture, I am quite sure the artist must highly estimate the justice done to his very clever production.

I have been led into observations on this subject to a much greater extent than I at all contemplated; but I am sure that every brother sportsman will allow it is one on which an abler pen might write at far greater length and to a tenfold advantage to its cause. If I had seen that cause more warmly advocated than it has hitherto been by writers on sporting subjects, the foregoing pages would never have met the public eye; but where, in the absence or rather want of use of better talent, any man who *does his best*, however more advantageous it would be to the cause that others should do better, he has at least the equivocal merit of doing something.

I know of no more appropriate medium through which the merits of sporting pictures or sporting prints can be laid before the public than through that of sporting publications. Any criticism of mine on such subjects will have little weight in biassing the judgment of others: but an opinion ventured, on such productions, may have this solitary good effect,—it may *call the attention* of others to works of merit on sporting subjects, and thus induce them to exercise that better judgment on the works themselves, and doubtless to truly appreciate the merits of those who produce them.

AMPHITHEATRICAL HORSES.

Judging from what I have personally heard many persons say, I believe it is a very current opinion with the majority of the public that those horses that are trained for stage and amphitheatrical purposes undergo a great deal of suffering, and are subject to much punishment in bringing them to the state of discipline and subjection in which we see them at such exhibitions.

My suspicion that this is the prevailing opinion was strengthened a few days since, when inviting two ladies to go to witness the sagacity of the very extraordinary dog then exhibiting at Astley's. They declined, saying, that, "however they might be gratified by his performance and that of the beautiful horses there, the reflection on the sufferings these animals were made to go through in the teaching them took off all the pleasure of seeing the performance."

On my assuring them that they were under very erroneous impressions on the subject, they brought forward a rather strong argument—or case, more properly speaking — in corroboration of their opinions, and one that they considered must silence me at once:—"Did I not consider it barbarous to fasten *red hot balls* in the feet of the wretched animals in order to teach them to dance?"

I admitted such a practice certainly bordered somewhat on severity, but was not worse than what Fanny

Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, Taglioni, and other eminent dancers were compelled to go through, who, in order to be taught to stand on their toes, had, when young, red-hot iron heels to their shoes to prevent their bringing their heels to the ground. This idea was treated as preposterous; but, on my gravely and seriously assuring them it was a fact, they pertinently enough asked, to show the absurdity of my statement, "How could they afterwards put their feet to the ground when they wanted to do so?" I replied, "The same way the horses could *if* so treated."

This set the red-hot ball accusation at rest at once, and a little insight that I gave them into the real method employed in teaching horses in an amphitheatre, induced my fair friends to go and see Batty's really beautiful stud, whose appearance shows, that if they ever have undergone much suffering, it must have been a long time ago, or, if recent, that they thrive wonderfully on ill-usage, and their hoofs must certainly be made of the same material as those of the brazen-hoofed chargers of old that we read of; for, considering that they have danced on *red-hot balls*, they appear to have tolerably free use of their feet sometimes, and stand tolerably firm on them at others. Of this I may be allowed to judge pretty accurately, having permission to walk through Mr. Batty's and other theatrical stables whenever I like.

When writing some observations on "Educating Horses," I mentioned — not then alluding to exhibition horses — that we could not teach horses any thing when under the influence of alarm or the immediate dread of punishment. This being well known as a fact by all those in the habit of instructing horses in stage performances, it must be evident,

that, if we were to even suppose such persons possessed less kindness of feeling towards animals than other individuals, they would not do that which they know would retard instead of accelerate the object they have in view, it being against their *interest* to do so.

That horses in being thus schooled undergo some hardship, annoyance, and occasional correction, is certainly the case; so does almost every pupil of the human species—the school-boy invariably so more or less; but the horse at school has one decided advantage over the child; the latter gets punished if he does wrong; but the encouragement for doing right amounts to little more than the *absence* of correction, unless it be the occasional wear of a bit of tin or some such honorary badge hung round the neck, and once a year receiving some twopenny-half-penny book, "a reward of merit," to show papa and mamma—a little kind of by-play to intimate the wonderful progress it is making at Hardfare House or Learnlittle Villa.

Now as to the horse (putting any kind feelings out of the question), he *must* be encouraged, for it is *by encouragement* he is taught to do what is wanted. Fear and correction may prevent his *doing* many things, and may make him do some; but it is only by encouragement that he can be taught to do *voluntarily* such things as are contrary to his usual habits; and that encouragement must not be confined to a mere caress or kind word; he would soon neglect his lessons if such were his only reward: he must have something tangible, something given him that he can eat, and that a something that he relishes. Patting a horse if he puts his nose to the ground at

our bidding, *helps* to induce him to do so again; but a carrot, or a lump of sugar when he has contracted a taste for it, *insures* his doing it.

The majority of these stage and trick horses are of foreign extraction, but bred in this country; that is, those exhibited here. From this, people may be led into the supposition that they are more readily taught than those of our own breed; but this is not at all the case; they are only selected for the sake of colour, and because their action is calculated for stage effect. It has not been found that intellect or aptitude to learn preponderates more in favour of foreign horses than our own: if any, the advantage is in favour of ours, as being higher bred; for, taking horses collectively, the nearer the horse approaches to thorough-bred the more readily he is to be taught. This plainly shows that intimidation is not the chief agent employed in teaching horses, for high courage is generally concomitant with high breeding; and no horse will so determinately resist improper liberties taken with him as the thorough-bred one; and one of the first principles with teachers is to avoid as much as possible any resistance on the part of the animal under tuition.

Whether the thorough-bred horse is naturally endowed with more instinct than the coarser bred one, I am not prepared to say; but, judging from what I have seen and heard, I should, so far as my opinion goes, say he decidedly is; but, supposing he is not, there is a buoyancy of spirit and alertness about him that induce him to exercise his intellect, and notice circumstances and things much more than horses of more dull and sluggish dispositions.

I have heard more than one surgeon say, that, in

the course of their practice, they have found, that, generally speaking, the high-bred man bears any serious operation with more fortitude than the ploughman, and the most delicate female shows the same superiority over the coarsest cook. This of course does not arise from the high-bred person feeling less pain than the others: on the contrary, the same blow that would injure a delicate frame would scarcely be felt by the one rendered robust by weather and hardened by habit; but when the knife of the surgeon causes the same share of pain to be felt by each subject, the complaints are generally much louder with the coarse than with the delicate one; the *suffering* is as great with the one as with the other, but the *fortitude* is not.

Thorough-bred horses indubitably endure suffering far better than the common cart-horse. It is true that the stroke of the whip that scarcely takes effect on the latter, would set the former plunging or running away. This arises from two causes — the thinkness of the skin of the one in comparison with that of the other; but still further, from the different dispositions, habits, and activity of the two animals. It is a greater annoyance to the cart-horse to accelerate his pace than it is to feel the whip. The high-bred horse would rather go at his full speed than feel the touch of it; and yet, when the whip is really applied, as it sometimes is in a closely contested race, it is only the thorough-bred that will *go* under its punishment; the cocktail *shuts up*.

We rarely find thorough-bred horses kick in harness or kick at the whip: they run away from it. So far as my experience goes, I never met with a thorough-bred a *rank* kicker in harness: the *worst*

I ever have had to deal with have been the *coarsest bred* ones, and for this reason such horses hate exercise: — they will rather *kick* than *go*. In some corroboration of this, Irish horses are on an average less highly bred than ours; so where one English horse attempts any mischief in harness, treble the number of Irish ones will not only *attempt*, but *do* it if they can. In this they differ widely from their masters (and I have had a good deal to do with both). Paddy is always willing to exert himself for those who use him kindly: he will not stand the whip, it is true; but who ever knew an Irishman that wanted it when a good-natured act was to be done? My countryman, Johnny Bull, will do good-natured acts too; but, like some lazy, though good, horses, is apt to want a little *payment* for his exertions.

This generous spirit and high courage are all but indispensable in the horse that it is proposed to teach any thing out of his common habits. He must be free in his natural disposition, that he may not be averse from exertion; and possess high courage, that he may not become alarmed at the means that must necessarily be taken to instruct him. This is independent of the courage that will make him hear, and see, the sound of boards under his feet, lights, guns, drums, flags, powder, smoke, and all the *et ceteras* of the stage and ring, with indifference. This, where the animal is only wanted to fill up the pageant, nearly every horse can be brought to bear by constantly habituating him to such scenes and noises; but the trick and ring horse requires a further courage, and at the same time forbearance of temper: for, as we cannot tell the animal what we want him to do, we must in many cases appeal to his feelings of pain or gratification, as the

only means of teaching him. *Pain*, perhaps, is a word that carries with it too strong an idea of suffering: we will therefore substitute that of *inconvenience*.

To show about the quantum of pain, or rather inconvenience, that in an ordinary way it may be necessary to subject a horse to in teaching him, we will suppose we want him to stand with his two fore legs stretched out before him: if he is struck several times successively on the back part of the legs, he naturally puts them forward; if when he has done this, he is caressed and fed while he stands thus, and finds his leg again struck as soon as he puts it back, he of course prefers the little inconvenience of standing on the stretch, and being caressed and fed, to getting a stroke on his legs: he will soon learn to know the signal made to him to put himself in this position, and to remain in it so long as that signal continues; for if he finds that a stroke of the stick invariably follows his neglecting to obey that signal, or his changing his position till told to do so, he finds obedience contributes most to his comfort. After some time he does this from habit, as much as common horses give their leg to the groom from habit as soon as he gives them the signal to do so, by giving it a pat with the palm of his hand.

When I say that to induce a horse to put his legs forward a stick is made use of, it must not be understood that a severe blow is given, or one that absolutely puts him to *pain*; for if it was, so far from producing the effect wanted, the horse would run forwards, backwards, or sideways, to avoid a repetition of it: he would get alarmed and probably out of temper, in either of which cases it would be useless to attempt to go on with his lesson. He must be sent into the

stable till he had forgotten the injudicious treatment; and it would very likely take as much time and trouble to restore his confidence as it would take to make him do what was wanted had he been more properly treated.

This makes it so difficult to teach nervous, fidgetty, timid horses. The sight of a whip or stick so alarms them that they become confused, and are then incapable of learning. A horse knows these are instruments by which he can be punished, and it is proper and necessary that he should do so; but he must have naturally, or be brought to that state of confidence in himself and with us as only to regard them with fear in case he is aware that he has done wrong, or contemplates doing so, for we *must* use them as signals and aids; and if he is so timid as always to be apprehensive of punishment the moment he sees them, he is perpetually thinking merely of how to get out of their reach, and consequently will not attend to any thing else.

A horse that has any thing bordering on obstinacy in his disposition is very difficult to teach; not but that the greatest obstinacy is to be overcome by time, patience, ingenuity of contrivance, reward, and punishment. But the difficulty of dealing with so perverse an animal is this: his bad and obstinate temper makes him dislike to do any thing that his inclination does not prompt him to do: he resists: to overcome his wilfulness we may be forced to have recourse to punishment more or less: this rouses all the energies of a bad disposition, and he turns sulky or vicious. We must then either leave him master of the field, or, by deprivation and the agency of fear, deter him from showing or putting in practice his vicious propen-

sities. He will not learn any thing but submission by all this, and very probably not that to any useful extent: so, before we can render him obedient, it is most likely he has become so sullen in temper that nothing can be done with him as a horse for exhibition.

I have heard some old persons speak of a horse named Chiliby. This animal was a perfect savage, and would worry any one attempting to approach him. It was contemplated to bait him with bull-dogs, and I believe advertisements or handbills were published to that effect; but the legislature most probably interfered, and prevented the revolting exhibition. He was then either given to or bought by Astley, the first founder of the theatre still known by his name. He tamed this savage so far as to exhibit him in the ring, and when tied down by bearing, gag, and side, reins, he permitted himself to be ridden by the late Mrs. Bland, then Miss Romanzini, but nothing more than this could be made of him. I have been told, that, though when covered by the large saddle and saddle-cloths he looked showy enough, he was a mere skeleton. Astley was accused of cruelty towards this horse, and I believe gained less credit than odium by his exhibition. I quite agree with the public opinion that it would have been far better to shoot such an animal; but if it was thought advantageous or desirable to tame so thoroughly inexorable a brute, nothing but lowering his general system by deprivation of nourishment and rest, could keep his indomitable temper and ferocity within bounds; for though I am quite certain that in nine cases in ten kindness will succeed with a bad temper much better than severity, I have no doubt kindness was in the first instance tried with this horse till it was found of no effect. I was once

very near buying a horse not much better as to temper.

A butcher at a watering-place where I was staying had a remarkably neat horse, a particularly fine goer: he had often attracted my attention, but I felt satisfied there was something wrong about the horse, or he would never have got into such hands. I questioned the butcher about him, stating I should like to purchase him. The man had the honesty to tell me the horse would be of no use to me if I did, unless I treated him as he did, which was, either in or out of harness, to keep him going all day and every day; for if he was to give him one day's rest, he could do nothing with him the next. I was not, however, deterred by this, but resolved to have him; and but for the following circumstance I certainly should have bought him. He picked up a nail, so the butcher was obliged to rest him. I begged to be present when he was next put to work. I was so; and of all the unruly brutes I ever saw he was the worst: he would neither carry nor draw. I then asked his master what he meant to do? He said, "Serve him as I did when I got him, give him nothing to eat till he goes quiet, and then keep him at it." He did so, and when I next saw the horse, there certainly could be no complaint made of his having too much carcase.

That horses intended for exhibition are sometimes subject to this sort of deprivation is quite certain, and that in cases where there is no vice to complain of; for some horses are so volatile in their disposition, that, if they are not a little lowered, their very exuberance of spirits would prevent their being taught, and a little deprivation is in fact kindness, as doing away with the necessity of severe punishment. A person accustomed

to rich dishes and a bottle of wine a day would certainly find his animal spirits much lowered if he was kept for a week on tea and bread and butter; still it could not be called suffering. Even in the common circumstance of breaking a horse to harness, if he was very high in condition and we found him jumping and kicking at every thing he met, before putting him in harness the judicious thing would be to stop his oats, keep him on bran mashes for two or three days, give him a dose of physic, and, while thus lowered in temperament, give him his first lesson. If this was oftener done than it is, a great deal of trouble would be saved, and much risk avoided both in respect to the animal and those about him.

Great as is the difference of tempers in horses, the difference between them in point of intellect is to the full as much. I in no way exceed the fact when I say that some horses can be taught that in ten days which it would require ten weeks to teach others: some have a peculiar capacity for learning, while others have merely the ordinary instinct of the brute, nor can they learn any thing beyond what the common impulses of nature prompt them to do.

Astley had a piebald mare in whom the capacity for learning was exemplified in a most extraordinary degree. He was so well aware of this, that whenever any trick or act most difficult to teach a horse had to be taught, the mare was always selected for the purpose. From first coming into his possession she had always shown this extraordinary aptness; but from having learned so many things this gift was increased to a degree that could not be conceived by any one but those in the habit of instructing her. She knew as well when any thing new was wanted of her as the

performers did themselves: showing her a few times what she was wanted to do was enough; nor did she want the constant practice most horses require to keep them perfect in their performance, she seemed never to forget what she had once learned.

One of the most remarkable specimens of docility that I conceive could be shown by a horse this mare exhibited. She represented the *High-mettled Racer*, a piece that had a prodigious run. The parts of the racer, the hunter, post-horse, and mill-horse which she acted, could have been taught to most horses; but as a finale, she was brought in on a common knacker's cart, lying as we daily see dead horses in the streets on such vehicles. This situation is so perfectly unnatural to a horse that not one in a hundred could be brought to submit to it. But this not all: her head and limbs hung in all the immobility of death: the shafts of the cart were then raised from the horse's back that drew it, and the mare was thus shot from it on the stage. She never moved; and when her legs were lifted up by some one on the stage, she let them fall precisely as the limb of a dead animal would do. This, I should say, must be one of the most difficult pieces of acting that could possibly be to make an animal comprehend: no force, punishment, or fear could have been used in this case, for the desideratum was to *banish* fear: nothing but time and extraordinary patience on the part of her teachers could have reconciled her to this: she was in the finest condition, and always fat, which horses will not be, feed them as you will, if kept in a state of alarm or much worried by what is done to them: in fact, if they are, they most probably will not feed.

These horses, like other horses, and indeed human pupils, are corrected if they do wrong; that is, if,

when *quite perfect* in their lesson, they refuse to do what is required of them: but the greatest care is taken that they *are* quite perfect: nor are they ever punished while there is a chance that the not performing correctly proceeds from their not understanding what is required of them.

There is a common trick horses do in the ring, namely, gallop round it without a bridle on, and, when going at full speed, by a word or signal turn as if on a pivot, and gallop the reverse way: this is, perhaps, repeated a dozen times. If (which sometimes occurs) the horse neglects to obey the first hint given him, when a second is made, and he obeys that, he may be observed as showing some alarm by his manner and quickened pace. This evidently shows he knows he has done wrong, for if he did not, of course he could not be aware that he had, consequently would evince no fear.

The result of such neglect on the part of the horse certainly would be his being had into the ring after the performance was over, and then, if he was again careless, he certainly would "catch it."

To show that the teaching a horse thus to turn at command is not the result of any severity or cruelty, I will state one mode by which it may be effected. Let a pad, like a common gig-saddle, or, what is used instead of it, a surcingle with two rings to answer as terrets, be put on the horse: a pair of long reins are put through them as in harness, the strength and severity of the bit are of course apportioned to the delicacy or hardness of the horse's mouth. With both reins thus held, so as each may cause the bit to bear properly on each bar of the mouth, the horse will walk, trot, or gallop as ordered round the circle the

same as if lunged with a cavesson. Supposing the horse to be walking round the ring to the left, if the right rein is pulled, what is he to do? he cannot incline to the right, because the inclosure of the ring prevents him: his head is by this pulled as it were into the pit; his fore-quarters cannot follow, so he has but one resource: he brings his croup round till it is in the place his head was while going to the left: he is now straight, and goes off round the circle to the right. When wanted to change, it is only reversing the thing: the left or, in driving phrase, the near rein is pulled: he, as it may be termed, swings round his croup, and there he is in his first position again and going to the left.

After this has been practised some time, the horse will turn on the slightest touch on the proper rein, which it is far pleasanter to him to do than to get a severe snatch on his mouth and a stroke of the whip if he does not; so, after a short time, a packthread would turn him. But he has further intimation of what is wanted of him than this (as when exhibited he will have no reins on him, or perhaps bridle) to teach him to perform the same when at liberty. While he *has* the reins on, a proper signal always accompanies or rather just precedes the pull at the rein, till from long practice he will turn on seeing or hearing the signal without any touch of the rein being required: he knows it will come (and *when* he is perfect) with severity if he is careless; so, though going at speed, he is on the watch for the signal, and obeys it instantly. His obedience while under tuition is *invariably* followed by reward; and really these horses are very fair customers to tradespeople for apples, carrots, sugar, &c., as rewards of obedience.

But though performing well is sure to meet its reward, the not doing so is not always punished; for if it proceeds from not being perfect in the lesson, it would be worse than useless to punish the horse: he would get confused. Put him back to that part of the lesson he thoroughly knows, in a day or two he will do the difficult part of it. If a boy hesitates in spelling *application* at once, make him spell the five syllables: this will bring on application in every sense of the word, and that gets him on to Aldeborontefoscofornio. It is a leading principle in teaching these horses not to hurry them in their lessons, but to make them perfectly understand one part of them before they are put to the next: and another rule is, never to ask so much of them as to provoke resistance: a fight, though it *might* subdue, would possibly spoil a trick horse: so interest alone would prevent its ever taking place when it could be avoided.

We will now look at the keeping time to music, usually termed dancing—country dances, reels, quadrilles, Polkas, or any thing else of the same sort.

Many years since the *manège* was much more in vogue than it is now. Lord Pembroke, Sir Sidney Meadows, and many other men of fortune kept a stud of *manège* horses. These all to a certain degree did what may be termed dance; and as it is not to be supposed such men would treat *their* horses unkindly, it should rescue the teachers of dancing amphitheatrical horses from any charge of severity, much less of cruelty, in instructing *theirs*. The usual mode of teaching a *manège* horse to lift himself, or rather his legs, as if keeping time to music, is simple enough: he is put between the pillars: these are two posts that

support the leaping-bar when wanted; being fastened to them by two side reins to his bit, a person stands behind him with a long driving whip: with this he is gently touched, the person using that almost unspellable but well-known Klk Klk as in driving. The horse, finding that he can neither advance, retreat, nor go sideways, and not being permitted to stand still, naturally moves or lifts his legs in succession; and this he does either faster or more slowly as the Klk Klk is so used, the whip touching him also oftener or less often in accordance with the *altered sound*: in fact, he does just what the soldier does in marking time. A man, with the delicate and scientific hands (if I may use such an expression) of a *manège* rider, then mounts him, and, in accordance with the desired time, just at the moment when each leg is to be raised he delicately gives him a lift with the bridle on the same side. The rider now (instead of the person behind the horse) makes the Klk Klk, and presses the horse with the calves of his legs; touches him with the spur, or even slightly uses it, as the mettle or want of it in the horse may make such actions necessary: he is also provided with a kind of jockey whip, long enough to enable him, when holding it backwards, to reach the animal's hind-quarters and legs. Touching on these induces him to bring them well under him, on which the gracefulness of his motions so much depends. When the horse is so perfect in this that he will mark time thus truly, and without hurry or confusion, quick or slow as may be desired, the pillar or side reins are taken off; the rider then trusts solely to his hands: to these the horse has now become so accustomed that he will no

more attempt to move forward while the hands act their accustomed part, than he did when confined between the pillars. On the rider (what in riding phrase is termed) "dropping his hands," the horse moves forward. The moment the rein is again tightened, and he feels the alternate lift, and hears the Klk, he becomes stationary again as to progression, but keeps marking time as before. This is, in fact, dancing, at least that part of it that corresponds to "setting to your partner" *vis-à-vis*, *à vos dames*, or *cavalier seul*. The dancing sideways, or, in riding-house phrase, "passaging," retreating, or advancing, makes the dance, and is all done by the rider's hand and accompanying heel.

I have just shown the elements of a dancing course of lessons with a rider on, and this all horses may be made do more or less; but some never would progress farther than a country morris-dance, while others become in their way Grisis, Fabris, or Monsieur Vestrises. The horse, however, under dancing tuition is much more certain of becoming eminent than young ladies, and still more so than young gentlemen, inasmuch as his teachers have too much good sense and judgment to attempt to make a dancer of a mere lump of animated awkwardness; and, supposing the horse to have as complacent an opinion of his pretensions to grace as human votaries of Terpsichore usually have, he is not allowed to exercise his judgment on such occasions.

We will now see how a horse is to be made dance without a rider and with a man before him. This is done by the person before him hitting him on the shin with a long cane or whip: he lifts up *that* leg: the *other* is hit, he lifts up *that*: then the first is

again struck, and so on. The horse soon finds out what is wanted, and like the stupidest of ourselves, would of course prefer the little trouble of lifting a leg to avoid a hit on the shin. To this he gets so awake that the mere motion of the stick or whip is sufficient; and as the man's body naturally inclines or waves to the right or left as he moves the stick or whip to strike, the horse gets so accustomed to this that the mere swaying of the exhibitor's body is in the end quite a sufficient hint to him; and some motion of this sort will be observed in the exhibitor when the horse is performing in public.

For this purpose a horse must be a high-mettled, high-couraged one—high-mettled, that a slight touch suffices to make him lift his leg in preference to suffering it to be hit; and high-couraged, that a slight touch, though it will make him readily move, will not put him in fear. In fact a high-mettled horse, though he will fly to avoid a touch of a whip, is not in actual fear of it, because his high spirit never renders it necessary to severely punish him with it.

In proof of this is a fact that every coachman knows. We will suppose it a sunny day; the free horses run along as usual, mind their business, and leave the sun to mind his: but the shirkers and lazy ones keep their eye on the shadow of the whip (if they can see it): they have felt it, know they deserve it, and watch for it: only move the whip-hand, they are up to their traces in a moment, and seem as if they had determined to take their side of the coach single-handed; and so they do till they see the shadow of the whip still again; then "let them work that like it."

Picking up a handkerchief from the ground is

another trick often seen in the circle, and is one that calls for no cruelty or severity in the teaching; in fact, severity would be useless, for it could in no way contribute to forwarding the thing wanted. The whip would of course deter a horse *from* stopping on seeing the handkerchief on the ground; but all the whips that Swaine, Crowther, or Griffiths ever made could not make him stoop his head to it. We will see if kinder means would not more readily produce the effect.

We will spread a white cloth on the ground, and on that put a quartern of oats: we then bring in the horse, and lead him round the circle up to it. On giving him a handful of the oats, he learns in a moment that oats are there, and will soon put his head down to get at them. This he is encouraged to do, and he consequently gets a few: he is then led round the circle again, and, on coming to the handkerchief, is, as before, stopped: again he picks up some oats. By the time he has done this a few times, he will want no stopping, but, on the contrary, would have to be led or driven past the handkerchief on coming up to it if we wished him to pass it. It is thus seen there is no difficulty in teaching him to stop from his walk on seeing the handkerchief. It must therefore be equally apparent that with further practice he will as readily stop from his trot, canter, or full gallop.

Now, though nothing like a whip or anything bordering on punishment has been used in teaching the horse to do this—we have supposed him to be quiet, docile, and attentive—it may happen that he may be the contrary, or, from high keep and exuberance of spirits, heedless and inattentive; so, instead of thinking

a few oats worth the trouble of picking up, he may choose to amuse himself by jumping, squealing, kicking, and gambolling round the circle. Should this be found to be the case, it would be useless to go on with the lesson: we might as well attempt to teach a boy to solve a problem in Euclid while under the excitement of laughing at a pantomime. It would be cruel to use the cane to the boy for exuberance of spirits, though it might have the effect of producing attention: it would be equally so to use the whip to the horse, and with him it would be quite useless. It might make the poor brute tremble and gallop from fear instead of play, but it would have anything but the effect of rendering him quiet, collected, and attentive. We will, therefore, good-naturedly laugh at his frolics; but as we want him for business we must make him attend to it, and must to a certain degree punish him for not having done so.

As he has been galloping about for ten minutes to please himself, we will indulge him by half-an-hour more of the same exercise for our advantage, by way of a steadier, and send him to his stable. This kind of amusement once a day (or twice if required), and stopping his oats for three days, will produce two good effects: it will stop his predilection for extra galloping, and makes him think a quartern of oats quite worth having, though he may have to go round the circle and stop a dozen times before he gets the whole of them.

I am mentioning an extreme case in supposing a horse (except he was in a state of excitement) neglecting to avail himself of the chance of getting anything he likes to eat; for he is naturally a greedy animal,

as it is well known a dying horse will frequently eat up to the last moment.

It may be said, that a person stationed before the object at which we wish the horse to stop with a whip in his hand would deter him from passing it, or flogging him back might teach him not to do so in future: no doubt it would, and if simply *stopping* was all we wanted, this summary process would do; but we want the horse not only to stop, but to *eat* for a purpose that will shortly appear, and flogging will not make him do that.

We want the horse to eat because we want him to pick up the handkerchief; and it is only by his desire *to* eat that we can effect this.

He has now learned that where he sees a white cloth there he may expect to find corn. We will now double over the ends of the cloth so as to cover the grain; but as his not seeing it is not *now* enough to do away with his expectation of finding it, he will very soon twist the cloth about so as to get at the corn. We now tie the cloth up so that he *cannot* get at it: he well knows, both from habit and his sense of smell, that corn is there, and from the common instinct of nature he does just what we want him to do; he lays hold of the cloth with his teeth, and lifts it up. Our business is now more than half done—we have taught or induced him to lift up the handkerchief.

To show that he will do this, we have only to observe a cow: if she gets hold of a hay-band, she knows she cannot swallow the whole; so, after chewing as much as she can swallow, she will be seen to lift it from the ground, and shake it to get rid of the

part she does not want and to get at that which she does.

The horse lifts the handkerchief for the same purpose, to get rid of that and get at the oats. To let him find that by picking it up he gets a reward, we take it from him, but give him a handful out of it: we then lay it down; he again picks it up; so, as he finds that by picking it up he each time gets some of its contents, in the end the moment he sees a white handkerchief, from the force of habit and constant reward he picks it up though there are no oats in it. As he will hold it for a moment till we take it and give him his reward, he in the course of time by long practice learns to hold it while he walks up to us. But teaching a horse to hold anything is a most tedious thing to do, and requires great practice and unwearying patience in the teacher to effect, for we can hardly make him understand he does wrong in dropping it: we can only make him find he gets rewarded for holding it till he comes up to us; so here we have only immediate reward to offer as an inducement, but we cannot resort to immediate punishment on the other hand.

Teaching horses to stand still with their fore feet on anything, like the lion and unicorn in the Queen's arms, is effected by making them stand with the fore parts more and more elevated each lesson till they are brought to the required height, and they are taught to *remain* so by finding that so long as they do they are supplied with what they like, and (when perfect) corrected if they do not. In proof that it is reward and not punishment that teaches these horses to stand still in the truly extraordinary elevated situations in which they are often placed, and

more particularly in some of the closing scenes of many of the spectacles at a theatre, if an observer only watches closely he will perceive that they are all eating; and it must much enhance the gratification of any feeling mind in witnessing the docility of these animals when we can banish from the mind the very erroneous idea that our gratification is purchased at the cost of suffering and cruelty to the animal.

There is not perhaps one man in five thousand that has not often been in *some* stable, but I think I may say there is not one in that number who has been in a stable of amphitheatrical horses, or seen them in their daily morning rehearsals, consequently very few persons indeed know any thing at all about how they are treated: they see them do things quite unnatural to the horse, consequently conclude some unnatural means are employed to subject them.

To show how little an audience, speaking collectively of them, know what it is difficult to teach these horses and what it is not, I may venture to say that when seeing a horse galloping round the ring, they consider such a horse as of very little value to his proprietor when put in comparison with the one that takes a tea-kettle off a fire, and such a supposition is quite a natural one; they will be surprised to hear that where ten horses may be got that may be made perfect as trick horses, not one among them would perhaps be worth a farthing as a ring-horse.

The reader must carry in mind that if the trick horse fails or makes a blunder in *his* performance, the only consequence is a momentary mortification to his teacher, and the next moment he does it perfectly; but if the ring-horse makes a serious blunder in his

duty, the life or limbs of his rider are endangered. A good ring-horse, though he must have speed, wind, endurance, and courage, must be a perfect automaton of a horse so far as regards any thing done that would alarm or annoy any other. It would far exceed my limits to state the many things that would make a horse useless in the ring: some are too hasty, some too sluggish; some never can be taught to go an even pace, be that fast or slow; some will not keep close to the outside of the ring, others swerve a little from the orchestra; others will not bear the flags about their head; others will accelerate or retard their pace when the rider leaps; some will not go under the board or cloth steadily; others, if hit, fly too much from the whip; some will hit their legs in going round; in short, I could mention twenty failings that a horse might have that would prevent his ever being a horse that could be depended upon in the ring. When he is, he is beyond price to his owner. The horse that jumps through a hoop covered with paper gets great applause, the horse that simply goes round the ring none; whereas his doing this is what very few will do *well*, and there is not one in twenty that will not do the other in a very few days.

I have not attempted to tell the public the modes by which all these horses are taught their tricks: different masters have different modes: I have told, however, how horses may be taught certain things; and, *mutatis mutandis*, all tricks are taught on the same principle. My only motive in doing this has been a wish to do justice to those who own and instruct such horses, by showing that patience, gentleness, and encouragement is the leading prin-

ciple acted upon, and the only one that can be attended with success.

Highly trained as these horses are, and much as we must admire their docility and gracefulness of action, it is but justice to the riders to observe that the best sportsman or jockey that ever crossed a country or rode over Newmarket Heath could no more work one of these horses properly than he could put together or arrange the works of a chronometer: he could no more make the animal keep time than he could the watch: the hands of sportsmen, good as they may be, are not fine enough to handle these living pieces of machinery: the slightest touch of the finger or heel would put these horses in confusion, and nothing but years of practice in this peculiar mode of horsemanship can procure that fineness of touch indispensable with a highly-trained horse. We see the animal obey, without detecting what produces the numerous changes in his performance. This must at once convince us of the precision, correctness, and delicacy of the hand and heel that direct his every motion.

If the public wish to see what fine hands will do with a horse, there is a lady who rides nightly in the circle at Astley's, or rather at Batty's, who will show it them. The perfectly quiet and ladylike manner in which she handles her horse, and the perfect training and graceful action of the animal, afford a treat to the admirers of horsewomanship: that it may be long before they may see again. Many of my fair countrywomen have, I dare say, longed for this horse: I dare say many more *will* if they go and see him; but as most probably he would not be parted with, they may take this as a consolation, he would not be

with them what he is at Batty's, unless they could also buy the hands that are on him: but as these also are not to be had, I will give one piece of advice to nineteen ladies out of twenty who do ride, which is, to go and see what hands can do, and then take lessons on this *most* important part of horsemanship.

LA CHASSE ETRANGERE.

La Chasse — when to this we annex the true English construction, THE CHASE, how does the heart of a fox-hunter quicken in its pulsations at the magical sound of those two brief words! The valetudinarian (if he has the true spirit in him) shakes off his aches and pains, and at the sound of the horn, like the veteran soldier at that of the trumpet, "dares again the field." The victim of hypochondriacism rouses from his apathy, and feels himself again giving the rattling "tally-ho!" Even the pale and heart-stricken son of adversity forgets the freezing or supercilious looks of the favourites of prosperity, and in his mind's eye again welcomes the honest beaming countenance of the true fox-hunter, that never allows the cloud of misfortune that may lower o'er a brother sportsman to shut out that jovial and warming smile from the afflicted heart.

Hail to thy name, O Chase!—hail! doubly hail to thy glorious reality!—and ten-fold hail to my country, honest England, land of the chase, thou only Elysium of the lovers of true sport!

Let other nations slay their thousands by the gun, where neither exertion or courage are the requisite attributes of the sportsman, as children of a younger growth immolate the defenceless fly who vainly struggles for escape against the glazed divisions of the window. Perish such ignominious sport! The scions of an honest stock of fine old English gentlemen

war not with the confined and defenceless, but seek the wild game in its native haunts, allow it all its many natural shifts, all its energies for escape, and would blush to take it at unfair advantage, as, God be praised! they would shun to take their fellow-man. Long may the homely but glorious sentiment—"a clear stage and no favour"—be the pass-word of our country to deeds of manly daring: long may such a sentiment influence us in facing the enemies of our land of sport; and long may it also teach us to stop the falling blow when levelled at a prostrate or defenceless foe.

Let cavillers rail at some of our national sports, and despise or pretend to despise trials of manhood they have not the courage or hardihood to meet or imitate: let other nations say such sports are unrefined, that our pugilistic encounters tend to brutalise the mind or harden the heart: the craven only promulgates such ideas. If brutalising the mind consists in teaching man to look his fellow-man in the face without cowering beneath his glance, or in teaching him to scorn to take advantage of a helpless enemy, then and not till then will such encounters merit the epithet. That such exhibitions are not refined, every man must allow; but we want not refinement for the unrefined, and to these unrefined do we chiefly owe a nation's glory and a nation's peace.

And now return we to the chase. Doubtless in former days there was but little refinement to be found among mere fox-hunting squires. Whence arose this? Not from their pursuits, so far as those pursuits went; but from other causes. In those days the badness of roads made travelling slow, expensive, and inconvenient; consequently journeys were seldom

undertaken but from motives of necessity: this prevented such men acquiring that knowledge of the world, and that ease and polish of manner, that are only to be acquired by travel and a frequent intercourse with refined society. And further than this: the date is not far distant when study was held to be beneath the notice of the man of independent fortune, and necessary and desirable only to those whom necessity impelled to mental labour as a means of support. Study in those days was considered *infra dignitatem* of a gentleman: what we now estimate as the most ordinary education would then have been held, and indeed despised, as being clerkly, and was considered no more as the attribute of the gentleman than we should now consider the being able to keep a set of books by double entry—an accomplishment, I opine, few gentleman would be vain of possessing. Nor was the fair helpmate of the squire in those days one iota better informed than himself, and, but that the natural softness and delicacy of the sex "*emollit mores*," would she have been other than the prototype of her boisterous lord. These were the fox-hunters and their fair dames of the beginning of the last century; but in 1846 tell me the place where more refinement of mind and manner is to be found than at a meet near Melton. The unthinking or uninitiated might say—"at Almacks:" he who would say so must indeed be both unthinking and must know little of the world. Many, nay most of those who were seen, at the former, to "top the barred gate, and brush the thorny twining hedge," or, in more modern phrase, to "switch at a rasper, charge an ox-fence, and go like bricks," may on the same evening be seen in the latter hemisphere of fashion, breathing the soft tale

into the ear of beauty, with all the elegance, refinement, and seductiveness of manner and language necessary to ensure the *entrée* within the circle of elegance and aristocracy. Yet such men are not of that class of effeminate beings devoting their time to merely writing "sonnets to their mistress' eyebrow," or in holding the silken skein from which the fair one weaves the *gage d'amour* destined to the favoured and happy object of her smiles; nor would they, like such ephemera, devote the propitious hunting morning to a piano, where the only feeling they create is one of comparison between the ungainly object and that of the fair form who, once seen there, has been the bright vision of our nightly dreams, where we again in fancy hear her dulcet notes, again feel the fascination of her conscious smile of triumph, and again behold her sylph-like form gracefully bending as her fairy fingers fly over the parti-coloured keys of the instrument. Lovely, thrice lovely woman! this is thy bright prerogative: this thy empire: this the scene of all thy many conquests — thy self-created Elysium, where none but the manly should be privileged to enter. The timid, affected coxcomb, who fears to show his dear loved person where aught of risk or danger threatens, can never truly estimate thy numberless perfections; though he dares to challenge thy smile as an offering to his self-estimated pretensions, instead of wooing it as the best and brightest reward of an honest and devoted heart. Little do such beings wot that manly bearing and a dauntless spirit are the surest stepping-stones to woman's estimation.

La Chasse — strange that twenty-one miles of water should make so wide a difference in the ideas of

men in thy pursuit; but so it is, at least so it was in 1823.

A visit to a friend called me, that year, to Dunkirk. Now this said Dunkirk, though well enough as a town, is not exactly the *locale* where a man fond of hunting would wish to find himself, in the month of December. Knowing, however, that there was something like a pack of hounds near St. Omer's, and intending to take that town *en route*, I took over two horses: these, with a Flemish mare I purchased to draw my buggy, constituted my stud in France. I had, however, not knowing how the St. Omer hunt might turn out, taken the pink, the leathers, *et cetera*, with me. At Dunkirk I was introduced to Monsieur le Baron—who was considered, as I heard, the greatest *chasseur* of the place, and had his *loge de chasse* a few miles off. He talked of his *piquer*, his *chiens de chasse*, his horses, and God knows what, inviting me to accompany him *à la chasse* the next day, and promising to call and take me, as I concluded, to THE MEET. On the baron's departure, my friend, who had politely excused himself from joining us, smiled most suspiciously; but on my asking if the baron really meant it, he assured me he did, but had the honesty to say I should not exactly find Tom Oldaker and the Berkeley: this I was quite aware of, but must candidly confess I expected to meet hounds of some sort. I could not get a word more in explanation from my friend, so told my man to take on my horse in the morning, and determined to see the thing out. I was discussing my *côtelette* at nine o'clock, when I heard a carriage drive up to the door. Jumping up, with a cup of coffee in one hand, and a bit of the *côtelette* on the end of my fork in the other, like *Morbleu* on

hearing the name of *Tonson* again, there I saw the baron, not in gig, drag, or dog-cart, a good upper benjamin on his back, a shawl round his neck, and an Havanna in his mouth; but there I saw—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"—

a common *fiacre* from the hotel. From this vehicle emerged the baron, with a gun in one hand, and an enormous German pipe in the other. After the baron, out came a stupid big-headed cur-looking pointer, with a thing in lieu of a stern about half the length and twice the size of an ordinary sausage, which he let fall as if he was ashamed of it, or as if it had been given him by nature merely to hide that part of his person that it is indelicate to expose, for which purpose its length just sufficed. What on earth can this mean? thinks I. Do they shoot as well as hunt their game here? and do they use such a beast as that following, as finder? The baron was attired in a kind of half-travelling, half-jockey cap, a grey jerkin and green waistcoat, a pair of old brown pantaloons with a velvet (had been) scarlet stripe down the outer seam, these surmounted by a pair of half-Hessian half-life-guardsman's boots. "Well," thinks I, "you are a rum'un to look at, whatever you may be to go." "Oh! now I have it," says I, "he means to get an hour's shooting before he takes the hounds out."

"*Nous voici!*" cried the baron, entering the room. "So I see," thinks I, "and two pretty-looking d——s you are;" so I suppose the baron thought of me, who was dressed in my usual hunting clothes, for after the usual salutations he added—"*Mais, mon cher, que c'est tout cela! Et les petites bottes!*"

"Anything more?" thinks I: "I must doff some of this, or I suppose I shall be taken for some overgrown monkey, escaped from the back of a dromedary led about for exhibition." After, therefore, to the great chagrin of the baron, putting aside the pink for a more promising occasion, we, accompanied by the big-headed animal with the stump, took our places in the *fiacre*; the Frenchman in high glee, anticipating, (as he assured me we should do,) *faire grande chasse*, I beginning to suspect myself of being the ass I was, in supposing it possible to get anything like hunting in the district of Bergues. Concluding still that something of the sort would be attempted, I made up my mind to be amused by the ridiculous, if I could not be gratified by anything better. "Journeying with this intent," on my part, the baron every ten minutes putting forth his head to hurry the driver, with as much sign of anxiety and importance as if he feared a fox would have broke and gone away over as clipping a country as England could produce, he all at once changed his note, and now screeched as furiously to him to stop, as if life or death depended on his instant compliance. Even before this could be accomplished, out bolted the baron, and after him the stump-tailed quadruped. Looking from the window, I saw the former going at top-speed, the latter following at the same pace; presently the greatest *chasseur* of the province came to a full stop; bang went one barrel, and, as I suppose, to make assurance doubly sure, bang went the other. Into the hedge rushed Stump; into the hedge rushed the baron, the hedge shaking to its very foundation, as if some mighty conflict was going on within its precincts. I concluded that

nothing less than a wolf or some outlying deer had been found and shot. Presently out backed the baron, then out backed the pointer, the former waving his cap in triumph. The dog for the first time cocked his stump, and gambolled and yelped in token of his master's prowess. I got out, concluding I at least, if not the driver also, was beckoned to, to help bring up the quarry; but as the baron advanced he flourished in his left hand, not, of course, a wolf or deer, but a FULL-GROWN THRUSH. How did he now expatiate on the unerringness of the shot! how did he describe and dilate on the nearness of the escape of the bird! how many "*petits coquins*" did he call his favourite, who had, it seemed, disputed the possession of the prize: and when in the *fiacre* again, what a laying down the bird there was! what caution to the dog there was not to ruffle a feather! what "fi done's!" there were if he attempted to do so; what caresses when he did not! "Well," soliloquised I, "the true philosophy of life is to be happy when we can; and as substantial occasions for being so occur but rarely in this life, perhaps he who is made happy by trifles acts the wisest part. The field of Cressy might entitle an English prince to feel himself a hero and a conqueror; but why should a French baron slaughter thousands, when he feels himself as great through the mere instrumentality of a thrush and a stump-tailed pointer?"

I have been led into this little digression from my tale by my own reflection, as the baron was from his progression by the thrush; thus, on the score of excuse, we stand on about equal terms. We will now get on again; and get we did to the baron's *loge de chasse*, or, *par excellence, chateau*. Here we got out:

nor were my anticipations of what was to come at all raised by the general appearance of the place. The baron, however, jumping out, began rubbing his hands in high glee; while the pointer, in the exuberance of his joy, scoured round the yard, driving every fowl, duck, turkey, goose, and capon in most "admired disorder." A man in a blue frock and red cap, who gloried in the name of François, welcomed the baron; while Formose, in the person of a very ill-looking boy, made his obedience to his master, at the same time energetically cutting *legumes* for the *bouillon:* the former I found enacted the parts of *piquer*, *garde chasse*, and general *homme d'affaires* to the baron; while the cupid Formose was *valet d'ecurie*, and in short, *valet de* any-and-everything. So soon as our *cocher* and François had sufficiently kissed each other, I inquired of the latter for my man and nag. My inquiry for my man was answered by the baron, saying, had he thought I wished my man to be here he should have come with us; but the look of astonishment that followed my expecting or wanting my horse could only have been equalled had I asked for the Cham of Tartary, the great mammoth, or the young lady who cut watch-papers with her toes. Was I going "*en voyage?*" did I intend to "*promener à cheval?*" Holding up my leg, I asked if he thought I had put on spurs to assist me in walking. This brought out a full explanation: so finding hunting to be out of the question, I made up my mind to make the best of it; in reward of which philosophic resolve, up came my man and horse, the former looking not quite so amiable as a bear in a bad humour. His delay had been occasioned in the following manner: I had told him over night that

the MEET would be at or near the *chateau*. He had overtaken two Frenchmen on the road, with their dogs and guns: so, Englishman-like, he concluded that as they appeared like sportsmen, they would certainly know where the MEET was; and having heard the baron and I use the word *chasse*, he concluded it meant that; so on encountering the Frenchmen he mustered French enough to use the word *chasse*, intimating by pointing forwards that he wanted to get there. "*Oui, mon ami*—yes," cried one of the shooters, pointing to a cover at some distance. Tom thought he was all right. The Frenchman, flattered by the idea that he was anxious to see them shoot, opened the *barrières* for him, which for once in his life made Tom civil to and think well of a Frenchman. Arrived at the cover on a hill, Tom looked round, but saw neither hound nor, as he expected, red coats, nor any coats coming up. He now saw something was wrong, and, I have no doubt, bestowing some of those choice blessings on the heads of the shooters that he always so liberally bestowed on every Frenchman he met with, whether deservedly or not, he cantered back to the *chateau*, ready charged, as I perceived, for a fresh volley. To put him on better terms with himself and the world, I took him into the house, trusting to the effects of a glass or two of Cognac, the *homo* in blue body and red cap holding my nag the while; in return for which, Mr. Tom, on mounting his horse, shook his fist in the man's face, muttering something like "sarving him out;" knowing that the idea was very likely to be followed by practical explanation, I hurried him off. The man of blue and red taking, as all Frenchmen do, every-

thing as a compliment that does not amount to undisputable insult, politely lifted the red cap on Tom's riding off; in return for which courtesy Tom made a significant gesture, accompanied by an exposure well known in England, and alluding of course to the man and his master, I heard him d—n them for two French—barons was not certainly the term he used, no matter what it was. I saw him safely on the road back to Dunkirk.

I now returned to the house, from whence I was introduced to the stud, consisting of two nondescript horses and a beast, the pet of the baron, who was shortly expected to favour her master with a progeny begat God knows how, where, or when. From this I was shown the *chiens de chasse*, including two old English spaniels, and a pointer that the baron brought indisputable proof forward of being own brother to him of the stump.

My good stars now prevailed. It came on to rain in torrents, and the baron having been told by Formose that *the* hare he had come to shoot had not been seen the preceding day, it was put to me, with many apologies, whether a more propitious day would not be preferable *pour la chasse*. I most energetically avowed it would. The *fiacre* was brought out, and we started homewards. Overtaking Tom on the road, he touched his hat: this I knew was for *me*; but a certain repetition of the expletive used on quitting the *chateau* in the plural, but now in the singular number, I fear was intended for the baron, who, I must say, gave me a most excellent dinner, and among many good things, but as a *bonne bouche*—or joke, I know not which—on a handsome silver dish was served up THE THRUSH.

I returned to England soon after this, without going to see the turn-out at St. Omer's, and though I seldom object to raise a laugh at my own expense, I must candidly allow I never mentioned my hunting expedition with the baron, when two days after landing I met the King's Hounds, at Stoke; nor was I more communicative among the yellow capes at Gerard's Cross when I met them. Poor Tom! thine and many a gallant heart of that hunt has ceased to beat since then. "*Sic transit*," *&c., &c.*

A FEW REMARKS ON TRAINING RACE-HORSES.

I BELIEVE it will be allowed by most persons (excepting those immediately interested in denying it) that there is a very considerable portion of mystification, not to say deception, practised in all trades and professions. "There are tricks in all trades" is an adage nearly as old as the tricks themselves. I pay the tricks the compliment of giving them precedence in point of seniority, as I conclude their practice gave origin to the adage.

To enumerate the different sort of tricks practised in the different pursuits of making money would, when relating to each particular trade or profession, first require the space of a very respectable folio volume, and secondly, require the enumerator and describer of them to have served a close apprenticeship to that particular pursuit; and then unless he had kept both his eyes and ears open, he would not be *au fait de son métier.*

We will, to make as short work as possible of the subject now in hand, classify these tricks under the following heads:—

Tricks to make a great appearance of business when, in truth, there is but little doing: these tricks are pretty much in vogue now every where, but more particularly so in London; this leads to a very considerable consumption of large panes of plate-glass for windows, marble fronts and gilt letters on the outside, Turkey carpets, splendid mirrors, and a host of white cra-

vated young gentlemen inside, a *temporary* considerable increase of the income tax to be in keeping with appearances, and also to considerable employment of the attention of Messrs. Commissioners Bruce, Fane, and Fonblanque.

Tricks to get the greatest possible sums of money from our pockets, for the least possible equivalent in point of value, are not only in considerable practice in London, but are liberally diffused all over the world, by those seeking to make money whether in trade or professionally; there is, however, a very considerable difference in the way in which the same desideratum on the part of the *supplier* is effected as regards the *supplied*. The tradesman gives as little as possible of any thing, both in quality and quantity. Our legal adviser gives as little as possible, in point of quantity, of time, words, or writing, for a given sum; but in justice to him, we must allow that what he gives is effectual, and to *the* (that is *his*) purpose. Our medical friend is in no way niggard of his attentions in regard to their frequency, he only HAS us as to their duration; such friends "come like shadows, so depart." The balm of life they send us is never deficient in quantity—it is by the *quantity* they live; whether we do the same thing by the *quality* is another affair. One thing must, to their honour, be allowed: a considerable portion of their balm does neither *good* nor *harm* in its effects.

Of this innocuous quality, the balm for our minds distributed once a week by our spiritual guardians often largely partakes: where it does, charity should induce us to hope and believe it is in point of quality the very best they have to give. From those to whom much is given, much might be expected. This I

apprehend, means when what is given and what is expected is of the same kind; for it in no shape follows that where much money is given, much sense is to be expected in return. Here charity again teaches us not to be unreasonable in our expectations of sense; and charity has had too many lessons to be very sanguine in her anticipations of any great return in money for her use.

Then there are mystification tricks. Now these are in a great degree harmless, and perhaps even justifiable; for, as few men can learn any business without a considerable outlay of time and money, it is natural enough that they should wish to make their business appear as complicated and as difficult of attainment as possible. "Live, and let live," is a common if not a very refined mode of expressing a particular feeling among persons connected with trade. This, I believe, means that the carpenter should not do a job that it is the particular province of the joiner to execute; in short, that no trade should interfere with another. So the tradesman will, in the generosity of his heart, allow his customers to live; and so long as he gets anything out of them, he is quite desirous that they should live; but unless the customer takes care of himself, the other will leave him but very little to live upon.

Let a gentleman, or any man not engaged in a trade, attempt to do or get done anything without the immediate interference of "*the trade*," every earthly manœuvre will be put in practice to thwart him; the very day-labourer will be influenced by the "live and let live" feeling, and will do about one-fifth of the same labour in the day for the gentleman, to that he would do for the tradesman; and as to the former

getting any assistance or information likely to expedite his wishes, it is absolutely out of the question; he will be plagued, misled, and if he will permit it, "fooled to the top of his bent."

This is put in practice to the utmost extent, should a man attempt to train his own horses, if he or his horses are worth the professional trainer's notice. This might not, and probably would not be done from any dislike to, or a wish to injure the individual, but from a determination to prevent such a practice gaining ground; the trainer, therefore, mystifies the thing so much, talks so much of the difficulties of bringing out a horse in proper form, and takes care to let so little of the secrets of his profession escape him, that thousands of sportsmen who are cognisant of the nature of every description of sport, know as little about training a race-horse as they do of catching a wild-horse with the lasso; and yet a very little more knowledge and observation than is required to bring the hunter of the present day into that state that puts him *quite* up to the mark, to go his first day's hunting over Leicestershire, as hounds go NOW, would put a horse in form to go the *Beacon* Course, the Ditch-in, or across the Flat. We must have wind, speed, and bottom, for all these exertions; the only nicety therefore is, to consider whether for a particular exertion we want *most* wind, speed, or lasting qualities; and when we have ascertained this point, we have to ascertain by close observation the mode of treatment that appears to bring *the particular* horse we have in hand into the state we want him, and this can only be truly ascertained by closely observing how that treatment affects him.

If a man is not a *perfect* judge of *perfect condition*

in the hunter, of course he could not bring out a horse fit to run for a saddle. Until within these fifty years, hunting-men knew nothing of what perfect condition in hunters *meant*; they, therefore, had no idea at all of the (then) *mysteries* of training the race-horse; he was, consequently, necessarily consigned to the total and *absolute* control of the trainer: he produced the horse on a given day *fit to go*, or at all events appearing so. Doubtless, he very frequently was *not* so; but who was to tell the trainer this? Not the owner, for probably he was no judge of whether the horse was fit or not: he only wondered by what "spells" or "sweet charms" the animal had been brought to the blooming state he appeared.

The trainer and his employer were about in the situation of the conjuror and his audience—the conjuror shows the hat with half a dozen rabbits in it, keeps the trick to himself, leaving the audience to wonder how the devil they got there.

But this charlatanism (and perfect charlatanism training formerly was) on the part of trainers is now nearly done away with; most men know the outline of all that is, can, or ought to be done with a horse in training; consequently, all the credit a trainer can now get for bringing his horse *well* to the post, is for the *attention*, and above all, the good *judgment* he has exercised in doing it. And well does he deserve, in such a case, all the commendation that can be bestowed on him; for though it is quite right to disabuse persons of the impression that there is any mystery in training, still it would be both wrong and absurd to attempt to lessen the merit of the man who brings his horse out as well as *he can be*. This is the great nicety, a horse may be *well* trained; and almost any

trainer—indeed, many an intelligent stud groom could make him so; but perfect training is the bringing him out in that state that by no possibility of treatment it could be made *better*.

To any one totally unacquainted with training, it would sound a little bordering on the mysterious to say, that, if a horse is brought out in a proper state to run on a particular day, should the race be put off for two days, it would materially affect the horse's condition, or rather fitness to go on that day; for his *general* condition would not be changed by the change of the day, but his *perfect fitness* to go undoubtedly would. There is no mystery in this. One simple reason will suffice to explain why the horse would suffer from the change. He had, we will say, done his proper work, and taken his finishing sweat, so as to prepare him to run on the Wednesday: the race is put off to the Friday: it would not do to give him another sweat between the days; consequently, if he is a horse disposed to throw up flesh quickly, he would be by no means in his *best* state to run on the Friday. In fact, a horse cannot be kept up to his *highest* state of condition for any length of time: it is (if I may be allowed the expression) a tension on the animal system no horse could bear; like the strings of a harp, the system will not bear to be kept to the highest pitch without risk of injury.

It may be asked how, if a race-horse cannot be kept at this high state of condition to run, do we manage with country horses and leather platers who are continually *going?* I should say in reply, that though such horses are quite fit to go in the races for which they run, and among the class of horses with which they go, they certainly are not at that pin-

nacle of condition that horses are brought up to, who are destined for the Derby, Leger, or other first class stakes. Horses starting for such are trained for *that particular* stake: they win or lose it; in either case, some little relaxation is afterwards given, be it for ever so short a space of time, and then the instrument is again screwed up.

In former days, when doctors were called leeches (an appropriate name enough in one sense now), the nostrums they used were as numberless as extraordinary; they were not, however, more extraordinary than some of the recipes in use then among trainers. The contents of these were, of course, unknown; and this served in a great measure to keep up the *profound mystery* of training. Whether these were more efficacious than sweet hay and oats, with the occasional adjuncts of bran, beans, and carrots, what was then done and what is now done will sufficiently show.

Instructions have been published on most sciences and professions, many by the ablest heads, and some in so clear and definite a form as to enable those who study them to become tolerable proficients in whatever matter those instructions treat on. Instructions —and most able ones—have been published on training; but it is a business in which, however well versed a man may be, it is impossible, from its nature, he can convey to another the knowledge the writer possesses, although in point of system it is perfectly simple: this arises from the different natures, tempers, constitutions, perfections, and imperfections of the different horses to be trained. No trainer could (if disposed to do so) give any general rule for treating a race-horse. If he were asked to

give any opinion on the subject, his answer, if honestly given, must be what would appear evasive, ambiguous, and jesuitical; for if he were to attempt to give a plain, short, and unequivocal answer, all he could say would be (as a general rule) "Give him plenty of the best to eat, plenty to do, and physic when he wants it." This would be really a very good rule to give a master to treat his servants by, and is one by which if all servants were treated, it would be beneficial both to them and their masters; but I conceive it does not *quite* amount to all the information necessary to qualify a man to train race-horses.

A London man of fashion—as indolent as some men of fashion are, and a bit of a gourmand into the bargain—had got into bad health, and somewhat hypochondriacal as a natural consequence. A tenant of his, a large farmer and fox-hunter to boot, called on this victim of *ennui*. The healthful look and buoyant spirits of the countryman formed a striking contrast to the *ennuyé* and *blasé tout ensemble* of the votary of fashion.

"By heavens," said the latter, "I would give five thousand to have your health and spirits."

"Would ye?" replied the farmer; "I'll tell you how to do't cheaper nor that—earn three shillings a day, and *live* on't."

We will suppose any one unversed in training affairs (for none other would put so vague a question to a trainer) to ask what time he should consider necessary to bring a horse out fit to run. We will further suppose the trainer quite disposed to give a definite reply, if possible. Still the thing is impossible. But to give the best answer he could, or,

in fact, any thing like a satisfactory one, he must at least ask the following questions:—

"How has he been treated during the last six months?"

"How is he in point of condition now?"

"Is he quite thorough-bred, or is he *bonâ fide* a cocktail?"

"What is his age?"

"Is he a delicate one, or a hardy one, that throws up flesh quickly?"

"How are his legs and feet?"

"What length will he have to go in his first race?"

"Is he to run heats or only a race?"

"What sort of a temper has he?"

Supposing these questions to have been answered, and supposing those answers could be depended on (a thing very much to be doubted from such a man as would have put them), and the trainer finds the horse to be of a given age, with ordinary, that is medium, qualities as to temper and constitution, and that he is to go in a race of such length as horses of his age usually go, he certainly could give something like a definite reply as to the time he might reasonably suppose it would take to bring him fit to run.

All this would, however, be probably set at naught by unforeseen circumstances; and on the promised day, the horse, with every care having been used on the part of the trainer, may comparatively be scarcely fit to run for a "man's hat," while those he meets may be fit to run for his life. Weather may have stopped his exercise, or what would be worse, his *work*; true, those who may have to go with him will have been stopped also, but the stopping either exercise or work

does not affect all horses alike: some may suffer but little from such circumstances, whereas, with others, it puts even their *chance* out. But worse than this, suppose a horse gets amiss in himself, or a leg begins to tell tales, here the odds increase wonderfully against him, for his exercise or work must be partially or totally stopped for a time, so he will be going back in form, while others are improving; and even supposing the horse is got right again, race-horses cannot be made to work "double tides" to fetch up lost time (at least not in a general way). Condition is never to be hurried *into* them, though it is sometimes hurried *out* of them. As they are generally made to do as much as their constitutions, legs, and stamina (at the time) will allow, they of course cannot, or ought not be made to do more.

Something like this was the opinion of a farmer in my neighbourhood respecting his men. They had asked leave for a few hours to go to a review, promising during that afternoon to make up for lost time by increased labour. "Why," said the farmer, "that is all very well to say; but whenever I have found fault with a day's work, you have told me you 'always work as hard as you can.' Now, if you always work as *hard as you can*, I should like to know how you are to work any *harder*; tell me that, and then you may go."

I have never seen a race-horse made *harder* by more than proper work, but I have seen a good many made *softer* by it.

Judging by his appearance, feel, feeding, wind, and vigour, whether a horse is improving or going back in his work and sweats, is the great point in which the judgment of a trainer is shown. This is

easily detected by the experienced man; and such symptoms are the only true ones to tell him whether or not he is treating his horse judiciously. He may know that he is treating him judiciously as *a* race-horse; but the horse, by the symptoms I have mentioned, will best tell him whether he is being treated (*as a particular* horse) judiciously or otherwise; and this, nothing but experience in the alterations of that *particular horse* can teach the trainer.

A trainer, or any man accustomed to horses in training, may form a pretty correct opinion as to whether a horse is fit to go, if he is permitted to see him in the stable and doing his work; he could, however, only do this to a certain extent. If he saw the horse *looked* in good form, that his crest and muscles felt firm and springy, his legs clear and cool, his feet good, his eyes and pulse indicating neither debility nor too great a fulness of internal habit, and that he appeared cheerful, but calm and collected, he would be justified in saying, that so far as appearances went, the horse was up to the mark; and if he saw the horse go willingly, collectedly, sound, and stoutly at his work, pulled up sound, showed no alarm, and blew his trumpet, as much as to say there is plenty of puff in the bellows left, he might fairly pronounce, that if such a horse should be well on the day of running, he would be there, or thereabout, if he went with horses of his class; and barring accidents or roguery, he would most probably be right.

This opinion, however correct it might turn out, or however well it might be founded, as connected with horses in a general way, goes no further than to assume that the horse is fit to run; but it is not a

proof that the horse is at his *best*, or that he might not be *better*; the trainer of him can only judge of that.

We will take the thing in another point of view; and suppose we were shown a horse under the same circumstances as the one lately alluded to, and we found him with scarcely a bit on him, a staring coat, and feeling soft and loose, we might safely say he did not meet our wishes, or, in fact, look or feel like a horse fit to come to the post; we should, however, be extremely premature in our opinion if we pronounced he was *not* so. Most horses are to be got to be well, and look well, by change of treatment till they *are* so; but not *all* horses. There are some that by no treatment ever yet adopted can be made to feel or look well, but may still be at their best, and fit to run. I can never consider a horse, in such a state, *as* fit as he would be if he both felt and looked better; but if, when only doing such work as is necessary to bring him sufficiently stout and clear in his wind to race, he will look like a hunted devil, so he must look; and if he is found to run like one, it will show that the trainer had done his duty by him.

There are other horses that will keep high in flesh, let a trainer do all he can *judiciously* do to get it off: it would be as improper to pronounce such a horse as not in *his* best form, as in the case of the scarecrow-looking one. This seemingly fat horse (as we will call him) may be as clear as a bell in his wind, and may have no more fat in his inside than an India-rubber bottle; in fact, if he had, he could not be clear in his wind. What may to the eye *look* like fat with a horse in this state, if he feels well, is pure muscle. To reduce which, so as to bring him to the

form of, perhaps, the generality of horses, he would have to be worked and sweated to an extreme that would render him stale on his legs, stale in himself, weakened in powers, and dispirited and debilitated in constitution. It would, no doubt, with such a horse be very desirable, for the sake of his legs alone, to get fifty pounds' weight of flesh off; but if this were done at an expense of the loss of a hundred in point of stamina or soundness, the change would be fatal. How far to go, and no farther, is the nice point; as Peter Harvey said of his sauce.

I remember the following trait of the above worthy host of the Black Dog, at Bedfont, though I was a mere child at the time He had brought in a dish of his Maintenon cutlets. A gentleman at table took up a bottle of the Harvey's sauce; mine host rushed across the room and absolutely snatched the bottle from the guest's hand. "Pardon me, Sir," said Harvey. "His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales (whose refined taste no one doubts) once said that '*my* Maintenon cutlets, with *my* sauce, added by *myself*, were fit for the gods.' But so exquisite is its flavour, that a single drop too much or too little would spoil its effects." Of course, Mr. Harvey was allowed to officiate for both of us; so I conclude that for once in my life I partook of the veritable ambrosia.

The man who can apportion the work of a race-horse with the precision Mr. Harvey did his sauce, is the *ne plus ultra* of a trainer. A good many, I suspect, do not cook their horses quite so well.

There are different opinions as to the advantages and disadvantages of sending horses to public training stables. I will not venture an opinion on a

matter so difficult to decide. Circumstances sometimes render them preferable to private training; and sometimes, as an Irishman says, to avoid giving the lie direct, "the reverse of that is the truth." This, of course, the public trainer will never allow. They will tell you, *no horse can* be properly trained out of a public professional trainer's hands. "*Je m'en doute*," that is, if the person who undertakes to train a horse knows what he is about; but let a horse be brought out fit to run for a kingdom, nay let him win it, all the professional trainer would allow would be, "He was brought to post very well FOR *home training*." I rather think Coronation was brought out pretty well from home training: I suppose I must also say FOR home training; at all events, he was brought out too well for a good many horses, and people too.

One thing is pretty certain, in sending a horse to a public training stable, figuratively speaking, every body will know more about the horse than his owner —a circumstance, by the by, not very uncommon in private stables unless the owner (or some one for him) keeps as close a watch on the horse as other persons will do when the owner does *not*.

To attempt even an insinuation that any of our best public trainers could, in the remotest degree, err in any point of their treatment of horses would, I believe, be a crime much greater in some people's eyes than sacrilege itself. We must then, I suppose, set it down that they are *always* right. But as there are a good many indifferent trainers, and (I merely suppose it possible) some very ignorant and consequently very obstinate ones, a man may presume far enough to venture an opinion on some part of the

exercising treatment of horses by some of the last-mentioned class of public trainers.

Horses exercising is one thing: horses doing work is another. Exercise is intended to keep them in health and steady, to increase the strength and elasticity of the muscles and sinews, to bring them into proper form as to flesh and clearness of wind, to then go to *work*. Provided we *really do* this, I conceive it matters little how it is done. A trainer will say there is but *one* way to do it, which is, of course, the way *he* does it. I would not venture to contradict this; but as to there being but one way, I may be allowed to again say "*je m'en doute*." The one way we will suppose the trainer to allude to is, so soon as the horse is properly prepared to take his gallops, to regularly increase those gallops as to pace and length; and unless the weather or the state of the turf may compel a temporary change, the horse goes over the same training ground for weeks together.

Now what is the frequent consequence of all this unvaried regularity? The horse becomes tired of the monotony of the thing, jaded by the unwearied pace (for though the pace is increased, it is done so gradually that it appears the same to him), and so bored by his daily task, that often an ash plant is wanted to make him go through it; in fact, he becomes disgusted with it, hates his work, and the ground he goes on in doing it. What comes next? He shuts up, or goes out with the boy, or probably first the one and then the other. Should he not do this, he is very likely to get into a heavy dwelling goer, that will prevent his ever being a fast one; or degenerates into a lurching slug, that neither the boy can rouse in his work, nor the jockey in his race. Such, I am confi-

dent, are the frequent results to many horses from the unvarying discipline of long-continued exercise, without variation in the way it is daily given.

In training men for fighting, or, indeed, any athletic feat, one great effort on the part of a judicious trainer is to keep the mind of his man amused, that he may not get dissatisfied or disgusted with his work. He is not kept to walking or running a given distance, at a given pace, over the same ground; the scene and the labour are changed for him: he is made to take strong exercise, it is true; but it is varied: he walks and runs; but his walk is changed. If he is not quite disposed, or feels himself equal to go the same distance one day as another, he is indulged a little for that day; this induces him to go to his work with increased energy the next, and he makes up for his little respite. Cricket, raquette, sparring, and running with the harriers, are all resorted to at times to vary the scene. Provided the trainer gets a proper quantum of exercise out of his man, he cares not how it is got; nor is it necessary the same precise quantum should be got every day during a two months' training. A man would be bored to death if he was trained as horses are—he would get peevish, dissatisfied, and dispirited; and then bring him on in his training if you can.

It is true, horses are not men, nor do they possess the minds of men, but they possess a something that stands them in the stead; a something, call it what you will, that renders them perfectly sensible of what they like and dislike: and they tell us this pretty plainly when, if we have bored them by the same eternal gallop for weeks, they bolt off to get out of it when they come to do *work*. Work they must: I have only been alluding to the *preparation* for work.

THE DOCTOR—A TRUE TALE.

In Essex there liv'd, ah! woe worth the day
That call'd him from all his companions away,
A doctor well known, and of knowledge profound,—
Of physic, of music, of horse, and of hound;
As physician or sportsman, or sober or mellow,
The doctor was hail'd as a right honest fellow.
'Twas a southerly wind, and the morning was fair,
So the doctor soon mounted his three-legged mare*;
Three legs I have said, but this is not quite true,
She had gone to my knowledge four seasons on two,
Though the others, no doubt, were by nature intended
To serve as two more: so they might, were they mended.
No matter, the doctor this cripple bestrode,
Who came in her turn for the field and the road,
And, resolv'd with the hounds to come in for a treat,
He started for Mucking, the name of the "meet:"
But he thought him two birds with one stone he might slay,
If he call'd on a medical friend on his way,
For he knew a rich patient they both had been plucking
Was breathing his last 'twixt B——y and Mucking,
So could he contrive to arrive at his door
Before he was dead there was one guinea more;
So the doctor continued his journey to urge on,
Till he came in due time to the house of the surgeon;
There loudly he hallooed, which shows the condition
Of surgeon is held at beneath the physician.
The surgeon threw down both his potion and pill,
To wait on the man who had licence to kill:

* Five sound legs among three horses was the maximum average in the doctor's stud.

" Dear Sir, to what chance do I owe the great honour
Of seeing your mare and your —— upon her,"
He would thus have said, but he fear'd this position
Of words, though in joke, might offend a physician:
So bowing and smiling, in his usual way,
Thrice he hemm'd, rubb'd his hands, and at last thus did say,
" Dear sir! hem, hem, hem! dear sir, I'm delighted
To see you at O——; but pray be alighted."
The doctor dismounted, so once as a treat
The old mare got allow'd a few minutes to eat*,
Though he said this was useless, for such was her nature
She would go night and day, and do well on potato:
The mare was put up, her rare treat to enjoy,
Which led to this pithy remark from the boy,—
" Though the doctor maintains on potato 'she doats,'
She seems mightily pleas'd with a quartern of oats."

As soon as the doctors had canvass'd together
The nature of patients, of hounds, and the weather,
The physician arose, first divested a potion,
Then said it was time to be once more in motion;
Then the surgeon requested, polite as before,
He would wait till the horses were brought to the door:
The horses were brought, mutual compliments pass'd
On the merits and beauty of both, till at last
Our son of Diploma thought fit to bestraddle
A *thing* that he called (God forgive him!) a saddle.†

Away, then, they trotted to visit this person,
Less fit to be physick'd, than carried a hearse on,
But they knew as life's taper was burnt to the socket,
'Twas the very last fee the physician would pocket;

* The doctor's nags had a more accurate knowledge of perpetual motion than many philosophers.

† The doctor's saddles, made after a plan of his own, and by a country collar-maker were perfectly unique.

So they hurried along, most devoutly relying,
On reaching the patient while yet he was dying.
But it happen'd he popp'd off an hour before,
So his brother accosted them thus at the door:—
" Why, h—l and the d——l! you cannot suppose,
A man will for ever be led by the nose:
That doctor declar'd here at five in the morning,
He knew 'twould be useless again his returning;
'Twould be picking my pocket, he very well knew,
To bring in more medicine, but now he brings *you:*
He might just as well to have carried this farce on,
Have long since brought in the grave-digger and parson;
They were just as much wanted, themselves, and their trade,
For the living ye scoundrels, as you for the dead,
So be off at once, while you can with whole coats,
Or I'll ram your d——d vials down both of your throats."

The doctors both star'd at this sort of address:
In sooth a physician could not well do less;
They found of the fee that the brother would nick them,
For he swore if they did not be off he would kick them:
So they quickly departed, but vow'd if this brother,
His uncle, aunt, cousin, wife, sister, or mother,
Should ever by illness come under their thumbs
To avenge the indignity threaten'd their ——s.

Here they parted, the one to continue his rounds,
The other to make a short cut to the hounds.

TRAINING HUNTERS.

The idea of training hunters, that is bringing them into something like the state of the race-horse in moderate work, would a century since have been considered so unnecessary, so absurd, and in fact so monstrous, that any one writing on such a subject would only have been considered as somewhat less insane than he who would put such a system in practice, and, in good truth, our worthy ancestors would have had some reason on their side in forming such an opinion.

There are comparatively but few things which we do that are absolutely absurd in themselves, what renders them so is either their being in some way prejudicial, unnecessary, or inefficient to their intended purpose.

We should hold it as ridiculous, and worse than time and labour thrown away, if we were now to give a cart-horse a two-mile canter every morning, and it would be so, because the purposes to which he is applied are of a description that render such exercise uncalled for, although a little acceleration of the general motions of this unwieldy gentleman would, if accompanied by proper treatment in other respects, not only be highly advantageous to him but much more so to his master; still, in a general way, the idea of urging Smiler beyond a walk would be held as preposterous: he therefore still continues the "even tenour of his way."

At the period to which I allude, sweats, sweaters, and setting, were as unknown in the hunter's stable as a trot in that of the cart horse.

The sportsman of those good olden times of course then upheld the opinions entertained by others, and adhered to the practices of others of his day; nor is he to be considered as one knowing little of his pursuit at that time, or vacillating in his opinions or conduct because ere this he would have changed his opinions and altered his conduct in the same pursuit. He may now adopt a diametrically opposite mode of following that pursuit. This in no way proves he was wrong formerly, but that, from the change of things, his former mode, though *right then*, would be *wrong now*. Nevertheless persons pique themselves very much on what they term their steadiness of purpose, fixed principles, and persevering efforts, when in point of fact they often only deserve reprobation for their obstinacy, and ridicule for persevering in attempting that which it is next to impossible to achieve, and would be useless if accomplished.

If such perseverance could be held commendable, I know of no more commendable gentleman than a pig. Let this said persevering gentleman form a wish to get through a gate, and supposing that gate opens towards him and he gets his snout between it and the gate port, of course the harder he shoves the closer the gate jams in his snout; he never attempts to throw it open, but there he will stand, increasing his efforts to shove through, and increasing his screaming as his nose gets pinched: this generally ends in Hodge coming with a good wattle in his hand, by the sound application of which to the persevering gentleman's ribs, he induces him to draw back, which puts an end to the

further illustration of steadiness of purpose and fixed principles altogether.

Thus the sportsman of 1746, though he perfectly well knew how to get a hunter into that state, for I will not say *condition*, that enabled the horse to do such work as those days required of him, would be little better than the pig of fixed principles, if he allowed his estimation of condition to be fixed on the estimate of what condition formerly was, or rather on what was then called condition. What we now call condition was then only known in racing stables. This did not come from our ancestors knowing less about the horse than we do; nor was the knowledge of condition perhaps less understood than it is now *where it was wanted*. But why the condition of *hunters* was not understood was, mainly because our present condition was not then as it is now, indispensible for hunters; consequently, training hunters was unthought of.

There can be no doubt but the training, now so indispensable to the hunter who is to go a burst over Leicestershire, would, if we only wanted him to take a ring with harriers, enable him to do this with much greater ease to himself than a better horse who was only in common hare-hunting, condition could do the same thing, and that if our ancestors' horses had been in the condition that ours are now, the pace hounds then went would have been merely play to them; but we must not on that account set down sportsmen of days gone bye as boobies in respect of stable management: we merely do what in fact they did; we get horses into that state that answers *our* purpose. And though I always held it as a maxim that a hunter should very much approach the

race-horse in condition, it is only because since I first hunted hounds have always gone the pace they now go, or very nearly so, that I hold such condition necessary.

If a man was obliged to confine himself to hunt with harriers in a cold bleak country, I should tremble for his horse if he was in tip-top Leicestershire condition: not from thinking a horse in such condition more likely to contract a cold than any other *if* properly used, (that is,) used for such purposes as require such condition; nor is a short coat that dries quickly so likely to produce such a calamity as a long one that is tantamount to a wet blanket on a horse: but that the general atmosphere in which such a horse must be continually kept renders him unfit to withstand the cold, slow work, and, what is worse, the alternate heats and chills to which the hunter with harriers is subjected. A clipped horse thus exposed would be as much to be pitied as a lady in a ball dress joining the throng witnessing the skaters in Hyde Park. Condition, so far as high feeding, and consequent high health, goes, is a *preventive* of colds, and in no place are colds less frequent than in a Melton stable. So as we say of Rome, when we are at Melton, we must do as they do at Melton, at least with Melton horses.

Hunters formerly never galloped between the days of hunting, nor was it then necessary; they were then able to come so often that any thing like a sweat between the days was not wanted. Two horses then would enable a man (barring accidents) to hunt three days a-week with fox-hounds, and get also a day with harriers with that horse whose turn it was to get but one day in that week with fox-hounds.

But times are strangely altered since those days: men's opinions are altered, consequently hounds are altered; horses are equally altered, so far as their breeding goes, and condition is altered in more than a corresponding degree; and I make no doubt even foxes are altered also in a great degree; for where hounds hunt five and six days a-week in lieu of three (and formerly with some packs only two), foxes are much more disturbed, and become, like a well-bred man, quickly sensible to a hint. The tongue of a fox-hound, when frequently heard, becomes a very palpable hint to Pug; who, if he has had a chevy or two with one of our flying packs at his brush, knows it is a hint neither to be misunderstood nor tampered with: such a fox, as we say in coaching phrase of a free horse, "does not want telling twice." Pug has, from experience of the performance that generally follows, contracted a great dislike to an overture of what we call music, for what may be harmony to our ears, he well knows bodes any thing but harmony to him; he is about in the situation a Scotchman conceived a Frenchman to be who objected to the pipes.

An itinerant Highland piper, thinking he could gratify a party of gentlemen at dinner, began playing some of his national martial airs at the window: it, however, happened Sandy had been most unfortunate in his selection of listeners, for one of them, a Frenchman, rushed to the window, threw it open, and exclaimed, *Allez, cochon, otez cette pipe infernale*, "go you away with your dam noise!"

"Eh!" says Sandy, "you might keep a civil tongue in your head, and I'd gang my ways without your fashing yoursel at that gate; but I just ken the matter at once, perhaps you're one of those who

heard o'er muckle of the same sound at Waterloo, and ye have ne'er liked the sereak of the pipe sin sine."

Thus it is with Pug: if he has heard the tongue of harmony once he has heard "o'er much," and if this is heard in a gorse cover or spinney, he knows it is too near to be pleasant, so, like Lady Macbeth's guests, he stands, "not on the order of" his "going," but goes "at once." For such reasons I doubt not but that the generality of foxes in our best hunting countries are wilder and in better wind than foxes were formerly.

When hounds were in the habit of getting on the drag of their fox and hunting up to him, as he had probably had a comfortable nap since his nightly round, a good deal of slow hunting took place before they got near him. This gave him time to collect himself, stretch and yawn in a lazy gentleman-like way, and turn out leisurely. He trotted or cantered off to a thicker part of the cover, and then took a good deal of badgering before he chose to make his appearance in public, and when he did it was "all without hurry or care." In all this our ancestors showed the courtesy of the olden school; but now, however refined, in many respects, our manners may be, we show no refinement to poor Pug: we burst into the sanctity of his dormitory at once, and a crack pack gives him no time to put his slippers on; so as he has a most unchristian-like objection to die on his bed, he turns out like one of the "unwashed," prudently considering that where life or death are at stake appearances must be dispensed with. This of course makes the burst doubly fast for going off so close to him, the scent is fresh and strong, and

should it happen to be a good scenting day in a good scenting country, hounds have little to do but chase; and under such circumstances I wonder what the Frenchman would say of it, who when asked some sixty years since his opinion of one of the (*then*) good runs, pronounced it *une chasse diabolique*. If it was the spirit of a fox in the shape of a Frenchman who gave the above opinion, I give full credit for its being a genuine one. The fact is, it is only going out so late in the day as we do now, that gives the unfortunate varmint a chance, and poor one it is he has on such terms as I describe. If we went out while the dew was still on the ground, he would have no chance at all, if found in such a way, and chased by hounds that can go like race-horses: this renders the training of hunters necessary, and this also renders the numbers necessary that are kept.

It would be urged by one of the old school, that if a man rode his horses often enough no intermediate days of training would be wanted: and for the mode of hunting in those days, the hunting a horse three days a fortnight or twice a week was, with mere exercise between the days, quite enough for a hunter's condition. But *hunting* now is *racing* with hounds before you, so in point of fact it is not the hunter's condition but the form (to use a stable phrase as alluding to condition) of the race-horse that must now be had; it is not the powers of endurance of several hours of severe exertion that is wanted, it is the power of enduring a racing pace for a burst of four or five miles across a country that is necessary. To enable a horse to do this, if he has to go, we will say, on the Monday, he must now as much be got ready for that day as the race-horse for the day on

which he is to run; in fact the one must be as fine in point of wind as the other. It is true the race-horse may be expected to do his four miles in something close upon eight minutes, whereas four miles across a country in thirteen is very fast indeed, and the wind and exertion called for is as great in the one case as in the other; the exertion perhaps greater in the last than in the first, for four miles over sound turf, with, say, eight stone, is quite a different affair to going the same length under an average of thirteen, and that over all sorts of ground with from fifteen to twenty exhausting leaps to make during such a burst. The different stamina and wind required between the hunter of to-day and that of former times is analogous to that of a man required to run four miles in four minutes at four starts, and that of one undertaking to run twenty-one miles in three hours. They would both require condition and first-rate stamina; but the wind and speed necessary to accomplish these tasks are of a different order. Horses being what used to be called knocked-up is now a matter of rare occurrence. They are now frequently blown and ridden to a stand still, but this is only a temporary prostration of the animal powers, and the same horse will probably in a quarter of an hour be perfectly recovered; it is in this case the wind that is gone, and the temporary failing of the powers of the limbs. I consider it to be very like what we feel in running quickly up a hill: we are compelled to stop, but ten minutes' rest enables us to go on a twenty mile walk: our powers have not been *exhausted* by the exertion, they have only *failed* for the *time being*, from having been urged beyond their lasting powers of endurance. Fatal results will

very rarely follow riding a horse *in condition*, even to a stand-still, if it only arises from the wind having been pumped out of him: but if the stand-still arises from the thoughtless, or rather mereiless conduct of the rider, in having urged a failing horse to unnatural exertion, then the owner is more lucky than he deserves, if his horse recovers that day, that season, or perhaps ever. Hunters in tip-top condition, like fighters in the same state, will stand a great deal of hammering, and will recover from what would kill other horses or other men, and it is fortunate for both that they can; but horses and men, even *in* such condition, *have* like maids "died and worms have eaten them," from the system having been over taxed.

The hunter of former times, if knocked up, was generally reduced to that state, not from the *pace*, but from being worn out by distance; he was, in short, exhausted by sheer labour, and, when in that state, it took many hours to restore the wearied limbs and muscles to their tone and strength: still, a horse thus tired on the Monday might be perfectly fit to hunt on the following Thursday; he would only want food, and rest, and walking exercise, or a canter to prepare him; but, to go again now-a-days, he will also want that wind which *training* only can give.

It must be clear that a horse, after a severe day, is not fit to take a gallop the next; he must get comparative rest for a short time. During this time he is, to a certain degree, going back from that high state of wind he was in on the morning of his last day's hunting, for which brushing, gallops, and a

sweat had prepared him. His training, short as it is, must be begun again to bring him up to his mark, and put him in his best form: the walking exercise, canter, gallops, and, probably, a sweat, will have to take place prior to his next day's hunting: without all this the horse would be quite *fresh* again, and, without a gallop, fit to go with *some* hounds, in *some* countries, and under *some* people, but not under our first flight men over Leicestershire.

Persons but little acquainted with hunting matters, or those who only look to what hunting WAS, may, very naturally, ask how a man can possibly use from twelve to fifteen hunters for his own riding: no doubt it seems a pretty strong stud for one man, and the argument seems all in favour of those thinking one third of the number would carry a man five days a week. I am afraid I must, in candour, say (though I tremble for my credit while I do say it) no man can *use* half the number, but, by *abusing* them, he may quite render the whole number necessary. By abusing I do not, of course, mean what comes under the general denomination of ill-usage, but, if men will have horses go over a country at a racing instead of a hunting pace, and will take that out of them in forty minutes that used to last them an entire day, he must either go home or have a second horse to finish with. Here then comes double the number formerly wanted, and as supernatural exertion would require supernatural legs and stamina to stand it, and horses have neither, some out of the fifteen are always *pro tem.* out of work; so, what with having two horses a-day in use, horses not being able to be brought up to their mark under several days' training, the sick list, and, perhaps, occasionally

mounting a friend, a dozen or fifteen hunters are to be made use of.

A friend of mine — a capital sportsman, but, in Leicestershire phrase, a snob — some years since had a mind to see Melton, and sent down five excellent hunters and two hacks, who could, on occasion, "go a bit" with hounds. He considered he could hunt every day in the week with these — so he had done, and could continue to do in *Gloucestershire*: but, in little more than two months, in Leicestershire, he brought them back all skeletons, four of them screwed up for that season, and his best horse with inflammation on the lungs, from which he never recovered. The fact was, my friend rode heavy, and as bold as ever man rode; his horses were in good condition on going to Melton, that is, good *general* fox-hunting condition, but not in *racing* condition, and in this state they had to go with horses that were. They did for a time, because they were very superior nags, but the consequence was what I have stated, — each horse was required to come so often that he was forced to be all but rested from one hunting day to the next. After a horse has been indulged we will say three days, it requires four or five of proper exercise and work to screw him up again to proper concert pitch; this these horses had not: they were not properly wound up, so, like a watch in the same situation, could not *go*.

On my friend's return after his disastrous Melton campaign, his horses were, of course, unfit for service. I had long borne his gibes and jeers on my "leather-flapping" system, as he used to call the way I treated my horses, but he now most gratefully accepted an occasional mount on the "leather-flappers." He al-

lowed himself astonished that they could carry his weight better, faster, and longer than his own. I was not ; they had *wind* for me, and a puff or two left for even his four-stone extra weight. The presence of weight tells awfully no doubt, but the absence of wind is a regular *stopper*.

Without arrogating to myself the province of adviser to any one, I may, perhaps, be permitted to state where I think some people act injudiciously in regard to the treatment of hunters on and about hunting days, so far as regards fasting them. It is quite true that we want the hunter in as good wind as the racer, and neither are fit for their purpose with anything bordering on a full stomach : there is this difference, however, between what we require of the two horses. The race-horse is only called on for exertion on an average of, perhaps, four or five minutes, but the hunter has as many hours' work before him, and must have something in him to support that exertion, and fasting horses as long as some grooms do is not likely to afford this support. A bucket of water and a rack of hay are not quite what we would wish to give a horse on a hunting morning. Nor would a pot of porter and a large beef-steak be just the sort of breakfast for a man intending to run four miles. But if the man had a walk of two hours and a half to go before running, and his run was not to commence before eleven o'clock, a moderate breakfast of a chop and a bit of stale bread, or a couple of biscuits at six, would not make him run a bit the worse, on the contrary, *the better* for it. If he had only one hundred yards to go this support would not be necessary. With dogs the case is different : their digestion is slower, they

eat considerably more at a meal than they can properly digest for some hours afterwards. But the horse who has eaten the last lot of hay allowed him by six o'clock the evening before hunting is in a very different situation: that (say) six pounds of hay is very shortly digested; and though a loaded stomach is bad, if there is not sufficient left on it to prevent its craving for food, sickness and debility follow. It is the same with water: absolute thirst should never be allowed; a mere inclination to drink is another thing; I always had my hunters watered four times a-day upon this principle; they were consequently never what could be called absolutely thirsty, and greedy horses were more content to have the quantum reduced *each* time the day before hunting, than they would have been if watered less frequently. I always with animals acted as nearly as I could on the same principle I would with myself: if for any purpose I wished to diminish the ordinary quantity of liquid I take during the twenty-four hours, a slight diminution at each meal would not inconvenience me; but if I was told I must not take a single cup of tea or a glass of wine and water or any thing else at supper, still less any liquid at breakfast, I am quite satisfied I should feel any thing but comfortable, or very kind in disposition during the day. My horses should neither get *more food* nor *water* from six o' clock on one morning until ten the next than other persons; but I do not like the *aut Cæsar aut nullus* system of many grooms. I would diminish the quantity taken as much as them, but begin diminishing the quantum at six on the preceding morning: I should then owe my horse a handful of hay and a few go-downs of water

at six the next, and he should have it, always had, and I never found any perceptible remains of it at eleven. Let it be observed when I say a handful I mean it. Every medical man will say never fast from breakfast to dinner, "take a biscuit, or even half of one, or your stomach will probably be too weak to relish your dinner." I am quite sure many hunters cannot feed on their return home, from the powers of the stomach being exhausted by too long fasting. Half the ordinary run of grooms, if they intend to give two horses half their allowance of water, fill a bucket, and, when the first horse has taken his half, may be seen hallooing at him, and, figuratively speaking, hammering him about the head to get him to take it from the bucket: when done, the dissatisfied animal keeps knuckering and fidgeting about all the time the other is enjoying the draught the first considered as destined for him. "Fill what you take, but drink what you fill," is commonly said by a host: the spirit of this should invariably be acted on in a stable.

The youngster in his nurse's lap, if he promises to become a fox-hunter, and consequently has some d——l in him, will roar like an embryo bull if the cup is taken from him before it is empty; nay, will hold on to it like a Trojan: put in the cup what is proper, and let him finish it, he gives a grunt and a "hah" of satisfaction and feels himself happy; why not (where we can advantageously do so) gratify the feelings of a hunter as much as those of the heir to an estate?

If the race-horse had nothing to do but come out and run his race once a month for six months in the year, he would have a very gentlemanly idle sort of

life of it. Who would not then be a race-horse? But the race is comparatively the play part of his life: so if the hunter had but to make his appearance once in ten days, and then be moderately rode, his occupation would be pleasant enough also; but he has had plenty on his hands (perhaps I should say legs) to do during the time. Some persons might think he was enjoying himself; in short, a hunter to be *right* is always at work. Rest, in fact, would be cruelty to him, that is, if we want him to go again with hounds.

How far the present system of hunting is to be advocated is not for me to say. I by no means think it impossible that, like most things that have come to their *fastest*, it will probably, in some measure, "hark back" to the old plan of *hunting* a fox; but till it does, train hunters we must, or stay at home.

Cordials have been recommended, and are of very frequent use in hunting stables, more so formerly I believe than now; in fact, they were then more wanted. Horses were out many more hours and chases lasted longer, consequently the animal spirits more frequently needed such stimulants; now a very brief space of time either brings the nag home or leaves him a dead one, as the case may be. Broken backs, broken limbs, and broken hearts are, I am sorry to say, not very uncommon now; and as in such cases cordial balls are not particularly efficacious, they are not in the request they were, when I am told it was a common thing to see a gentleman under a hedge popping one down his horse's throat. There can be no doubt of their great utility, and knowing this, I always adopted the plan of teaching every

horse I had to *drink* ale if offered him: they will all take to it; some refuse it for some time, but I never knew one who, after taking it once or twice, but was quite as ready for it as the groom would be if he could get it: if a horse does not quite like his first taste, a spoonful or two of brown sugar is sure to give him the gusto for it, and when he has once got that, he would, if permitted, get himself into a very lordly state of inebriation; the advantage of this is it acts sooner on the spirits than a ball, and any public-house produces it. I rarely found a horse refuse to feed when a quart of good sound ale had restored the tone of the stomach, nor will the ale-drinking nag refuse his beverage should a glass of gin be put in it, which I have often done if I found the extremities feel cold. Let me recommend the master to administer the medicine for very obvious reasons.

In Ireland, where heats are often run in steeple races, I have many times seen a glass of whisky in a pint of water given between the heats to a horse, the rider often showing him how beneficial it was by taking an allowance himself. "It's a way they have," and not a bad one either.

ENGLISH AND IRISH HORSES COMPARED.

There was a time when, if we had spoken to an Irishman of the capabilities of an English horse as a leaper, he would, if comparing with the Irish horse, have held him in about the same estimation any sportsman would one of those long-tailed blacks who take us our last journey in this world; and, in good truth, some twenty or twenty-five years since, the fencing qualifications of the ordinary run of our hunters could bear no comparison with those of the Irish hunter. That this did not arise from any want of power in our horses is quite evident, as it is now seen that they can cover quite as large fences as their Irish neighbours; and Liverpool, Leamington, Cheltenham, Aylesbury, and many other Steeple races, have quite rescued the English horse from the disgrace of inferiority as to leaping qualifications.

It has always been considered, that the Irish horse could decidedly beat the English one at leaping height: no one will attempt to deny that the generality of them can do so; this merely proceeds from their being more accustomed to such jumps, particularly in their wall countries; they must leap high there, or they could not get along at all, consequently they are from colts trained to this particular qualification, and therefore excel in it.

Now though the English horse is not seen taking a six-foot wall, for the simple reason that we have no six-feet walls that we want him to take, it is not to

be inferred that he cannot or does not often jump quite as high, (though not at walls); he jumps very often a height for which he gets no credit, and in taking a fence with a rail or a plashed hedge on the top of it (and that sometimes with a rise to it), I am quite satisfied our horses often take six feet when we are not aware of it: a wall or a paling of six feet is an awful thing to face; now a sloping bank with a fence on its top of the same height would not look as high by a foot at least, and such in grazing countries our horses frequently get over.

We must certainly allow that our neighbours, the Irish, were in a general way very far before us in finding out the capabilities of horses as to jumping, and but for the introduction of steeple chases we should probably have still remained in the second place, but that is all done away with now. Time was also when the Irish thought us far behind them as horsemen: take the average of the two nations as riders, it is quite fair, and but just, to allow that formerly the Irish were by far the boldest riders; their country obliged them to be so; but now every unprejudiced Irishman will allow we have as bold riders here, when boldness becomes necessary, as they have on the other side of the Channel.

There is still one feature in the Irish horse that, speaking in a general way, we do not see in English ones; the Irish horses *all* leap, from the hunter to the common car-horse. I will now refer to some letters I sent home many years ago from Ireland, wherein I gave the impressions made on me at that time. I was then, as it will be seen, much more convinced of the superior qualifications of every Irish horse as a leaper than I am now, though I still give

them full credit for their great powers in this particular.

At the time I wrote what follows, I was on duty in Ireland, and resided in it six years afterwards: never will the joyous hours I have passed in that neglected, but fertile land be obliterated from my memory: my recollections of the kindness, hospitality, and truly disinterested friendship and attentions I ever received from her joyous, open-hearted sons, and the happy hours I have spent among them, are as fresh and green in my memory, as the fields that characterise the Emerald Isle. I wrote thus, or to this effect.

My friends on the other side of the water are kind enough not to forget me: whenever anything brilliant (in the sporting way) takes place, I hear of it, and thus (at least on paper) again cross countries that have been the scenes of many exciting moments.

Thus the link so dear to me is not broken: in return I have been often requested to send over my ideas of the comparative merits of English and Irish hunters; this is perhaps as high a compliment as my English friends could pay to my judgment as a sportsman.

The Irish horse possesses in an eminent degree three most essential points in a hunter, great physical strength (for his size), astonishing bottom, and is by nature a leaper: he is usually a compact, deep-ribbed but cross-made horse, with famous legs, and plenty of bone and sinew. I have remarked, and my opinion has been backed by the best judges, that among a field of Irish hunters, you will scarcely see one that is not clean on his legs: if they would but give their horses fair play this would be still more the case, but

the Irish horse is constantly hunted at five, even sometimes at four, and has before this generally done a couple of years work in some other way: most of the breeders are too poor to allow their colts to remain idle, so the Irish horse that may be a high prized hunter in England was probably four years before dragging a harrow in his native country.

We should consider this a strange school for a young horse intended for a hunter: it is nevertheless done in Ireland, and many colts got by thoroughbred horses out of hunting mares are constantly so employed, nor are they at this age fed as they ought to be. This I consider is one great reason why the Irish horse seldom grows up the size of ours: he is in short stinted in his growth, and drawn out of shape; it is remarked that these horses are generally done up at eight or nine years old, while we have good hunters at fourteen, many much older. The reason is obvious: the Irish horse has worked as many years at nine as ours have at twelve, worked much harder, and part of that work, at an age when he was unfit for any labour; nothing but his naturally good stamina could have enabled him to have done it. Put one of our high-bred horses to plough at two years old, and see if he would be a hunter at five.

It has of late years been the fashion to ride very large horses as hunters. I did the same, and so well was this known that no horse was ever shown me in England under sixteen hands; in fact, that was the lowest standard height in my stables. What, then, was my astonishment at seeing horses here of from fourteen and a half to fifteen hands carrying fourteen or fifteen stone through the deepest part of this country, not merely over monstrous high and wide fences,

but where the take-off was fetlock deep. This I particularly remarked in the Kildare country.

I happened to be riding out, and was reconnoitring the country with the eye of a fox-hunter from the top of a hill near Dunlavin when I heard hounds, and, looking towards Baltinglass, saw them coming towards me. They were well on their scent, and a field of, perhaps, fifty, on good terms with them. I viewed the fox within a hundred yards of me, and, on seeing the hounds had come to a check, I gave them a view.

From where I first saw them till they came up to me, I saw, I should say, thirty leaps taken in succession. When come up, I could scarcely believe the little hack-looking animals I saw were the same I had seen at a distance doing what they did. This was the first time I saw a field of hunters in this country.

Having mentioned this instance of their physical strength and bottom, I must make a remark or two on the repetition of work they are capable of.

In England, where we keep a number of horses, provided a hunter carries us brilliantly one day, if, any day during the next week, he can come again, we are quite satisfied; and, in Leicestershire, there are horses, that, though they will do wonders for a burst, are good for nothing with a second fox; still, many such are favourites, and would bring high prices. Not so here: an Irish hunter must come twice a week, and sometimes three times if he is wanted, and they do it.

I have no hesitation in saying that, let them go over the same ground, same pace, and same fences, in point of endurance, two Irish horses will certainly do more than three English ones.

We will now speak of their natural leaping qualities. Here they are, as a nation of horses (if I may use the term) unrivalled; leaping seems as natural to an Irish horse as swimming to a duck: as I before said, they all leap. I believe it is bred in them.

I had heard a great deal of six-feet walls before I came here, and, never having seen one taken, I used to say *ne crede*. I now beg to make my "*amende honorable*" to my worthy friends here. Such leaps are frequently done, and a horse lately took a wall that I have seen in the neighbourhood of Ballinasloe six feet six inches, one as immovable as stone and mortar could make it; and a friend on whose veracity I can depend saw a horse take a capped stone wall, six feet three inches, under very disadvantageous circumstances; in fact, he half-baulked, and took it almost sideways: he merely knocked a stone off the top. The truth was, the *man* got frightened, which caused the horse to hesitate at first: he afterwards took it in spite of his rider, who would have been glad had it been refused altogether.

Such things are, of course, not commonly done in hunting, but they show the capability of Irish horses.

Let me now refer again to Leicestershire. There is a certain brook there which, when "*a find*" happens at Billesden, is often converted into a cold bath. It is often rode *over*, quite as often rode *into*, and certainly is rather a teaser: still, I could find many a Galloway in this country who would never make a mistake in it; in some proof of which I commissioned a sporting friend of mine in Essex, to make a bet on my part that I would produce a little Irish horse, not fourteen hands three inches, that should carry me, (eleven stone,) over the Mar Dyke, a thing never at-

tempted there. There is a report that one of the Mr. Russells did it, but a relation of his told me it was not the fact. It certainly is a spreader, but quite navigable on a wide jumper. Like many other leaps, its appearance is formidable, but in reality it is nothing; certainly not more than twenty feet from bank to bank, with sound taking off. When I call it nothing, I do not mean that we often meet such with hounds, but I call it nothing with a crack jumper, and he perfectly fresh.

A Galloway here, some time since, not fourteen hands, lame, and old, carried eleven stone and a half over the lock of a canal faced with stone on each side, twenty feet from stone to stone—a frightful leap even to contemplate, much less to ride at, and quite a different affair from the Mar Dyke, where you could only, at worst, get a souse in the water, or a lodgment on a soft bank. Yet the good people of Essex did not listen to my bet, considering it only meant in joke. They would now refuse to take it up for another reason; steeple-chasing has taught them to think it what I thought it at the time—comparatively *nothing*. But, though twenty feet under such circumstances is no feat, as with banks a few inches more or less would not matter, the same distance, where three inches would have been destruction, is a somewhat fearful risk of life and limb. A horse of mine, with hounds just going off, out of pure wantonness—for he had no occasion to do it—took twenty-three feet at a gate with me in Surrey, at Warlingham Common; but stone copings and canals of twenty feet are quite another affair.

I have heard it said that colts here learn to leap from being turned into pastures either enclosed by

stone walls or wide ditches. This is probably the case, but this is not all that makes them what they are: they have a different mode of jumping to the English horse, and this gives them that general facility of leaping high, that our horses certainly do not so universally possess. See a deer jump; the exertion appears nothing to him. I saw one with the royal hounds take the wall into Cumberland Lodge Garden. It was quite seven feet: he was standing in the shrubbery that surrounds the wall: the hounds ran up to him; he was not ten feet from the wall; he looked at it, took a few steps in a walk, and vaulted over, merely displacing a brick or two.

Now the Irish horse jumps something in the same way. The English horse takes off from his hind legs, and when half over his fence, has himself at nearly full stretch; he then brings his hind legs under him, and alights on his fore ones; then bringing in the hinder ones. The Irish horse takes off from all fours; when on the top of his fence, all his legs are tucked under him, and he alights on all four together: this makes him more difficult to sit than ours; the English horse strides over his leap, the Irish horse vaults over it; this is peculiarly favourable to high jumping. I do not think the Irish horse can naturally leap wider than ours, but I most certainly think he can higher.

I am sure that many men in England accustomed to keep horses must have found many that could not or would not leap *at all*, that have had no idea of the thing, and would allow themselves to be forced into a ditch, or through a fence, without attempting to leap at it: this is never found in the Irish horse; buy what you will, you are sure of a leaper to a

certain degree, probably a capital one, and to do Pat justice, whether a horse can jump or not, he will *try* him.

Having said thus much of the leaping qualities of the Irish horse, I have now something to say of their other qualities, for which I cannot in justice award them the same commendations; these are pace and temper; in all I have ever said or written, Ihave ever maintained that speed is the very first desideratum in a horse intended for a hunter; in short, if a horse has not this qualification, it is, to say the least of it, injudicious to take any trouble with him, in order to make him a hunter; he is prevented by nature from ever making a perfect one for all countries, and even where a slow one may *do*, if he had speed, he certainly would do *better*.

It is in this particular, where, speaking of him generally and comparatively, the Irish horse fails: the fact is, he wants breeding; that is, that sort of breeding that produces speed. The Irish race-horses have hitherto been, when compared with ours, small; it is therefore impossible to expect from such sires the kind of horse we see in Leicestershire studs; such thorough-bred horses as could carry thirteen or fourteen stone have rarely been bred in Ireland, but in this particular they are yearly improving.

Nothing can more strongly prove the little estimation in which thorough-bred horses are held in Ireland, than the fact that if, in speaking of a horse you might intend to make a hunter of, you were to say he was thorough-bred, the impression would be against him; and why? if he was an Irish thorough-bred one, they would expect to see a weed only equal to nine or ten stone: a thorough-bred horse sixteen

hands high, with bone in proportion, is unknown here. This is the reason why they esteem small horses, and say large ones cannot carry them; they have not large ones of the right sort, and I am quite certain that any man accustomed to look over Melton studs would agree with me in saying that among a field of Irish hunters, he could scarcely see one that, taking size, strength, breeding, and beauty into consideration, he would call a really fine horse; no, they have good ones, but comparatively speaking they have very few fine horses: here I quite agree with the Irish sportsmen that small horses are generally always better proportioned than large ones, and better for their size, but a *good* big one shall beat a *good* little one all the world over to carry weight.

Breeding as they do from common mares, they get this little hackney-looking horse that cannot go, or be expected to go the pace: he may suit and be fast for the country he has to go over, and in truth does go over it in a wonderful manner, but this does not make him fit for a better.

Put a field of Irish horses (I speak of them collectively by no means individually) by the side of Coplow: let a fox go away, I will venture to say they (that is the field) would not live with hounds ten minutes, no not across three enclosures; they would (no doubt of them) go on as long as you like, but it would be a wild-goose chase; the farther they went the farther they would be behind: put Tom Smith on one of them, and, unless it happened to be a picked one, I am quite sure he would ask for his night-cap.

I am fearful I am now losing ground in the good graces of my Irish fellow sportsmen; if I am, I am

truly sorry for it: I am only giving my opinion, I give it honestly and to the best of my judgment; I respect all fox-hunters, and if I was to find a fox-hunting soul in a Brahmin, I would "grapple him to my heart with hooks of steel" instead of iron: so as what I now give as an opinion may meet the eyes of other fox-hunters as well as those of my Irish friends, I give it as impartially as I can.

I have been asked one question by many here that at first sounds like a poser. "If our horses are so slow, why do your English dealers buy up our hunters, and send them into Leicestershire:" my reply has been, and now is: "Our dealers do *not* buy Irish hunters to send into Leicestershire, nor with the generality of the horses they purchase in this country have they Leicestershire or any other shire in their heads: they buy here at prices that they know the horses will command in England for hackneys or harness horses, and for hunters in some countries. Such men as Biggs, Hewitt, and Hunter, when they hear of a choice one, do purchase *him* with an eye to his being also a first-rater in England, and when they do find such an one, he is worth five hundred; but then such an one is a trump card, not only a trump, but the ace, and such horses are among Irish hunters in about the same proportions as the ace to the other cards." So much for the idea of our dealers buying up Irish horses for Leicestershire.

I have also been told that a horse that belonged to a Mr. Somebody here had been taken into Leicestershire, and that large sums had been refused for him there; doubtless, for among the host of horses sent over from this country, it would be very extraordinary indeed, if some were not "out-and-outers," even in

our best countries; but the talk that is made of such an occurrence shows its rarity, and that such a horse, like a comet, as King Harry said, is "wondered at." This, however, I will say, was I living in a thickly enclosed country, I certainly would come over to Ireland to buy hunters: for such horses to scramble through dirt I never saw; from what I have heard of Bedfordshire, I should say they would be invaluable there.

In calling the Irish horse slow, I hope it will be understood that I am speaking of him generally, and relatively as to such horses as cross our fast countries; I do not mean he is slow in a heavy one, on the contrary, there he is *fast:* this and leaping is his forte, and here his peculiar stoutness does wonders. But when we speak of a first burst from a gorse cover in a turf country, we should also speak of *racing* pace.

Whether what I should term fair hunting is improved by hounds being bred so fast, I leave others to determine: at all events we kill a fox the sooner by it. But this much I know, that I have seen many come up after a fox had been *eaten*, and speak in raptures of the pace, and the burst, of which they had seen but little at first, and, towards the end, nothing. Now I must say, that so circumstanced I should be any thing but enraptured; and should I fear have wished either the hounds or my horse at the d—l.

Thus I wrote some fifteen or sixteen years ago, and many of my sporting friends were pleased to say they considered what I said was tolerably correct. Since that time a very considerable alteration, and, I am most happy to add, very great improvement has been made in breeding in Ireland, both as regards their race-horses and hunters; indeed, the latter is a

natural result of the former, the better the thorough-bred sire of course the better will be his progeny, be they thorough-bred, half-bred, three-fourths, or seven-eighths-bred; and the Irish have lately been showing us that a race-horse, being Irish bred, is any thing but a blot in his escutcheon. In fact when we consider the far greater number of race-horses bred in England to what are produced in Ireland, it will not be found that the preponderance of good ones is very large in our favour.

I am told, and I doubt not it is the case, that the character of the Irish hunter is also fast changing, and the old short cocked-tailed hunter is fast verging into the more blood-like and faster horse: this in fact must be the case, for as they breed their hounds closer in with our English blood, they of course are faster than formerly, consequently they must also improve the pace of their horses; if they can do this, and still keep up their former stoutness, they will unquestionably have the best breed of hunters in the world for *any country*.

It has been objected to our horses that when taken first into Ireland they tumble into all their fences; doubtless they do this, and unless our fences were made the same as the Irish ones they must do so from being strangers to Irish fences.

Persons who have never been in Ireland always attach the idea of stone walls to Irish fencing, whereas in many hunts there such a thing as a wall is very seldom met with: I doubt whether an Irish horse accustomed only to a wall country would make a better hand of the double ditches of their other countries than one of ours. Riding in parts of Galway, and parts of Meath or Kildare, differs as

much as riding among the fens of Lincolnshire and over the light part of Surrey or Hertfordshire: a safe horse in one country would break his neck in another. If I wanted to break a *man's* neck, I think I should have a fair chance of doing it by putting him on Peter Simple among the blind ditches in part of the late Lord Petre's country, and ride one of the careful, short, popping, jumpers of that country at a twelve foot brook with a rail on the other side, if *he* gets safe over I am much mistaken.

There is one peculiar feature in the Irish hunting countries that is quite distinct from ours; their fencing is pretty much all the same thing where they have walls, though these of course vary in height. So soon as a horse has learned to jump one wall well his business is done; so in their other countries, when he has learned to take a bank with a double or single ditch, his work is done also, for they are all pretty much alike. Here the Irish horse has an advantage as to the cleverness required of him; but then so far as exertion is concerned, he is called on severely, for there is no picking out an easy place for him; the fence is nearly the same as to height and width from one side of the enclosure to the other, no gaps to make for, no gates that can be opened, no low stiles to jump, no, every fence he comes to is a largish one, and no low or weak parts in it: the only way the Irish horse saves himself is, he never does that at once that can be done at twice, and he "dogs" every thing that will afford him room to put a foot upon; if there is not foot hold for four feet, he uses two, and if even there is not room for two, he will clap one on, and this he will do only give him the space of a dinner plate; even five feet is a highish bank for a horse to

clear, but seven or eight can be got over if the horse has learned to take it as a dog does a stile, by leaping on and off; in this Irish horses are unrivalled, and the certainty with which they do it is quite astonishing.

In England, to be safe, a horse has much more to learn; for in the generality of countries a hunter has to manage fifty distinct sorts of fences in every run; but then, in point of labour, he has one advantage; for in most fences there are gaps or thin places, low stiles to jump, or gates to be opened, if we have time; if not, a moderate gate requires as little, nay less exertion than a moderate fence; and provided the taking off is sound, and horses are good timber jumpers, and fresh, I ever found they made fewer mistakes at moderate gates than they did at fences.

Notwithstanding the diversity of knowledge of fences our horses require to be perfect hunters, such is the aristocratic indolence of masters, and the ignorance and obstinacy of English grooms, that our horses are not taken half the trouble with to make them perfect as fencers that the Irish horses are: *they* are, to use an Irish term, "trained" to jump from colts; in fact a four-year-old Irish horse has learned his lesson perfectly; whereas ours very commonly, when first shown hounds, hardly know a hedge from a hurdle, and are then very frequently trusted to some pully hauly groom to teach them.

I have, however, found one great objection in many Irish hunters; from being hunted when young, and consequently weak, their riders are obliged to get them along as they can, and to lift them at all their fences, to make them rise at them; and when the horse comes to maturity, as but few are kept, they are hunted so often that the same system is perse-

vered in: this gets them into the habit of expecting all this assistance and forcing; so that, in fact, though a man will be carried by Irish horses extremely well as a whipper-in, it is but few of them that will carry him pleasantly as a gentleman; in truth, on many of them it is sheer hard work on the part of the rider to make them do their share of it. Paddy has no earthly fear of a fall, or, indeed, of any thing else. I suppose the horse participates in the feeling; for ride him quietly at a fence, he seems to think you mean him to go into it, and into it he will go; give him a shout and a lift, and the stouter your arms and the stronger your lungs, the higher and further he goes.

The next objection to Irish horses is their temper; in this they widely differ from their masters; you may easily exasperate the latter, touch his honour or his liberty "Och, murther," but it is hard to destroy the cheerfulness of his temper; the goodness of his heart you cannot destroy: not so with his nags; there is a want of that generous attachable disposition about them that we find in our horses; possibly hard usage from their youth produces this sulkiness, and frequent wish on their parts to retaliate, for in sooth their life is not usually a sinecure. I believe this is the fact, and one cause of their usual want of temper; that is, good temper.

It may be asked, then, why are not the men of the same country equally sullen and morose, from the same cause. It is not my province, as an Englishman, to investigate such a subject; my only reply will therefore be a very short one:—they have Irish hearts.

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